The Anniversary

by theway

Summary

It's been one year since the king got married: though a politically savvy move, it hasn't been very personally satisfying. His younger sister, who's been harbouring a secret obsessive love for him, decides to take matters into her own hands, uncovering a very "large" secret in the process… wink wink nudge nudge.

Notes

First of all, shoutouts to Vaesark, Sparrow, and my friend Alice for inspiring me to "dream a little bigger." This fic's gimmicks would be a whole foot shorter had I not been pressed to explore the limits of absurdity.

This fic is rather long, but at least half of it is smut smut smut, so if you're worried about reading through 16000 words of buildup for a mere two paragraphs of action, rest assured I've got you covered. Refer to the tags for specifics.

I've been sitting on this for an ungodly number of months in an unfinished state. I've had many things to distract me: several scenes creeped me out so much that every word required tremendous effort, I watched Yu-Gi-Oh! Duel Monsters, and I'm seeing a therapist.
now. I wish I'd been more productive, but such is life. As always, thank you for your support, the constant stream of kudos, and for your comments.
The weather was invited to the festivities for the wedding anniversary of the young king Marcus; so great was that day. He and his queen, Rebecca, had joined both their hands and domains in royal marriage, formalising the union of their nations after centuries of treaty-signing and collaboration.

The annexation could not have gone any smoother, though it hadn’t been perfect. Nevertheless, the sum of the two nations had been greater than their parts, and people from all across the country were celebrating for the prosperity they were given, and for the judgement of their king. Many a leader would have shied away from such radical reforms, but he displayed wisdom beyond his years.

“Long live the Stallion!” the crowd cheered, as their king paraded in the streets on horseback. Some even threw flowers at him. Banners featuring a galloping horse were visible in almost every balcony or waved triumphantly by people.

At least one of his arms was constantly in the air, saluting in some direction or another. He wasn’t incredibly fond of the borderline deifying adoration he was given, but he didn’t actively detest it either. He had about a million better things to do than trace the streets all morning, but the people needed their spectacle and they deserved to be spoiled once in a while.

They called him the Stallion, after the royal family’s banner, a title he’d shared with all his predecessors for marginally mythological reasons. His father had resigned from the throne a couple of years ago, and was busy living the rest of his days off somewhere secretive, protected by the veiling powers of state spies. He didn’t know whether he’d see him again, but he knew he’d be well regardless.

Although today was the anniversary of his marriage, his wife wouldn’t be joining them, as she was having her own festivities in her country’s capital. She wasn’t the prettiest woman in the world, but there were other ways to ensure the good lineage of the offspring, so it didn’t matter much. Nevertheless, he could use some company for the night, but the union of the two nations was still young, and it had to be properly nurtured, even at the expense of marital closeness. She made up for her absence as best she could the night before her departure.

Besides, everybody knew that tonight was more about finding a proper suitor for his sister, the little princess Emilia. She still had a few years before she reached a typically marriageable age, but she was growing up beautiful, which attracted more eyeballs than even one of her social status took for granted—perhaps a disturbing amount.

There wasn’t all that much Marcus wanted to achieve through this; world conquest wasn’t on the line. His main interest was his sister being paired up with someone decent for her own good, rather than political gain. He didn’t fancy crushing a little girl’s heart with the iron grip of courtroom politics. The reality of being royalty was far from romantic, but he’d achieved more than any king would hope to in a lifetime, having almost doubled his territory overnight. He should be able to at least spare his own sister. What was the point of all that power if he couldn’t?

Besides, if worst came to worst, he could send her off to live in idyllic peace with her taboo stable boy love affair or whatever under the same protective espionage that cloaked their father. It wasn’t as if he was starved for options. Admittedly, it would be better if the stables didn’t have to be involved.

By afternoon, his arms were decidedly sore. He dismounted his mare and handed the loins to his
second-in-command.

“Anything else for today, Richard?” he asked his general.

“You still have a ball to attend to, my lord, but you won’t be suffering any longer in my hands, at least.”

Marcus chuckled, but that was about all the humour he could muster. He did not look forward to the vapid jibber jabber of guild masters or low-ranking aristocrats trying to climb the ladder by kissing his arse tonight. He’d have to actively resist not getting shitfaced, losing all inhibitions, and having them beheaded to the last. He’d do it right this moment if it wouldn’t inspire a revolution.

“Wipe that grin off your face,” Marcus said. “You’ll be attending, too. Perhaps you won’t have the farm lords to smooth talk to, but—”

“Oh, yes, absolutely, I will be attending,” Richard said. However, his smirk betrayed a plot twist. “It just so happens that some minor incident will require my personal attention after not too long. Alas, I will have to depart and miss the rest of the night. Woe is me.”

“You are conspiring with your troops!” Marcus exclaimed in mock outrage. “Scandalous!”

“Truly, I am the worst. One of these days my vile machinations will cost me my head, but at least I won’t have the merchants’ guild singing my last rites.” He shoved Marcus forward. “Off you go, now. Ask your alchemists if they have anything to take the edge off.”

“Maybe I will.”

After all, the only way to laugh at their jokes was to have a head full of opioids.

Instead of resting, Marcus spent the next few hours making final preparations for the ball, and dealing with the drama that spontaneously generated in fractal detail. Eventually, he had to trust those responsible not to fuck things up too horribly, raise his hands, and let the matter rest in the gentle embrace of fate.

His departure was interrupted by Anna, who was Emilia’s head maid and, for all intents and purposes, her caretaker, at least since since their parents left the imperial palace.

“Your highness,” she said and bowed deeply. “If you have some time…”

Honestly, all Marcus wanted was some peace and quiet, but it wasn’t Anna’s fault that he felt annoyed, and he shouldn’t take it out on her.

“Speak your mind.”

“My lord, given the nature of today’s event, I was wondering, if you have the time, whether you could pay her highness Emilia a visit to ensure her attire tonight is… proper.” Anna had significant difficulty dancing around the topic, her speech and mannerisms feeling awkward.

“Oh. I see. I, uh… Honestly, I’m curious why you thought of me.”

“It’s no secret her highness is more affectionate towards your highness, and… She’s rather strong-minded, so I want to be sure the formality of the event is properly understood. I feel she might be too dismissive of me.”

She had a point, as difficult as it was for her to get it across. The woman felt like she was walking
on eggshells. However, she wasn’t wrong: Emilia could be very stubborn and rebellious.

“You’re right. I’ll see to it, then.”

“Thank you, your highness,” Anna said, bowing deeply again.

With that said, Marcus changed direction and headed towards his sister’s chambers instead. Knowing her, she was planning on spending the entire day in her room, wasting time, avoiding boring officials, killjoys, or intrusive suitors. If there was any person in the building who hated these things more than he did, it was probably her. It was a curious thing, since royal balls and the whole princess gimmick was supposed to be every young girl’s dream. He wondered whether this trait was inherited.

There wasn’t much going on around Emilia’s room, except for a couple of guards standing by. He walked past them, paying them little mind, and entered resolute in talking some sense into his sister. The last thing he wanted was for her to show up tonight in her nightgown and a head of hair more dishevelled than a wild bush after a storm. Like, for example, in precisely the same manner as she currently was.

She was lying on her bed, reading a book. He couldn’t make out the title, and it didn’t look familiar. Emilia had acquired an interest in books lately, though he wasn’t sure why. Neither he nor Anna had been responsible for that, so either she’d managed to wade through the hideously complicated library to find what she needed, or she’d asked someone else for suggestions.

“Good evening, brother,” Emilia said, hidden behind the tome.

“Good evening,” he replied. Given the state she was in, she’d likely spent the whole day in her room, reading or napping or… whatever. Also, though the day had been hotter than most, he didn’t understand why so much of her skin had to be exposed.

Seeing his sister lying comfortably reminded him of how long he’d gone without rest. He had an irresistible urge to sit beside her, or anywhere for that matter, as if his body would shut down and make him collapse to the floor if he didn’t. Furthermore, if her face was the closest thing to him, perhaps he’d stop focusing as much on her bare legs, which were begging for his attention.

He circled around the bed and sat on her right. The moment his backside touched the mattress, it was as if a thousand pounds were lifted off him.

“Ah,” he exhaled in length, a wave of relief hitting him.

Emilia closed her book and turned slightly sideways to face him. “How did you like your day of adoration? Did the people pay enough tribute to their God-King?”

“I hope they did. If I had to go out there for more, I’d probably faint on my horse.”

“Yeah, we wouldn’t want your perfect façade to crumble, would we?” she jested.

“Oh, you,” he said, playfully rubbing the blond mess on her head. “You should enjoy it while it lasts. Their enthusiasm will subside sooner than you think.”

“I’ve got better things to do.” An impish smile decorated her face.

“Oh, really? What sort of forbidden sorcery are you reading about this time?”

Emilia sat on the book before it could be snatched away from her. “It’s a secret.”
The way she’d turned towards him made one of her gown’s straps slip, and thus one of her nipples was visible. There was no development to be seen there, although she had been growing in other areas. Good grief. She was only 10, but even so, she was far too defenceless.

“Listen, today’s an important day. I know it’s not your style, but…”

“I should dress up all nice and proper and nubile, right?”

“Well, um…” He wouldn’t phrase it like that, but it was one way to look at it, Marcus supposed.

“Don’t worry, I won’t make too much of a mess out of your plans.”

That didn’t reassure him, but he’d make do with what he had.

“But I must admit,” she continued, “I didn’t think you had it in you. Pimping out your little sister, that is.” To accentuate her point, she raised a long, slender leg, tracing her thigh with her hand, trying to entice a non-existent party.

“I didn’t—I mean… It’s just a formality. You don’t have to—”

Emilia giggled. “You’re so easy to tease, big brother. All work and no play is making you a dull king.”

She was more correct than she realised. He hadn’t had release for weeks now, and it had obviously got to the point where he was having inappropriate thoughts about his own sister. His feelings were a jumbled mess.

“You should go relax before the big event starts. You’re the king now, so it’ll look theatric if you’re a little bit late,” she suggested.

“Yeah, that doesn’t sound bad. I’ll think on it,” he said, getting up from the bed.

“What would you do without me?”

“Try to worry a bit about yourself, too, you hear?” he said before leaving her room. He eyed her meaningfully, reminding her not to show up looking like a hobo.

If he knew what she had in store, he’d rather she show up a hobo a thousand times over.

Despite all the mishaps and the drama leading up to it, the ball kicked off peacefully. Marcus was presented with an unending list of self-styled officials, guild masters, landlords, and royalty, who were lining up for as much of his time as they could afford.

The process was already incredibly boring, but it was made more so by the knowledge that he couldn’t possibly satisfy all of them. Even if he wasn’t bound by the laws of physics, or ethics, or common sense, half of them demanded things which directly conflicted with everyone else. There was no way to please everyone short of duplicating the country or stumbling upon a parallel universe.

It wasn’t only the interest groups that were vying for his time; a number of presentable women were trying their damnedest to get his attention without spelling it out for him. Every old trick in the book was attempted that day: from overtly sensual eating, to wide open necklines exposing breasts almost the size of his head.

He’d be a liar if he claimed they had no effect of him, considering how long he’d gone without his
wife, and especially because so many looked better that she’d ever hope to. He should’ve taken his sister’s advice to its logical conclusion and masturbated, but he couldn’t help but feel that would be some sort of transgression now that he was married.

He could probably afford taking any number of them to bed that night if he so wished for it. There weren’t many who’d think lower of him for acting on his urges given the circumstances, and the puritans who would didn’t have the bravery required to directly confront him about that.

His reasons for holding back were twofold: his sense of loyalty towards his wife—naïve though it might have been—and the very high probability of falling victim to a honeypot set up as part of an intricate political ploy. He wasn’t stupid enough to succumb to a politician’s dirty tricks, but what about a hundred of them? A thousand? Even the sharpest minds had some limits, and he didn’t fancy taking risks that would expose his. If his craving for release reached extremes, there were safer avenues.

For the last half hour or so he had been stuck in a conversation with the master of the merchants’ guild, which seemed to drag on forever. The man was a bottomless pit of demands and trivia. Although other people asked for things that contradicted each other, he was the first to contradict himself, achieving a new low in lobbying.

Emilia had yet to show herself, unless she’d somehow snuck in the hall without anyone noticing. That would have been a feat in itself, considering there were more people in the room aiming to get in her pants than in his. This presumably excluded the merchants’ guild master, who hadn’t batted an eye in the face of all the feminine charmers circling the king, instead opting for brain-numbing chatter. Marcus wondered whether his affections swung a different way…

There was an eruption of excitement in the hall, as dozens of heads turned in the same direction, as many mouths gasping or whispering, and yet more of either springing into motion in an effort to figure out what the others were interested in. Marcus couldn’t make out what was being said over the clamour of the crowd, so he turned his head towards the presumed origin. The merchant, of course, wouldn’t be stopped by such trivialities, and kept singing a cacophony of trade minutiae in his right ear. One had to wonder what would be enough to stop him. Open revolt? An earthquake? A cannon ball on his face?

Marcus figured that was an excellent opportunity to excuse himself and ditch the busybody. Perhaps he’d be offended, or perhaps not. He was so eccentric it was difficult to imagine which way he leant. Marcus created as much distance between the two of them as he could, hoping the merchant would lose him in the crowd, difficult as that would be; Marcus was a very large man, at six and a half feet. He didn’t think it’d be very easy to blend in.

It eventually became clear to him what the ruckus was about: his sister had shown up. She’d shown up with her hair properly brushed and braided in an elaborate bun. That exhausted the list of the good things he could say about her appearance. As for the rest, it was absolutely scandalous. No wonder the room had been practically ablaze since her entry. Her outfit screamed “Me! Me me me! Look at me!”

She stopped in front of him and bowed. “Good evening, brother,” she said, a subtle irony in her tone, clear enough for his ears but easily deniable if need be.

The logic behind Emilia’s dress was wearing as little as possible while still being a dress on some etymological level. Or, alternatively, appearing more naked wearing the dress than not. In practice it was a rather simple curtain-like black fabric: two ends were tied in a knot behind her neck to serve as support. It covered her chest, then gradually thinned, ending up as some kind of loincloth covering her genital area and reaching down to her knees for decorative reasons.
She wore nothing else.

Save for the knot around her neck, which was required for the thing not to fall to the floor, all of her behind was exposed, and so were her sides and her limbs, for that matter. In fact, the garment did the absolute minimum necessary to cover up her breasts and vulva, only covering her navel by accident. Even her shoes exposed as much of her skin as possible without her being barefoot. Finally, as if attempting a final hubris against all sense of modesty, the fabric was translucent, not opaque. One could actually make out her skin beneath it—the pale colour contrasting with the black material—although anatomical details were still obscured by the folding around them.

It dawned on Marcus that he was expected to respond, and not to stand there, flabbergasted.

“Good evening, Emilia.” He offered his right hand to her, trying to wrestle some formality back. “May I have the first dance?”

“Why, of course,” she said in wry satisfaction.

Maybe it was because the crowd had died down now, or maybe because it’d just started playing, but Marcus was suddenly aware of the music guiding his motions. He’d been so preoccupied with other things this whole time that it might as well have never existed, though in saying so he realised how little sense it made. It was a ball, after all, so it was only natural that music played. Or maybe he was desperately looking for something to distract his thoughts.

Due to their rather excessive height difference, it was difficult maintaining proper dancing posture; he was a mountain of a man, and she was a 10-year-old girl, barely four feet tall. Nevertheless, with some concessions here and there, it was possible to go through the motions without tripping on one another or worse. He wasn’t exactly twice her height, but he still towered a solid two feet above her.

Her right hand felt so small and frail in his left, as if he wasn’t holding a human appendage at all; his thumb more than half the width of her wrist. He felt that if he held her firmly enough, she’d crumble away into dust, carried away by the wind to decorate the aethers. The only thing that gave away she wasn’t a porcelain doll was her body warmth.

His right hand covered her left shoulder and shoulder blade, once again feeling absurdly oversized against her petite frame. Her skin felt too smooth to be real, as if it was the physical manifestation of some platonic ideal of smoothness, and his contact with it didn’t communicate its smoothness through his own sense of touch, but rather it was directly relayed to his mind, unaffected by the impurities of his sensations.

He could feel her muscles and bones hiding under her skin, like if her outer appearance was but the thinnest of veils over her insides. If he moved his fingers lower, he could feel the bumps of her spine and her ribs. He was doing nothing more than laying his hand on her, and it was already his most sensual experience. The thought that her entire backside was exposed like that, head to toe, only a few motions away from his touch floated in the back of his mind and ate away at his lucidity. He did his best to keep it there, never consciously exploring it, in fear of making it worse.

He figured they could talk to each other, without anyone overhearing them over the sound of the music and the chatter. “What are you doing?” he asked.

“Oh, well, you know,” she giggled. “I thought, gee, that’s a nice reputation as a chaste and fair maiden I have there. Sure would be a shame if something were to happen to it.”

She looked up at him as he looked down on her. She was grinning from ear to ear, knowing full
well what she was doing. Her large blue eyes were alight with impish glee. The nipples on her flat chest had got erect as the chilliness of the evening started creeping in, and were easily visible through the translucent fabric hanging from her neck.

He cleared his throat. “I thought we had agreed you show up looking proper.”

“Nice and proper and nubile,” Emilia corrected him.

“I think you’ll be sending the wrong messages tonight.”

“You’re supposed to be pimping me to royalty and whatnot. Don’t blame me. I merely used some creativity in interpreting the specifics. Besides, you’re so cute when you’re teased.”

Marcus groaned in exasperation.

“Don’t worry. I did my research. Your advisers may complain, but they probably won’t do much about it,” she reassured him.

“Their whining is punishment enough.”

“Oh, brother, you know they’re just bitter old men. Their sensitivities will be offended by having their eyes feast on a sight that doesn’t involve the flabby, slug-like bodies of their wives.” Then, with the faintest of whispers, she added, “We know what they’ll be thinking of tonight.”

He wanted to express his outrage at that remark, but the music came to an end, and so did their excuse for conversation. He pretended to be nonchalant in accepting the applause. He wasn’t sure how much success he’d had. The rumour mill wouldn’t be stopped no matter how good his acting skills were, but there was no sense in feeding it further either.

As soon as the clapping started dying down, they were approached by some dude dressed in some official capacity, the prince of bumfuck nowhereburg. Marcus didn’t pay much attention to his introduction, but he knew what he was up to, and the sooner he let him have his turn frolicking with his sister, the sooner he’d be done. He’d observe her from a distance and try not to kill anyone out of spite. Then again, it was arguably more dangerous staying near her and touching her. His willpower was being taxed, even if he wasn’t fully aware of the extent of his stress.

At the very least, the audience was so preoccupied with recent events that he could get a few minutes’ break, relatively speaking. He didn’t have the merchants’ guild master tormenting his ear drums. That was a definite improvement. He used the opportunity to sit down somewhere and maybe get something to drink. If he was busy digesting material then perhaps he wouldn’t dwell on other, highly questionable things.

“I sent your favourite lobbyist on a wild goose chase,” Richard said, manifesting on his right out of thin air. He must have been getting really inattentive not to notice a bipedal tank in full plate armour.

“Oh, really?”

“You don’t have to thank me. I had the sneaking suspicion you had enough on your plate as it is.”

“Are you sure it won’t come back to bite me, or something?”

Richard shrugged. “With any luck, he’ll fall off a balcony and land on his head.”

“As the king, I can’t support the deaths of my subjects. However, if he were to meet a premature
end, I wouldn’t be attending his funeral.”

This forced a chuckle out of Richard.

“I thought you weren’t going to be staying here long,” Marcus said.

“Oh, well, you know.” Richard rubbed the back of his head. “I had the scheme set up perfectly, all ready to go, but some other misfortune beat me to it.” He waved in the vague direction of the crowd.

“I see. Well, it seems to have gone alright, so you don’t need to worry.”

“I guess not. I suppose I’ll excuse myself, then.”

Marcus gestured at an exit. “Be my guest. Don’t sleep in too much, Richard.”

“I will make a valiant effort.”

Richard headed off in some direction, and then disappeared into the crowd. As for Marcus, the little solitude he’d carved for himself didn’t last very long. His sister could only entertain everyone for so long before their excitement built up to where they desperately needed some privacy. That’s certainly how he felt like, and tried drowning it in distractions; despite finding lobbying a terrible bore, he ended up lingering in those conversations, and seeking out new ones when he was done.

If he considered his dance with Emilia to be the first in sensuality, then watching her was the runner-up. Marcus had risked his mental well-being thinking of how exposed she was; seeing was on a different level. From behind, it looked like she was wearing nothing; just pure, spotless, uninterrupted skin to lose oneself in. She was tantalising to look at; from her back and spine, beautifully lined with ridges; to her small butt, only now starting to fill out with femininity, decorated by her Venusian dimples; to her long, slim legs that somehow supported her frame; and even her cute little feet. Every part of her begged to be looked at and to be touched. Marcus could hardly resist not jumping onto her to eat her up.

He knew he should run away, find a deserted room, like his bath, for example, and relieve himself as thoroughly as he needed to. As things were now, it wasn’t the individual temptations that were proving problematic. After he was done fighting off inappropriate thoughts, they left behind a vague atmosphere of excitement that would burst from the tiniest hint of arousal.

However, he had to carry out the part of the protective big brother, and ensure that no foul play would be attempted on Emilia. He didn’t know how much of it she had planned beforehand, but she was definitely taking advantage of the situation to tease him: she was clinging closer and more intimately to her partners with her arms or her legs. Likewise, her partners skirted between daring and fearful, sometimes resisting Emilia’s advances with enough effort to make them sweat, other times allowing themselves to cop a feel on the sides of her chest, or trailing closer to her bottom.

Marcus had to keep her within eyesight no matter what she did, and she strategically chose her positioning to ensure he had a good view of her while everyone else was preoccupied in private conversation. Emilia’s dress wasn’t connected with her body anywhere besides her neck, and so depending on her angle with the floor, it could reveal what little it half-arsedly covered.

Though it wasn’t entirely obvious to her partners, she had used precisely this knowledge to give Marcus a fuller view of her chest, which was childlike indeed, as if not a single additional cell had grown since her birth. He somehow found it more salacious in its bony flatness than the most grossly inflated bosoms that had come his way tonight. Additionally, the motions of Emilia’s hips
were often dangerously close to exposing her anus or her vulva. The constant feeding of his curiosity was more intolerable than if she had merely spread herself in front of him and let him explore her.

He tried focusing on the matters presented to him, but his heart wasn’t in it. Words came in through one ear and exited from another, with no processing done in between. He was a zombie, but he wanted to believe some of the blame lay on the people who tried ever harder to bore him. Deep down, however, he knew the root of the problem was his inner struggle, as morality fought biology on the matter of boning his sister.

The conflict was paining him greatly. He felt disgusted with himself for being this way about his own family—a 10-year-old child, even! She barely knew what she was doing, never mind her body being prepared for the implications. He was a married man, and he had been caught completely off guard in his first major confrontation. It was an embarrassment and it was abominable.

Fortunately, his robes flowed freely enough for his arousal not to be visible yet, or else he was going to have some really awkward interactions. There still were women trying to get his attention, but they didn’t draw his glance now; he had eyes only for Emilia. At the rate things were going, he wasn’t sure if he could keep it under wraps indefinitely.

The situation stayed like that for an hour or so: juggling inter-faction disputes, politely turning down stupidly unprofitable offers, obsessing over the underage girl’s breasts, buttocks, and legs, mentally flagellating himself for doing so, and then repeating the process. Eventually his arousal reached a point where he felt like he’d climax from looking at her; robes notwithstanding, the stain would be hard to explain. He decided that nothing had happened for over an hour, so Emilia could live another five minutes without his gaze. He also went to refill his glass with something, anything, really; in the worst of circumstances, he could empty it on himself and risk being called clumsy. It was better than proving himself a pervert.

He considered downing a few glasses while he was there to cool his nerves, but that would just as likely make his situation worse by wearing down his inhibitions. The last thing he wanted was his awareness faltering. It was only a little more time, he thought. A little bit more and it would be acceptable to excuse himself. Everyone would be too drunk to care, and they wouldn’t remember a whole lot the day after except maybe his sister’s backside. He’d have to muster all the strength he had left and power through this ordeal. Then he could go have the world’s longest bath and unleash his frustration.

When he felt comfortable looking at Emilia again, she was nowhere to be found. Immediately, his thoughts jumped to a hundred different conclusions. Where did she go? Did something happen to her? How would he face her if he failed to protect her? He needed to know where she went; he was already crumbling mentally from everything that had happened, and this could be the last straw.

He took a few seconds to collect himself. If he acted too rashly, he’d make himself look stupid and attract unneeded attention. He had to carefully examine his surroundings. He didn’t refrain from eye contact for all that long, and if his sister had actually been practising sorcery, he doubted she could teleport herself or make herself invisible in such a short time. He needed to act natural, and no one would be wiser for it.

When he found her, he knew immediately why he’d had trouble doing it. All the way in a corner, and partially obscured by a column, there was Emilia. The reason for the secrecy were the three men around her, clinging onto her like she was the only oasis in an arid wasteland.

Marcus was nearing his limit, and she knew that. During their dance, she could feel the tension
rising in him. It was so tangible she could cut it with a knife. All he could think of, even before the
mind-wrecking display she’d put up for him, was getting some privacy as soon as he could afford
to, and pleasing himself for the rest of the night. Otherwise, he’d end up ploughing his own sister.

It wasn’t soon enough. She needed him to be broken down completely, his mind a mush, feeling
like he was walking through a swamp, or swimming up against a river with an irresistible current.
Her body was driving him crazy, but it wasn’t enough to push him over the edge. He needed to be
lit up by jealousy, burning with the fury of a sun, his logic and reason crushed under the weight of
his instincts and giving way to pure, undiluted compulsion.

He was avoiding her now, which told her he was almost done for. This gave her enough time to
hatch her plan. Her brother was the most strong-willed person she knew, and he didn’t have the
fortitude to resist her, so the pathetic weaklings hoping to be her princes were no match. She was
certain she’d made a few of them come in their pants. She’d do things like “accidentally” rub their
inner thighs as they trailed their hands down her spine, and they would start spasming. Their
feelings were transparent, no matter how hard they tried hiding them, no matter how deep they
buried them.

She barely had to try to lure them in her trap. A few bats of her eyelids and a couple of inviting
motions, and she had three men onto her. She hadn’t expected more than one to show up, but
apparently there were a bunch of people willing to drop all pretences of formality and jump on her
like wild animals. These apes couldn’t fathom being on Marcus’ level. They were so amoral and
debauched, they were going to deflower her on the same day she was presented to them, nearing
her adolescence but still in large part a child.

Two men were before her, on either side of her; the third one was behind her, resting against the
corner. She recognised the last one: he was one of Marcus’ advisers, a decrepit old creep and a
stick in the mud. He was likely trying to vent his frustration about what he wasn’t getting from his
hag of a wife, or what he never did get. He was preaching about modesty and moderation to the
masses and to the royal family every waking day, but now he didn’t think twice before laying
hands on the first princess, the king’s own little sister, and a undeveloped child at that. Emilia
didn’t know whether to be disgusted at his hypocrisy, or be proud in the knowledge that even the
most insecure husk of a man could know true beauty when seeing it.

Marcus noticed her before too long; she could see him in her peripheral vision. He was standing
there, not knowing how to react. He probably was still trying to process exactly what it was that he
was looking at. Good. She was going to give him the performance of a lifetime. She wanted to
know how he would handle it. Would he run straight at them, and cave in their skulls with a single
well-placed punch each? Would he draw the nearest sword and castrate all three of them? Would
he show them how it’s done by taking her right there and then, show them how to properly break in
a child, where everyone could see, where everyone could hear?

Knowing he was looking at her in such an intimate state excited her. She was committing some
transgression, doing something wrong, befouling some image of purity expected of a 10-year-old
girl, doing something a child wasn’t supposed to do. She could feel the heat building up in herself,
and especially between her legs. She could feel her arousal leaking down to her thighs and tracing
her legs; she was so hypersensitive it made her shiver. She could smell the stench of the men
surrounding her; vile, lowly men, who didn’t deserve to touch something as divinely pure as she.

She raised both of her arms and wrapped them around the old man behind her, as she pressed her
buttocks against his groin. The man on her right started kissing her collarbone, then moved down
to her sides, and then aimed for her armpit. His tongue felt warm and tickly, but it was a
surprisingly erotic experience. He enjoyed her smooth skin, a young child’s skin that had never
experienced hair growth. He caressed her small arm with one of his hands, his tongue tracing circles around her armpit, covering it with his saliva. With his other hand, he started fondling her chest, pressing against her nonexistent breasts, and occasionally pinching her hard, erect nipples.

The man on her left was kissing her ear, her cheek, and her neck. His hand was on her hip, and he moved lower, touching her outer thigh, then gradually moving inside. He felt her excess lubrication there, and pressed harder between her legs to gain access. She toyed with him for a little while, but she parted her legs eventually, as he slowly, awkwardly reached up towards her kiddy cunt, pushing away the loincloth-like end of her dress obscuring the view. She could feel his fingers when he reached her, as he froze, confused about what he was feeling, before figuring it out: she had covered up her genitals using a strip in the colour of her skin, stuck on her pussy with an adhesive. That didn’t stop the man from trying to stimulate her through it.

The old man behind her took his time to liven up, but after enough friction from Emilia’s backside, he finally got the idea. He lowered his hand down to her arse, making sure to feel every ridge and contour of her back on the way there. He squeezed a buttock and exhaled deeply, as if a million fantasies came to fruition. He put a finger in her butt crack, as he used two others to spread her cheeks wide. She felt a finger touching her hairless, immature anus, feeling her folds and teasing her entrance. Her sphincter tightened by reflex, fuelling his lust. He was probing her rear end for entrance, he was going to stick his finger in there. If her brother didn’t do something soon, he was going to watch his little sister getting touched in her most dirty place, sodomised by this old man.

She was going to lose her mind. She had never felt so hot and so dirty before; she was drenched in her own lubricants. She wasn’t thinking straight, the only thought occupying her mind being how much she craved release. She closed her eyes and imagined her brother doing this to her, her brother playing with her arse, teasing her dirty spot. She imagined him forcing his huge adult dick in her preteen turd cutter, stretching her sphincter to its limits and beyond. She imagined all those people looking at her in disgust, surprise, and arousal, seeing the pure little angel getting her shit pushed in. She was close, she was going to climax, she didn’t care what was going on any more, she just wanted to come.

“Excuse me! Ladies and gentlemen!” her brother’s voice echoed through the room. He was hitting his glass with a fork or something to attract attention. “It’s been an honour having you here tonight. I’d like to thank…”

Marcus went on to deliver a speech of sorts. This promptly made Emilia’s reverse harem fearful, stopping them in their tracks, and also leaving her unsatisfied. Initially, she was angry that he hadn’t acted sooner, and then that he hadn’t let her climax, but the more she thought of it, the more she appreciated the genius of it.

He’d got back on her for all the teasing she’d done on him. He’d diffused the situation without drawing attention to her shenanigans. Her suitors had ran away in fear, not knowing whether he’d seen them, but not really being able to ask him about it either. They were going to live in paranoia for the rest of their short lives, while Marcus was busy pondering the most creative punishment for the three.

Emilia collected herself and put her dress in order. She waited for Marcus to finish his speech and for the applause to die down; the party was revitalised following that. Marcus used the opportunity to sneak out of the room while people were busy frolicking. It was easy to tell from his restlessness what he was about to do, or at least it was easy for Emilia.

He thought he was going to get off easy tonight; that he was going to get some privacy and then pleasure himself however many times it required to feel so exhausted he’d practically faint, to sleep
without having to think about what had transpired tonight. Or, at least, that’s what he wanted to believe. In truth, the memories of this night would haunt him to the grave. Countless gallons of jizz would be spilled revisiting these sights, sights exciting him far more than his mediocre wife. Long after Emilia’s marriage, he’d be pondering the possibilities. What if? What if he’d taken her that night? What did she feel like on the inside? What experiences had he given away to another man because he’d been too tied up in the social expectations of a good brother to take charge?

Emilia saw the possibilities and tossed them aside. If Marcus was going to take a deep sleep of sexual exhaustion tonight, he wouldn’t be doing it alone.

Marcus rushed to his chambers as fast as he could without actually running on the way there. He wasn’t paying attention to his pacing, as his mind was caught in a feedback loop over what had happened. He still couldn’t make full sense of it. What was Emilia thinking? Didn’t she understand the danger? Didn’t she understand the millions of ways it could go wrong, the ways her reputation could be besmirched forever, the extent of the harm she could inflict on the royal family that way? It would have taken a lifetime or more to fix it. And yet…

And yet he couldn’t take his mind off it. At first, he couldn’t believe his own eyes, thinking it a stress-inflicted hallucination. When his brain had processed the image, he didn’t rush to his sister’s aid, or say something, or do anything for that matter. He only stood there, watching, waiting, almost frozen in place.

Aroused out of his mind.

He didn’t know how he made it to his bedroom; his body must have been acting on its own accord. His thoughts dwelt on his sister. Seeing her like that with three men, including men he trusted, lit a seething hatred and jealousy inside of him. It had taken everything in his power not to kill them all right there. It had taken everything in his power not to climax. Those three, they were touching Emilia in places so full of lust, so full of purity, in ways he now very much envied. She had welcomed their advances, and she had known he was looking; this had to be another one of her tricks, another way to fuck with him.

He’d be furious if he wasn’t so horny. He wasn’t thinking straight. His mind was a mess. Maybe she’d gone back to them now that he wasn’t there, but he couldn’t afford to be near her any more, or he’d do far worse. Gods, she was so young, so tiny, so absolutely perfect. He could remember her sucking on their mother’s teat, or taking a ride on his shoulders, or playing house together.

Barely ten years had gone by since her birth. Nothing about her indicated maturity. She was just a baby. She hadn’t yet had her first period; she wasn’t fertile! But despite that, she’d taken advantage of his loneliness, and his stress, and his weird marriage, and now all he could think of was fucking her. Some part of him felt like puking, and another part of him made his cock twitch.

He started undressing; he needed to relieve himself immediately. His thoughts were going down a dangerous direction, and if he didn’t put an end to them he feared he’d be doing something colossally stupid before long. He didn’t know how he’d clean up. He’d figure that out later. This wasn’t the best place to be doing these things, but at least no one would dare bother him. He could feel a soft breeze against his sweat-covered skin, and he could feel the pounding of his heart. He put his hand on his organ.

The door opened and closed behind him. Someone had entered the room. He panicked; he had been seen. He quickly reached for his discarded clothes and covered himself up as best he could. Not two seconds must’ve had passed before he’d turned around to see who it was, but they had felt like an eternity.
Emilia stood there, a devilish expression on her face, still wearing the black semitransparent barely-a-dress she had all night. He looked at her, and she looked at him. He didn’t know how much time had passed before anyone spoke; it was as if time froze. He couldn’t stand to see her in his condition, especially not dressed like that. He could feel his cock involuntarily oozing under the robes he’d put over it. “Take her!” his senses said. “Take her now!” He felt like he was going to drop dead from the sheer effort of his resistance.

“Hello, brother,” she said. She took off her footwear and put them in some corner, intentionally drawing as much attention to her body as possible, even in this seemingly innocuous act.

“What are you doing?!” he blurted out. He tried looking around for the rest of his clothes—he was still mostly naked—but he couldn’t take his eyes off Emilia. Her feet were more bare now. They were so small, so beautiful, and so perfectly shaped. Oh, how he wished he could be the carpet right now, so he could feel them against his body.

She approached him. “Did you like my show?” She walked slowly and methodically towards him, shaking her hips on her way there. “I tried so very hard to pull it off right. I studied every day, learning new things, improving my methods.” When she got within reach, she raised her arm and put a finger on his hip.

He pushed her away with as little force as he could. “Why are you doing this?” He tried stepping back, to increase the distance, but he could only make it so far before he was stopped by the bed. She got near him again. “I told you. You’re easy to tease, and you’re cute when I tease you.” Once again she put a finger on his hip, then started raising it up to his abdomen, feeling his toned muscles. She was so tiny and insignificant compared to him; he was two feet taller. Her fingers felt so soft against his skin. He could feel her warmth. What would it feel wrapped around his cock?

This time he grabbed her arm. “Emilia. Listen to me. You don’t know what you’re doing. I am your brother, and you are my sister. I’m a married man now. You’re a child. I don’t know what you’re thinking, but it can’t be done.” There was something in her eyes when he grabbed her, but it wasn’t fear or surprise. It was different. Could it be, she…?

“I know full well,” she continued. She raised her other arm, and now reached his abdomen from the other side. “I know all about it, big brother. I’ve read the royal memoirs, I’ve read our lore and history.” She’d reached the arm that was holding the robes covering his genitals. “I watched on the day of your marriage; you’d asked for the night patrol to keep a distance, so it was easy for me to do. I’ve watched you in all your… In all your glory. I watched as you were denied like a mutt.”

He was trying to process what she was saying with so much passion, so much stress in her voice. Her breaths were deep, exhausted, like there was blockage in her chest. On his wedding night, last year, that’d make her 9 years old. How long had this thing been going on for?

“Emilia, I—”

She put her hand over his. “You don’t have to hide from me, brother. Your queen, she may never understand you, but I am here for you.” She looked up at him with those large, girly blue eyes, and he knew immediately she was speaking from her heart. “You don’t have to be ashamed. These people… they just fear what they don’t understand, and what they cannot match, and what will forever be beyond them. You can show yourself to me. Let it go.”

Marcus could think of a million different reasons why that was a bad idea. There wasn’t any universe wherein that didn’t end up poorly. He wasn’t stupid; he knew what his sister was up to, and he knew how wrong it could go. He could hurt her, or scare her, or-traumatise her, and they
might be found out and ruin everything he’d built up since coming to power, and maybe scar the nation for decades to come.

And while all of those were valid points, and would be reason enough not to press the matter further individually, never mind in unison, he couldn’t bring himself to turn his sister down. She’d brought her feelings forth in earnest, she’d embraced him so tenderly, and with so much passion, that the thought of discarding her feelings and stepping on them was scarier than any of the other possibilities. She was ultimately his only little sister, and if there was anything he hated above all else, it was her being sad, or worrying that her big brother didn’t love her back as much as she hoped he did.

Begrudgingly, he let go of his sister’s arm and the cloth over his groin. The garment fell to his feet; he couldn’t hear the sound over his own heart’s thumping. He was fully visible to Emilia now, as visible as the day he was born. A flurry of emotions hit him: shame, disgust, guilt, but also other, more enjoyable things. He closed his eyes and tried to calm himself down. There was no going back from this. This night was only going to end one way.

Emilia gasped upon the sight that differentiated her brother the most from ordinary men. Though his other qualities were truly remarkable, this was the one that put the matter to rest. The people called their king and their crown prince “the Stallion”, but contrary to popular belief, this wasn’t originally intended to denote vigour, or strength, or freedom. The meaning was far less symbolic than that: the royal males’ genitals weren’t human.

The affliction was the result of a sorcery whose specifics have long since been obscured. No one knew whether it was intended as a gift or as a curse, but either way it was supernatural in origin and in the traits it bestowed. The king’s body was always inherently strong, large, and durable. His sexual fluids held powerful rejuvenating properties, and were also a great help for making his receptive partners more… suitable. With some creativity, they could produce effects more exciting still.

Emilia had read everything she could find on the subject in the royal library. She wondered what the limits of could be. Her parents did seem to age very gracefully, almost intentionally. Was their retirement something borne of old age and tiredness, or were they planning on living the rest of eternity in immortalised youth?

Her royal highness, the queen, had shown none of that curiosity, and instead had crawled away in fear and disgust. She’d treated Emilia’s dear brother like an animal, even after he’d tried explaining to her what his condition meant. She’d spouted some moralistic inanities and lambasted “bestiality”; she denied her own husband the embrace and the release he deserved. If she’d been with anyone else, her marriage would have been annulled, or she would’ve been dead, or she would’ve been forced to bed him. There would eventually be questions about her infertility. Emilia couldn’t stand the thought of her brother spawning a successor with that ugly, close-minded and excruciatingly mediocre wench. Their blessed bloodline would never recover.

No. If her brother was to mate and bond with someone like that, if he was going to share his ancient secret, then he deserved doing it with someone who loved him and adored him just the way he was, politics be damned. If he wouldn’t have a mistress carry his child and be the wife his queen refused to be, then Emilia herself would fill that role. There was no one in the world who cared for him the way she did, no one more willing to perform her duties than she, no one a more natural partner in the world. She was most compatible, because she was his little sister.

She had seen her brother’s might from behind a keyhole, or a gap, or hidden behind curtains and under furniture; she also wasn’t a stranger to the stables and the wild fury that possessed the males.
Still, being that close to her brother was a different matter altogether. The strong musk assaulted her nostrils, the stench as inhuman as the shape. It was a foot long and only partially erect; she knew it would reach a ludicrous size with a little encouragement.

“Oh, big brother,” she gasped, grasping his flesh with her small hands. Marcus shivered to the sensation, a storm of conflicting emotions still raging inside of him. It was Emilia’s responsibility to quell it, to give him so much pleasure that he forgot his hesitations. Her juvenile hands couldn’t hope to wrap around Marcus’ girth, which must have been over a foot; he was four inches wide. The mere fact of her holding it was obscene; someone so young and petite being in touch with something so large and beastly. It was as if they were two different species.

She stroked its length gently, from the base to the tip, covering as much of her brother’s flesh as she could. Her own heart was racing with the act, not quite believing what she was seeing. She was enthralled by her brother’s size now that she had made direct contact with him. She doubted she’d ever look at a normal man the same way again. The greatest men would be dwarfed by what her brother could give her. All plans for her marriage were moot; her heart belonged to Marcus now, if it hadn’t before.

Marcus’ breaths gradually turned from ones of anxiety to ones of pleasure, as more and more blood reached his massive organ and inflated it further. “You are so big,” Emilia said, feeling the blood being pumped under the skin. “You are greater and more beautiful than I ever imagined.” She kept stroking his length with one hand, as she moved the other down to his testicles, which were as grotesquely oversized as his penis.

Emilia’s hands felt softer than the softest silk against his dick. He felt the tiny appendages dancing on his genitals, feeling his size, worshipping him in their own way. He could climax from her hands if he let himself; the sensation was that great. He couldn’t believe his little sister was touching him this way, that she was doing it so passionately and of her own will. It felt so dirty and forbidden; a 10-year-old’s hands wrapped around a horse cock.

“I love you, big brother,” Emilia continued while maintaining her stroking, gently fondling Marcus’ balls and tracing his still expanding length. “I’ve loved you for so long, I don’t remember myself before that. When you got married, I… I didn’t know what to do. I was there, I was looking at you on that night. You don’t know what it took not to burst into the room and hold you like this.”

Marcus looked down on her after her confession. His penis had reached its full length of two feet. Emilia rested his shaft on her right shoulder, and then leaned on it, rubbing her cheek against the flesh. The size discrepancy was uncanny; his phallus was gigantic compared to any part of her anatomy. It was as long as her arm and as wide as her thigh. If his blood pressure wasn’t helping keeping it erect, she’d probably strain under the weight of his meat.

Emilia brought both her arms to it, holding it tenderly, like she was trying to hold a baby. “I feared you’d never let me hold you like this,” she said, want outpouring from the intonation of every word. “To be able to touch you so privately, I’ve only dreamed of it. It’s like I’m still dreaming. I feel like my life is complete now; that I’ve achieved my purpose, my ultimate goal.” She spaced these words out with kisses, her tiny, moist lips gracing his enormous cock like manna from heaven. Every time she did so, his penis twitched with pleasure, every touch being a struggle against orgasm. She wasn’t doing anything to him, but it felt like the most ecstatic bliss, something unique, that only she could offer. The mere sight of her being like this was incredibly arousing.

It took great effort to interrupt her embrace, but his desire to embrace her back was greater. “Oh, Emilia…,” he said, dropping to his knees so that their postures were more even. Her expression
was irresistible; her wide, beautiful eyes; the cute proportions on her face that only a child could bear; her half-opened mouth, tiny and crimson lips glistening with traces of her own saliva. He couldn’t bear to only look, and with both his arms around her, he locked his lips with hers.

He’d intended for it to be a sweet and loving kiss, but he lost himself in it with wild abandon, like he was trying to vent all of his frustrations through it, and so he pressed himself against her tightly, shoving his adult tongue in the preteen’s mouth and exploring every cell of her cavity. He touched her young tongue with his, he tasted her saliva, and he felt her wet warmth enveloping him. He kept it going for long, much longer than would seem appropriate, covering Emilia’s face with their combined spit that couldn’t be contained, trickling down her throat.

Emilia was gasping for air as best she could. She wrapped her arms around his neck and tried to kiss him back, though her childish tongue was no match. He rubbed his hands on her back, taking in the softness of her flesh, the outline of her ribs and her spine, lowering them dangerously close to her butt.

After a while, Emilia started spasming, her posture wavering, as she focused on her taboo orgasm. Her brother was kissing her. Her big brother was ravaging her mouth like it would save the world. She could feel his penis against her; even in this position, it was too big to avoid. She felt it on her legs, and on her belly. She could feel its movements matching Marcus’ heartbeat, could hear its silent cries for her body. Her big brother wanted to be inside her, perhaps more than she wanted him to enter her.

Though his aching had far from subsided, Marcus broke the kiss, because Emilia was having trouble catching her breath, and he didn’t want her to fall unconscious. Her mouth stayed open like that for a short while, strands of spit connecting them, then breaking and falling on her. Marcus embraced her again, this time in a hug, petting her softly, protectively.


“I’m sorry. I didn’t know how you felt. I didn’t know my little sister was like that.”

Emilia found the strength to speak, though her mouth felt a little bit strained. “It’s okay. It’s alright. All that matters is that you love me now. Everything else is in the past.” She hugged him back, though she couldn’t wrap her arms completely around him. She felt his toned, powerful muscles of his large body. She had never felt so secure before. “Although, I must admit, it would’ve been nice if you had picked up on it a bit sooner.”

“How long has it been like this?”

“It’s been a long time.” Emilia chuckled. “I remember walking in on you having a bath; you were so taken aback!”

After such an emotional roller-coaster, it was difficult for Marcus to immediately grab the image from memory. After a few seconds, when he recalled it, he was once again taken aback so much that he broke the hug.

“Really? But, that must have been—”

“About five years ago,” Emilia interjected. She grinned widely, as she reached down to Marcus’ dick, and began stroking it again. “I remember going to sleep every night with thoughts of my big brother. I kept thinking about you over and over and over, obsessively fantasising about us being together, doing stuff. Horrible, taboo stuff, beyond all reaches of decency, stuff no kid should think of.”
She placed a hand on her stomach, and rubbed the area, while tracing as much of Marcus’ length as she could with the other. “And during the really hot nights, I dreamt of my big brother snapping, losing it, and sneaking into my room. I dreamt of you feeling my young body up, even as I was conflicted and confused; I dreamt of that huge horse cock forcing itself inside your 5-year-old sister, dreamt of being split in half.”

Her arousal was dripping down her legs, and she brought Marcus’ erection to her thighs and her crotch so he could feel it. “I couldn’t tell you how many times I thought of that, it must be thousands by now. My little body felt so hot and tingly, and despite not knowing what I felt, I knew what I wanted and why. When I pictured my baby womb being utterly crushed and bruised, it was as if everything stopped existing, and nothing else mattered.”

She edged herself closer to him, rubbing herself on him. He could feel the bottom of her dress against his cock and his legs; he could feel her hard nipples through the fabric. Though the words coming out of his sister’s mouth disgusted him and creeped him out, the very fact of hearing something so obscene coming from her filled him with a deep, dark desire.

She was now whispering in his ear. “I tried so hard to seduce you, to tease you, to make you lay aside your qualms and your morality and show your insolent tease of a sister why she shouldn’t mess with adults. Every time you got annoyed, my tiny pussy was dripping from the thought of being manhandled, dropped to the floor and turned into a kiddy cock sleeve. I wanted you to own me, to pummel me with fury and lust, to expose my disgrace in front of everyone, in front of parents; little Emilia playing with her dolls, little Emilia torn in two by her brother.”

Marcus was harder than a rock now. Thinking back on all his memories with Emilia, they acquired a whole different colour in the knowledge of her depravity. The possibilities of what he could’ve done but hadn’t were enough to drive him crazy.

“So that’s why you tried to prostitute yourself in front of my eyes,” Marcus realised.

“Yes, brother. I wanted you to look. I wanted you to see. See what those animals had snatched while you doubted yourself.” She raised both her arms up, in replay of what had happened before. As she described the events, Marcus reenacted them on her. “They felt me up everywhere. They put their tongues on my armpits and swallowed my sweat. They tasted my developing glands like they were sweet nectar.”

“They touched my breasts, flat as the day I was born, the ultimate mark of a child, and they grabbed them and squeezed them and pinched them. They enjoyed them more than the full chests of a fertile woman, they indulged in their sick, twisted desires. They felt my overflowing arousal, trickling down my young thighs. They craved for my underage pussy that dribbled more than a trained slut.”

Her breathing was growing heavy, and her speech slow as her arousal increased. “And then… and then… they felt up my back, slowly, methodically, all the way to my butt. Then, they— Oh, brother!”

“Continue,” Marcus whispered in her ear.

“Using a finger, they felt my dirtiest spot, they— ah!” She exclaimed in a cute, high pitch, as her brother carried the acts out like she was giving him instructions. She could hardly keep going, as the fantasy she’d constructed earlier today was becoming reality in front of her. “They touched me where I poop from, brother! Ah! They… they wanted to sodomise me, they wanted to shove their decadent penises in my tight kiddy arsehole, but you didn’t let them! Oh, brother, I want you so much.”
She pushed Marcus back with as much force as he could muster, and he obliged by falling on the bed. Emilia stood upright, and raised her hands behind her neck, undoing the knot that held her dress in place. It fell to the floor, and now she stood before him as naked as he was. Marcus took in the sight; her tight, underage body, so slim and soft.

Emilia stood on Marcus’ lap, kissing him lightly on the lips. Then she arched back a little, grabbed his penis, and placed it against her abdomen and chest, drawing attention to how insane the difference was. His shaft was practically half her standing height, so placed like that it covered her entire upper body.

“You are so big, brother,” she said, placing both her arms on it, giving a hug to the equine member. “It’s going to hurt so much inside me. It’s going to hurt so good. Big brother’s cock.”

She placed her tongue on his cock tip and started licking it, taking in the taste and the smell. The stink was powerful and masculine and distinctly her brother’s; she couldn’t mistake it for anything else. The sensory overload made her dizzy. She toyed around with the head, licking around it and under it, while rubbing her arms, torso, thighs, and groin against it, stimulating it with her entire little body. She could feel Marcus’ heartbeat through it, granting it heat, and making it erect. She couldn’t believe how much of her it covered, and wanted to touch every part of it with her body.

Marcus was covered in his little sister’s warmth. Her soft skin felt completely different from his own, her body acting like a cocksleeve even on the outside. Looking at the young child trying to juggle such a massive organ excited him; he was oozing precome now. As soon as she noticed it, Emilia scooped it up with her tongue, and then kept drinking it, sticking her small tongue inside his peehole so she could taste it straight from the source.

Already she could feel its effects on her, changing her little body so that it could house it without destroying her. She grew more daring, placing larger, longer kisses and licks on his shaft. She lowered her hands between his thighs, reaching for his testicles, and holding them both in her combined grip, or at least as much of them as she could muster with her petite form. As more fluids flowed out of Marcus, she drank them up while massaging his sack.

“Big brother, I want you to kiss me in my deepest part, where no man could ever hope to reach. I want to taste your every inch.”

Marcus couldn’t think of much in his condition. “Emilia…,” he mumbled. Inside, he was still struggling with how far he could take it with her, despite knowing they’d already crossed so many boundaries, and broken so many rules. And yet, that tiny mouth, those soft lips, they enticed him to no end. His protective instincts told him not to hurt her, but she had said she wanted to be hurt, and so a forbidden, unspoken part of him quietly demanded that he oblige.

“I need an answer. You need to decide fast, or else…” She squeezed his balls, and yet more precome came forth, as if on command. “You’re so close.” She turned her massage more powerful, and more sensual, like she was milking a cow. “Quick, or you’ll spray it like a fountain on me. You will shower me in your milk.”

“Y-yes. Emilia, I want to feel you, too.”

She looked so satisfied at the sound of his words. “I love you, big brother,” she said. She kissed the sides of his glans widely, experimenting with how much of his penis she could fit in her mouth, and consuming his precome periodically. When she felt bold enough, she opened her mouth wide and tried fitting his head in. The penetration seemed impossible; it was like trying to swallow an arm. However, where there’s a magically enchanted royal bloodline and a will, there’s a way.
Emilia’s mouth was stretched well beyond what should be her natural limits; by all accounts, she should have dislocated her jaw and torn her lips. She had Marcus’ excretions to thank for not screaming in agony as she managed to fit his full girth in her with great effort. It took some time for her to get used to being stretched so much, but soon her interest was reinvigorated.

She pressed more of the pole inside of her as she licked his undershaft, quickly filling up her mouth. Marcus was letting out loud gasps of pleasure, but she had no plans of stopping. Repositioning herself so that her neck and torso had a smoother angle, she kept forcing inches down her gullet. She felt her sphincters giving way as the horse cock entered her oesophagus and expanded it to an almost comical degree. But even still she yearned for more, and gulped down the seemingly unending length on offer as it pressed down on her lower sphincter and teased her stomach; then as it, too, gave way, and opened access to her little belly, now populated with her brother’s flare.

“Goodness, Emilia!” Marcus blurted out. His little sister had bent over his groin and had somehow stuffed a full foot of his phallus in her. There was no greater expression of their differences than the knowledge of only being halfway done. Despite that, the sensation made everything else Marcus had experienced pale in comparison; her tightness was bordering on the uncomfortable, and her heat and wetness surrounded him from every direction. He hadn’t fully come to terms with current events, but it was undeniable now: he was fucking his little sister.

Emilia let things be momentarily, mostly for her own comfort than anything else. When she felt her breath running short, she pulled her head up and reversed the process, until the organ was outside her again—dripping in her fluids—and she was frantically catching her breath.

She stepped off her brother’s lap and lowered to her knees on the floor while reaching for his arms, gently guiding them to her neck. “Big brother, I want you to fuck my throat. I want you to feel the distension in my young neck as you ruthlessly rape it, as you force your horse cock all the way in my stomach and stir my dinner up.” She went on to caress and kiss his shaft, as Marcus built up the courage required to follow through with her requests.

“Oh okay,” he conceded, after only a few seconds of teasing. In his near orgasmic state, they had felt like an eternity; his sister edging him close, but denying him release every time. He got on his own knees and put his hands on her shoulders and neck. “I’ll try my best not to hurt you.”

Emilia opened her mouth wide again and swallowed his dick, but this time Marcus was a proactive participant, pressuring her forward and guiding her motions. His cock parted her sphincters with little of the original resistance, though they still coiled around him like the tightest of knots. With his fingers around her neck, he could feel it inflating as he violated the child’s throat, penetrating it all the way through to her stomach, until twelve inches were buried inside her and he couldn’t impale her any deeper.

She put her own hands on his testicles and milked them as he explored her insides. With a large motion, he pulled out of her until he wasn’t blocking her breathing, and allowed her a couple seconds of relief before penetrating her again. He took perverse pleasure in the deformation of his baby sister’s throat, both hands enfolding it now to take in every stretch and motion. He could feel the blood pumping in and out of her head, and her involuntary efforts for air.

Once he’d got the hang of it, Marcus increased the rhythm. He was unambiguously throat fucking the 10-year-old, pushing his little sister’s mouth pussy to its limits and beyond. Once the feelings of guilt gave way to dark pleasure, he manhandled her without remorse, only sparing her enough consideration for her not to asphyxiate.

Those lovely baby lips of hers were now wrapped around his beastly cock, and her elegant neck
was being torn apart by her own brother. Her food pipe was milking him for semen much like her hands on his balls were. He buried himself in her warmth and her moisture, fucking her impulsively, each motion bruising her throat a little bit more. The mass entering and exiting her was obscene; no person would be able to do it, never mind one so young. Saliva and lubricants were coming out of her mouth with his every exit, as the vacuum changed, and were matched with sloppy, wet sounds and her high-pitched moans.

For a moment, nothing existed in the world but the two of them; not his wife, not his duties, not his moral conduct. He fucked his little sister without concern, only deviant joy. He could’ve had any woman he’d wanted; it wasn’t like she was the last viable female in the world. Hundreds, thousands would line up for a chance to lie with him. He’d made the conscious decision to fuck a preteen despite all the nubile, fertile beauties begging for a moment of his time. That made it all the more twisted.

He wondered how far he could let it go. He wondered what would happen if he took her up on her offer, and forced both feet of his cock in her infantile body. Would she embrace him as lovingly as he tore through her flesh and bathed in her blood? How would would it feel to be balls deep inside a 10-year-old child? The feeling of deflowering her young throat was like a gift from heaven.

With one last motion, he buried himself deep in her stomach and unleashed all his pent up sexual frustration. His cock flared widely, and a torrent of semen came gushing forth right inside her stomach, emptying his balls as her tiny fingers stroked them. He filled her up until there was nothing left to fill up, and his semen overflowed back up her throat and spilled out of her mouth and nose, covering her chest and the floor with fluids.

He stayed inside her until the spasms stopped and he’d poured every last drop in her stomach. With one smooth motion, he pulled out of her, twelve inches of somewhat softer horse cock escaping her kiddy mouth, a sight that he could never get enough of. He had trouble getting his flaring tip out of her, scooping up a significant chunk of his come with it, preventing her from digesting his fluids. He exited with a pop, as Emilia kept puking more semen, gasping for air when she was done.

Marcus knelt beside her and tried cleaning her using his discarded robes. “I’m sorry, Emilia! I, uh… I don’t know what took over me. Are you alright? Do you need help?”

She shook her head and laid her weight against him when her stomach stopped churning. Marcus petted her head as she looked up at him in their afterglow. She felt so petite and fragile in his arms; his pure, beautiful baby sister. He put his other arm under her legs, picked her up, and rested her on the bed, which was decisively more comfortable than the floor, and then joined her.

“You’re such a perv,” Emilia said, snuggling under his arms, feeling right at home inside the protective embrace of her big brother. “You protested every step of the way, but when push came to shove, you didn’t hesitate in forcing your most equine of parts down my throat.”

“Don’t eschew your own responsibility. You couldn’t possibly have begged for it more. I had nothing but your best interest in mind.”

Emilia nested herself closer, using Marcus’ body like a blanket, covering her exposed form under his limbs, with her back pressing against his chest. She felt his fingers exploring her features, fixating particularly on her breasts.

“I’m sorry I don’t have much to offer,” she said. She knew Marcus loved her, but there was no denying physical reality. “I’m sure you’d much rather a less boyish woman, with a fuller, less childish form.”
“What are you talking about? You are perfect the way you are.” He placed a series of kisses from her shoulder to her neck, producing giggles along the way. “My perfectly flat little sister,” he added, fondling her breasts and pinching a nipple.

Emilia slapped his cheek playfully. “Paedophile,” she teased. “All these succulent temptresses to choose from, and yet the one you’re boning is a mere child.” She tried imitating an old man’s voice: “Absolutely reprehensible behaviour!”

“If you’ve made a degenerate out of me tonight, then I’m in big company. Enthusiastic, even.”

Emilia couldn’t help but laugh at the thought. “Oh my. Whatever shall we do with the lot, I wonder?”

“I can’t really do anything about the oglers. They can’t be faulted for staring; you do have a most tempting backside.” Emilia reacted to that comment by pressing said backside closer to his body. “As for the more proactive trio, as much as I would love to feed their paranoia for some time, I think it’d be best to take immediate action. I doubt any punishment would be considered over-the-top for ‘inappropriate conduct’ towards the nation’s dear princess.”

“Try not to be too strict, though; you might want an escape plan for if anyone catches whiff of tonight.”

“I guess I can sympathise with their plight. I’ll try to reign in the jealousy.” Marcus planted a kiss on Emilia’s cheek. “After all, they didn’t have enough time to do anything.”

“Speaking of jealousy, tell me, big brother, how do I compare with your queen?”

“Well, uh, that’s…”

Emilia fumbled about and located Marcus’ semi-erect penis with her lower body, placing her feet on it and stroking it. “You have seen her naked, right? I’m not remembering it wrong.”

“Yeah, I have. I mean, it’s only expected.”

“So? How does she compare?” she pressed on, her earlier impish tone returning. She manipulated him through her stroking, using her soles to arouse his manhood.

“Well, um. That’s a very difficult question…,” he replied, feeling extremely awkward in this situation.

“Is it?” she insisted, while focusing her attention to the tip of his penis, the flare having long subsided, though still maintaining an unmistakable mushroom shape; she played with it using her toes. “Is it really?”

“Okay, okay, alright! I confess: she has nothing on you. She is but a gargoyle in comparison. You’re an angel, radiating beauty from every part, and she’s plain and boring.”

Emilia hummed in satisfaction inside her brother’s all-encompassing hug. “I love it when you’re honest, big brother. Don’t worry about anything but the bare essentials with her. I will take care of all your needs.”

“Oh, but try not to be too obvious about it.”

“Oh, and something else, big brother… Do you really fancy my feet that much?” She pointed out his raging hard-on under her grasp, Marcus having attained his full length again. “I’ve noticed how
you’ve been staring at me all night. It can’t merely be a physiological reaction. That’s quite the weird fetish.”

With a quick motion, Marcus turned her around so she was lying on her back, and kissed her deeply. It was true; he found her legs and feet to be highly sensual. He was aroused by her tiny soles and toes trying to manage his enormous horse cock, and how wide her motions had to be for her to stroke his full length. She kept the footjob going during their kiss, his excitement building up fast.

Marcus straightened his posture, towering over Emilia, so that he could look at her work. She raised her legs higher up, her feet nearing his face. “Since you like them so much, why don’t you kiss them too?” she offered.

He didn’t think twice before taking her up on that offer, grabbing her legs and placing a probing kiss on an ankle. He edged himself closer to her, resting his cock between her thighs and on her stomach. He was large enough to reach up to her face, and she could feel the weight against her body. Feeling something so big and powerful on her turned her on; she placed her arms around the shaft and kissed the glans.

Marcus licked his sister’s soles; he was a very large man, and she was a petite 10-year-old child, and the size difference was blatant in how much area he could cover. Even down there, in body parts never meant to be erotic, Emilia’s inherent charms were evident. She was soft and smooth and tiny. Marcus couldn’t help but feel he was touching her somewhere forbidden, making his actions all the more intimate.

When he’d got enough of her soles, he went on to nibble on her toes. He could fit a lot of the underage child’s feet in his mouth, focusing on each individual toe of both limbs, making sure he enjoyed every aspect of her anatomy to the fullest. He alternated between Emilia’s two feet; she gently caressed his face with the one that wasn’t getting serviced.

As weird as she had found the idea initially, she couldn’t deny how affectionate it felt. She felt like her big brother was committing a taboo; devouring a most private part. She could tell he was immersed in the act and overtaken by the thrill. He moved his hips involuntarily, and with his cock between her legs, it felt like he was having sex with her thighs.

Though the adhesive strip protecting her genitals hadn’t been removed, she could feel the friction on them, which in turn aroused her too. She didn’t want to admit it, but she was kind of getting into it, too; initially, it felt like Marcus was tickling her feet, but now it wasn’t all fun and games. Eventually, her arousal became too much to bear, and she lowered a hand to her privates, as she kept stroking her brother’s horse cock with the other.

Marcus was in his own little world, servicing Emilia’s lower body limbs. He kept concentrating on her toes and soles, but was also paying attention to her slender calves. His hip movements were growing rougher and faster, as did his excitement; he could probably climax from Emilia’s legs and thighs without ever penetrating her. In fact, he’d much rather release his seed like that than in the orifices of any other woman, as no one could possibly compare to his sublime baby sister.

He felt Emilia twitching in orgasmic pleasure, soft moans escaping her mouth, and her breathing growing heavier. That broke him out of his trance just long enough to notice her trying to pleasure herself, a finger buried between her buttocks and playing with her anus. Although he’d love to spurt semen all over her body from the stimulation of her legs, he knew Emilia probably had other plans for tonight, and he didn’t want to be that selfish.

Emilia noticed his awareness, and immediately her face reddened. “Ah, big brother…,” she said,
her certainty finally giving way to some shyness. She had tried to appear confident and in control, she still was a little 10-year-old girl deep down, and she was ever so slightly ashamed she was taking so much joy out of her feet and her bum. That wasn’t how sex was supposed to work. It was so wrong, yet pleasurable in its debauchery.

“I can’t be the only one having fun here, can I?” Marcus said. He spread her legs wide and took his penis off her abdomen, so her pelvis was clearly visible. Her arousal was obvious even through the adhesive strip, which had lost most of its potency and was now barely sticking on her young flesh. “It’s a bit unfair, you know. I’ve been naked all this time, but you’ve been hiding your nicest part.”

“Oh, brother. You can take it off, if you want to,” she said, although she was apprehensive about being fully exposed in front of him. She knew he loved her in earnest, but that was the place where her childishness would be most evident, and she feared disgusting or alienating her dear brother.

Marcus grabbed a loose corner and easily removed the strip, which was dripping with Emilia’s fluids. Her pussy was glistening and pink; it was as smooth and tiny as the day she was born, with barely any development having taken place since. There were no labia minora or a clitoris to be seen behind the child’s puffy lips, only the vague hint of a bright pink slit, waiting to be spread. If there were any doubts that he was fucking around with an underage girl before, they were gone now.

“So, Emilia, where do you want me to, um…”

She fumbled about for a little bit to collect her nerves, but she eventually responded. “I’d love to be sodomised on the royal bed, and I know you’re interested in that sort of thing, too, given how much you’ve talked about my rear end, but…” She lowered her hands to her cunt and spread it apart. “I need you to prove your dedication to me. I want you to take my virginity.”

“Emilia…”

“It’s okay, big brother. If you’re worried about soiling me, I’m sure a gulp of your milk would suffice to undo any lasting effects, and maintain my pristine prepubescent state you’re infatuated with. I could even be made to appear younger, if that’s what you’re into.”

An imagine of the tiny, 5-year-old Emilia obsessing over his body flashed through his mind momentarily, but it was immediately dismissed. “No, I—”

“But for now, I need you to prove you are serious. I truly love you, big brother. I’m not playing around just to have a good time. I’m prepared to give my everything for you.”

“I feel the same way.”

“So I want you to take me as you would a proper woman. We can do the rest later, if you want.” Emilia blushed again as she displayed her vulva and vagina to her brother. “Y—you don’t need to worry. I haven’t had my period yet, so— ah!”

Marcus had heard all that needed to be said, so he took the initiative and kissed his sister’s lower lips. Her baby cunt tasted so sweet and rejuvenating; a juice he was the first to drink. The first man to touch her, to lick her, to open her slit and explore her insides.

“Oh, brother…! I want you to take me, I want you to fuck me with your huge cock!”

He obeyed as soon as he was done ensuring she was wet enough. Looking down, it seemed impossible that this undeveloped body could take any man, never mind one of his proportions. She was a 10-year-old child, unfit to be wed, or to bear children. She was petite, hairless, and skinny,
with no signs of maturity. Her vulva was as virginal as a newborn’s.

And yet... the passion that dominated him when he poked her entrance with his glans was unprecedented. She was pouring lubricants like a whore in heat, drenching herself and the bed with her vaginal fluids. She’d asked to be fucked, and she’d had plenty of time to retract her demands. Marcus was about to find out what the insides of his baby sister felt like, a privilege many would give up their entire domains for.

He started pushing in, trying to enter her impossibly tight hole. He was about as wide as her thigh, so he wasn’t certain if it was possible at all, even though she’d taken him in her throat and stomach previously. He saw her features tighten, clenching her teeth as her invaluable purity was being shredded at such a young age by her own brother’s beastly cock.

Whatever arcane effect had allowed her to gulp down his shaft was working out fine for her vagina also, as her slit parted impossibly to take in the oversized intruder. Emilia clutched onto the bed sheets, trying as best she could to contain her moans as her brother slowly penetrated her. Her kiddy fuck hole widened inhumanly as the horse cock devastated her virginity, not even her cervix being much of an obstacle, giving way and granting entrance to her infertile womb.

She lost track of space and time for a moment, as the abuse her pussy was suffering mixed in with multiple orgasms; the sensation of being filled whole. She was uncomfortably tight, even with all the lubrication, but unbelievably soft, exactly the sort of way a little girl ought to be. Marcus could make out the dilation in her stomach, and eventually he bottomed out in her uterus, finally ready to make love to his little sister.

He bent down to kiss Emilia, but she quickly broke her kiss. Amidst gasps and moans, she managed to blurt out a few words. “Why are you stopping, big brother? You’ve still got a long way to go.”

Marcus looked at her crotch to confirm what he already knew: even though he’d gone as deep in her as her genitals should allow, more than half of his pole was still outside. He looked back, sceptical at her suggestion. “I don’t think—”

Emilia locked her legs behind him and edged him forward. “As I’ve said, big brother, I want you to give me everything you’ve got. I don’t want you to stop until every inch of your manhood is inside me.” She could see Marcus was worried about hurting her. “Don’t worry. I’ve had enough of your seed inside me already to endure any intrusion. Now, brother,” she said with another push of her legs, “make me your prepubescent cocksleeve.”

There was nothing she could say that would make Marcus fully comfortable with the idea, but he’d seen a number of weird things today, so he couldn’t write off her suggestions as out of the realm of possibility. Even if he was unsure, he’d have to trust her to know her limitations, because she was his dear little sister, and his incestuous lover.

Resolved to fuck her as she’d asked, Marcus kept pushing inside her. It didn’t seem like he could make any more progress, but soon enough her cunt stretched beyond its normal limits, taking a little bit more of his length. He kept going with a slow but steady pace, careful not to stretch her so much she’d break, her young folds enveloping his dick, keeping it warm and moist.

As more and more of his meat was stuffed in her, it became harder for her to contain her moans. The distension in her belly crawled progressively upward, inflating her once flat stomach to ever more obscene levels. She put her hands on it, feeling the bulge shaped like her brother’s cock.

“Look at this, big brother,” she said. “I can feel you rearranging me. I’m being turned into a
receptacle for your cock! Go on! Put it all in me and fuck me; fuck me until I’m looser than a
breeding mare!”

Marcus didn’t know if he could pull through with her request, as the insertion had already reached
all the way up to her chest, but he couldn’t deny his dear sister. He kept going against his better
judgement, Emilia’s bulge acquiring a life of its own and, instead of tracing her chest, running
parallel to it as if it was a new body part.

He buried himself so deep in her that her bulge looked more like the main volume of her body,
with a little girl’s head and limbs decoratively attached to it. As shocking as it was for him, it was
world-rending for Emilia, who stared at her own body in disbelief, before being assaulted by
orgasm after orgasm until her eyes rolled back into her head and blanking out.

He’d finally done it; he was all the way inside Emilia. The penetration boggled the mind: two feet
of horse cock were buried in a tiny 10-year-old child’s cunt, her body deformed beyond
recognition, the outline of the phallus visible in her abdomen, protruding hideously up against her
face. His darkest desire had become reality as he’d fucked his kid sister balls deep.

Emilia was utterly ruined, more in spirit than in body. No matter how hard she might try to regain
her virginity and her tightness, she’d never be able to get these memories out of her mind. Every
man after Marcus would seem insignificant, and every pleasure ephemeral, unless she was willing
to actually become a breeding mare for overzealous stallions. No one would be able to reach so
deep inside her and fuck her like he was.

Something deep inside Marcus was pleased; something evil and possessive. It dawned on him how
foolish he’d been so far, trying to deny his feelings, trying to find a mate for his sister and pretend
nothing had happened. This was the proper state of affairs: Emilia impaled on his royal dick. He
deserved this pleasure for his deeds and for his patience, and no one had a right to deny him his
happiness. He was the people’s most adored, most prolific king, and his reward was a perfect child-
wife. Preteen Emilia, the nymphette of divine beauty, the consummate female.

Emilia had pissed herself, a combination of pressure against her bladder and losing her mind. Her
legs had given way, as her pain and pleasure overwhelmed her senses. Marcus put his hands under
her and gave her some support, lifting her lower body to a more comfortable position.

In a few moments, she’d regained enough sanity to utter words. “I love you, big brother. Now, fuck
me, with all your rage, and all your lust.”

That’s what he’d planned on doing, even if she hadn’t asked, but it was good to know she wasn’t
regretting her decisions. Marcus began to pull back, the bulge subsiding with his exit; he could
only comfortably pull away half his length, so that would have to suffice for fucking her.

Emilia placed her hands on the bulge, preparing for her big brother’s insertion and wanting to feel
him ravaging her petite body inside and out. As she’d requested, his mind was filled with nothing
but the desire to dominate her, to climax inside her, to soil her to the point of uselessness.

With one fast motion, Marcus entered her fully once again; after stretching far enough to
accommodate him once, repeat motions were much easier. He did the same thing once over,
experimenting with the pacing and the motions. Once he’d got the hang of it, he fucked her faster
and faster, increasing to a furious pace, raping her womb.

Every time he entered her fully, she lost a small part of herself. Orgasms hit her one after another,
mercilessly taxing her awareness. Her cunt let out disgusting sounds, as orgasmic fluids were
pumped in and out of her, and as the vacuum of her hole changed. Her lips clung to Marcus’ shaft
like they were one and the same, refusing to let him leave, gripping onto his flesh.

But most of all, her body bent and stretched obscenely to fit the intruder. Marcus couldn’t help but stare at it; the sight was electrifying. The child’s flesh deformed and distorted in the shape of his organ and the rhythm of his movements. From the underage vulva, now hardly resembling its former state of purity, all the way beyond her chest and almost to her face, her skin took his shape like heinous clay.

He pummelled the 10-year-old, his excitement building a bit more every time he was balls deep in her cunt. His full attention was devoted on the act, and all his senses were partaking. The faint taste of her virginal lubricants, the stench of their sweat and blood and orgasm, the warmth and tightness and softness of a child, the hideous distortion of her form, and the sound of their moans, gasps, and screams.

He could feel himself approaching climax. He thought of what he was doing, and what he was about to do. He was shredding Emilia’s pussy, destroying her innocence, taking advantage of her childish naïveté and her love for her big brother. He was supposed to be protecting her and caring for her, and instead he was stuffing her full of his cock. He was about to come inside her, and she hadn’t even had her first period yet. It was so wrong, and that’s why he wanted to do it.

When the moment came, it was like someone opened the floodgates. He thrust into her one last time, and held her there as he pumped her full of his semen. Her already struggling pussy quickly overflowed with his fluids, and they came spilling out onto the bed. There wasn’t much left of Emilia by the time he was over; her mind was lost to the barrage of pleasure.

Marcus stayed like that with Emilia—connected to the hip for a little while—until his arousal subsided and it was time to call it a day. He carefully exited her, leaving her pussy wide and gaping. He could see the bright pink goodness all the way through to the edge of her womb, her entire genital tract one continuous orifice.

He held her close and kept her warm as the two of them had a short moment of rest.

Some time later—he couldn’t tell; it could have been minutes, it could have been hours—he was awoken by Emilia fidgeting in his arms.

“Hey, big brother.”

“Hey, Emilia.”

She leaned in on his chest, taking in his masculine smell, and enjoying his powerful embrace.

“That was fun,” she said. “Let’s do that again.”

“Mhm…”

She grabbed one of his hands covering her back, and guided it downwards. Initially, he thought she was trying to cover more of herself in his warmth, but then he noticed how she’d strategically rested it on her butt.

“It was as good as I imagined. No, better!” she giggled. “Thank you, big brother. Even though you were afraid, you overcame your worries for me. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, little sister. I didn’t want to disappoint you.”

She’d said nothing to that effect, but Marcus did what her body hinted at, and took the initiative to play with her arse. With a serene smile on her face, she looked looked into his eyes, even as he
explored her nether regions and inserted a probing finger in her still virgin anus.

Emilia moved in to kiss him, and then pushed him on his back. This time, she guided both his arms on her backside; by now, Marcus had got the message of what she intended to do.

“You’ve been a good boy, so I’m gonna let you have me where you’ve wanted to the most,” she said. She laced his chest, neck, and face with kisses, loving the manly features of her brother, the one true king. As he started stretching her with more and more fingers, she whispered in his ear: “Fuck your sister’s shit pipe.”

The night hadn’t yet ended.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Emilia has been feeling blue, so Marcus helps her feel other colours.

Chapter Notes

The promised and belated sequel. I've been working on this for a year according to the logs. Like the original, it took way too long and turned out extremely lengthy (50k words) and stressful. Since I don't fancy dropping marathon chapters any more, it has been split into multiple chapters that will be uploaded periodically. Shoutouts to Vaesark and Sparrow for the inspiration, Alice for the memes, and the #x-creatingstuff channel for the emotional support. It's a great relief having finished this, as lots of things were put in the backburner so that more energy could be put into it. Thank you for the overwhelming love you've shown to this work and the others, and I hope you find this to your liking. I'll also gradually update the tags to match the content for squick prevention.

As night became day, all that was left in its wake were hangovers and sore muscles. No, that was a lie; Marcus felt the best he had as far as he could remember. Unnaturally so, even. He'd much rather pay back some of his sleep debt today, and nobody would question him, but he ought to put up a good example. That, and he needed something to distract him from... other things.

He hadn't fully grasped what had transpired last night. He was still considering the possibility that it had all been a hot summer pipe dream, borne of horniness, overactive imagination, and somebody spiking his wine with bad shrooms. It didn't make a lot of sense, but the less he thought about it, the more he believed it, and that way he didn't have to confront reality. Thankfully, as king, there was no shortage of inanities to take care of, though it did annoy his entourage a little bit.

Even so, Richard was absolutely gleaming. It was a little disturbing seeing how happy he was. He'd been all smiles and handshakes since the crack of dawn. Marcus bet that if they confined him in a dark room, he'd start producing his own bloody hand-made sunlight, straight out of his skin. He was contemplating it far more seriously than he dared admit, partly out of morbid curiosity, partly because having someone so upbeat around him was disturbing.

It was pissing him off. Eventually, he had to ask, he needed to ask. Every second this mystery remained unsolved, a little kitten died in the suburbs. He cornered him in the afternoon, when he was grabbing something to eat.

“All right, what did you do this time?”

“Hm?” Richard replied, aloof in his own little world. “What do you mean?”

“You look like your crush just confessed to you. All twenty of them. Simultaneously.”
“I love my life.” This explained nothing, but perhaps if Marcus stared blankly at him long enough, the awkwardness would summon an explanation. “Did you know, last night, I didn’t hear a single word from anyone?” He started counting with his fingers. “No nobles, no farmers, no merchants, no priests, no distant family nobody’s heard of that’s spontaneously materialised.”

He let him go on, hoping he’d reach a point eventually. “I got to leave early, tuck in early, wake up whenever I damn well pleased, and nobody caught whiff of it. The royal ball left a royal mess behind, but I wasn’t there to see it, manage it, or clean it up. I went home, nobody died, and I was alone. Not a soul around, while lovebirds whispered sweet nothings into your ear.” He mocked a high pitched voice, saying, “Oh, my liege, I tried sending my herd through the grand cathedral, and now your artisanal ceramic tiling is decorated with manure, something something interest rates, taxes, courts, I’ll suck you off if you make it all go aw—” He cut off his sentence with laughter.

“You’re… a little weird, have you noticed that? Has anybody ever told you?” Marcus pointed out, taking a seat beside him. Richard shrugged. “You’re never going to be married if you lead a life as filled with excitement as now.”

“Well, I mean…” He stared blankly at his cup for a few seconds. “If being the king’s bodyguard, the captain of the royal guard, and a military general isn’t exciting enough for a woman, I’m probably better off trying my luck elsewhere. I think stepping outside the insane asylum would be a good start. There’s pretty damsels everywhere.”

Marcus started stealing some of Richard’s food while he was rambling, and he didn’t seem to mind it too much. Technically, Marcus was paying for it by proxy of wages, so he had full rights over it in some cryptic sense that convinced no one.

“You better start acting on it, or I’ll have to take matters into my own hands. Do you remember that humanitarian mission—”

“Goodness, why does it always have to come back to that?”

“—and how long it took for you to realise your pretty damsel in distress was packing a little something extra? You would’ve thought this would have given it away,” he rubbed his hand on his chest.

“As if you were any wiser!” He poked Marcus’ shoulder in protestation.

“Was I on the tabloids though? I don’t think so,” he jested musically.

“Oh, is that what you think? That’d be nice, wouldn’t it?” Richard reached for his pocket, and took out a small piece of paper, a page out of today’s newspapers, the slammed it on the table. “Why, I haven’t seen a front page so colourful since precisely this day last year.”

“What.”

For some reason, Marcus had thought the ball would be a forgettable experience for its attendants, and come next day, hardly anything would haunt him. In retrospect, that was a terrible assumption. Perhaps if he hadn’t intentionally avoided thinking about the subject all day he would have realised there had been several unforeseen events that had attracted quite the number of eyeballs. It would be weird if people didn’t talk about it.

Naturally, the press was fulminating over Emilia’s scandalous debut, arguably masturbating—the distinction was rarely clear with these things. Certainly there had been a few people that were feasting on her with their eyes, and Marcus was among them. That some would write out their
thoughts on a public forum was the natural extrapolation of last night’s events. What was more surprising were the interpretations people were giving, especially the perceptive few who had caught onto a certain awkwardness during their first dance.

He raised both hands to his face, not fully believing what was going on. Off in the distance, thousands of miles away, he could hear Richard’s chuckles, who was enjoying his suffering far too much.

“This has got to be some overengineered prank,” he said.

“Oh, no, your highness. I assure you, it’s all too real.”

So this was the reason he was so excited all day. He couldn’t wait for the moment to rub it in. The bastard, he’d never let this die down. He’d probably have this written on his tombstone if he could, so that nobody would forget that hot summer night and the rampant speculation that it inspired.

Trying to guess who Emilia’s future husband was going to be had become the national sport overnight, to the surprise of no one. Dukes, princes, and kings clashed in the battle royale of public affection. Would it be a vassal? Would it be an ally? Would it be a compatriot? Then there was the crowd favourite within a certain niche that would never go away or shut up: his royal highness, king Marcus, “the Stallion”. Something about the public’s beloved ruler being a little too close to the cute little princess titillated the public imagination. Predictably, when two sensations coincided, they were always coupled to produce an even bigger sensation.

“What’s the line between gossip and blasphemy?” Marcus asked.

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves, your highness. If you lock them all up, it’ll only get worse, to say nothing of all the conspiracy theories it would feed.” He took a sip from his drink. “Besides, you’ve only yourself to blame. I haven’t seen you this worked up since you proposed to Rebecca.”

Marcus wanted to be outraged, but Richard had too much of a point to protest. He sighed, defeated, and let it all wash over him. The clergy would write a strongly worded letter, and nobody would remember any of it in a month or two at worst. There was also a silver lining: instead of being aghast at the depravity of incestuous paedophilia, the rumour mill was having a fetishistic circlejerk fantasising about their king fondling—well, grooming—his little sister. Oh, well. It wasn’t the weirdest fascination he’d seen, and he hadn’t even been paying attention for that long.

He cleared his throat. “Okay, anyway, I’m going to need you to do a little something for me. It needs to be a little discreet, or at least as discreet as you can manage.”

“I was born discreet.”

“No, I mean, like, for real, though.”

“Look at me, your highness. Is this the face of a man that is ever not for real?”

Marcus looked at Richard, whose comical grimace would put any court jester to shame. He wondered how much it ought to hurt having his face contorted so out of shape, and how much practice it required pulling it off. Why would one practice such a thing? He worried about the answers to these questions, for knowing the true nature of things could drive a man insane.

He put his hesitations aside for a moment, took out a small paper with some names written on it, and slid it over to him. “I’d like you to take these men into custody. I’d also like to keep the papers focused on one thing at a time, if that’s possible.”
Richard glanced over, excited at the prospect. “Oh, that’s interesting! It’s been a while since we cleaned up the nobles. But what are we taking them in for? No offence, but we can’t arbitrarily—”

“There was some… inappropriate conduct on the princess last night.”

Richard chuckled. “Marcus, if I were to punish every instance of inappropriate conduct last night, it might be more economical building a wall around the city and call it a prison than making arrests.”

“These three were something special. Trust me, it’s egregious enough to warrant action.”

“All right, if you say so.” Richard had finished eating, so he cleaned his mouth with a piece of cloth. Then he got up, stretched himself, a look of resolution on his face. “I’ve been wanting to get my hands on them for the longest time. Why, when I make it there, all hell will—”

“Richard,” Marcus scolded him.

“—discreetly and uneventfully strip them of freedom, with nobody noticing. Yes.”

And with that, he left.

He didn’t take his newspaper with him. Marcus glanced at the outrageous headline and subheadings, rubbing his forehead and sighing to relieve stress. For goodness’ sake, he wished he could unsee some of the recent events, if only to keep his faith in humanity intact. He picked it up and stored it in a pocket, so that he wouldn’t have to look at it.

He figured he might as well clean up Richard’s mess, stacking his dish and glass in order to take them to the kitchen. However, Anna, the maid, who had an almost supernatural affinity for detecting other people trying to do her job for her, wouldn’t allow Marcus to make himself useful, and she darted in his direction in order to take care of it herself.

“Your highness, please allow me,” she said.

“That really isn’t necessary,” he protested, but he didn’t press the matter further; he knew he wouldn’t win that argument.

After wiping the table and picking up the cutlery, dish, and glass, she tried asking something of him, in her customary demure tone. “Your highness, I know you’re busy, and I don’t want to intrude, but… It’s about her highness again, your sister, I mean. Your highness, she didn’t show up for her classes today, in fact she hasn’t left her room, and if it wouldn’t be too much to ask, I wonder if you could—”

“It’s quite okay, Anna. I’ll take care of it,” he interrupted her, because if he let her go on, her formalities would spin layers of indirection to infinity. “I think I’m partly to blame, anyway.”

“Oh, your highness, you couldn’t have possibly known! I’m sure you did your very best. I sincerely apologise for not looking into the matter further, and…”

Anna droned on, trying to make him feel better, and it took him way too long to parse her verbiage, realising she was talking about Emilia’s attire last night.

“…and in the grand scheme of things, it truly wasn’t that bad. His holiness may have some objections, but the people truly enjoyed it, and her highness is most gorgeous on the eyes; surely even in yours…” Her voice lowered down to nothing, dragging the last word, realising she’d been talking for far too long, and that she’d entered politically incorrect territory.
An awkward silence separated them. Sensing more apologies approaching, Marcus cleared his throat and said, “I’ll go check up on Emilia. Thank you for letting me know.” Anna bowed, thanked him, and headed for the kitchen to clean up. Somehow, he felt like he’d spared himself a marathon of a conversation.

He wondered whether she’d read the papers, or perhaps took part in gossiping circles, and how much that influenced her. She seemed like a sociable young woman, even in her ultra-conservative maid’s attire; he hadn’t had many opportunities to look at her, but she looked about the same age as him, and he was surprisingly young for a king. It made him wonder whether the fans of the salacious royal pairing extended even to within his court, a sort of paranoia that was in equal parts alarming and relieving.

He could guess as to Emilia’s problem even without investigating it. Last night had ended on a bit of a sour note, with Emilia not being able to take him in her rear end, or more specifically she couldn’t take him without risking injury. Her exertion from previous events no doubt didn’t help. Intercourse was far more taxing on her, and despite her surprising intellect and force of will, there were limits to how much her little body could handle. After all, she was merely a child. Nevertheless, she was disappointed in herself, and even though he’d done his best to convince her it wasn’t a big deal, then lulled her to sleep, it appeared her feelings had only grown stronger overnight.

Fully prepared to confront a moody Emilia, he knocked on her door and called out her name.

“No!” she said. She wasn’t rejecting anything in particular, but everything at once.

He knew there would be hell to pay, but he disregarded her and entered, closing the door behind him. Sure enough, she was lying face down on her bed, still wearing her nightgown, covering her head with a pillow. It didn’t look like she had been sleeping, rather, she was trying to isolate herself from the world. Looking around, there were scraps of papers, notes, and open books placed everywhere; clearly she was trying to figure something out, but to the exclusion of actually living her life.

Like the day before, he sat beside her, trying to console her. “Hey, Emilia. How’s it going?”

“Go away!” she snapped, raising and slamming her legs on the bed for noise.

He placed his hand atop hers. “Everybody’s worried sick about you.”

“Please don’t be.”

“We can’t do that. You’re too cute,” he teased her.

“I’m terrible.”

“Why would you say that?” She didn’t respond. She fumbled about, trying to avoid answering. “Come on, you can’t stay like that forever.”

“Yes, I can! I’m very resourceful.”

“If you act like that, I’m going to drop dead stressing about you.”

She let out a protracted groan, struggling with herself, flailing her legs as she did before. Eventually her legs tired and her better half won out, so she let herself out of her pillow. Her hair was in an even worse state than yesterday, and her blue eyes betrayed her crying and lack of a good night’s sleep. Marcus stroked her arm, which seemed to calm her down a bit.
“I’m sorry,” she said.

“What for?”

She couldn’t keep eye contact. She lowered her head, and started rocking her body back and forth. She raised her hands to her face, as if they’d be roadblocks to crying, and when that didn’t help, she fell into Marcus’ arms.

“I’m sorry, Marcus! I’m sorry! I wasn’t thinking. I was selfish and short-sighted. I’m so sorry.”

Her voice broke at times as she soaked his clothes. Something about it was contagious; he could barely stand seeing her break down like that. Something so cute and beautiful ought to be happy all the time. He gave her a hug and caressed her, hoping it would make her feel a little bit better. He kept at it until she felt like explaining more, rubbing her face against his chest to wipe herself off.

“I manipulated you into doing something you didn’t want. I was so caught up in it, so excited, I didn’t think about anything else. It was thoughtless, and self-centred, and—”

“What are you talking about?”

“Who in their right mind would want to lie with their little sister?! she blurted out. “I knew you felt lonely and frustrated and excitable, and I took advantage of that to… You’re a man, after all! There’s only so much you can take before you—”

Marcus shushed her. “It’s okay. Calm down. Listen, you didn’t force me to do anything that I didn’t want. Okay? I had sex with you because I wanted to.”

“B-but…”

He pushed her a little so he could look at her face, then kissed her lightly on her forehead. He considered stroking her long, blond hair, but it was so ruffled that it would probably annoy her more than soothe her.

“You’re beautiful. Everybody loves you, and I’m no exception. You’re my beautiful little sister.”

She stayed silent for a little while to calm down. “I’m sorry about the ball yesterday too,” she said when she felt more stable. She pulled out of his embrace and looked him in the eye, wrapping her hand around his. He felt big and powerful, even with such a simple gesture. “I made a mess out of it. And… for provoking you.”

“You upset me back then,” Marcus admitted. “I don’t think I’ve ever been angrier. I was afraid I was going to kill somebody, and that would have been real trouble.”

“I won’t do it again, I promise. I… I was annoyed that you didn’t pick up on… you know. I wanted to take drastic measures!”

“Oh, I picked up on it, all right,” he chuckled. “But I resisted it. I’ve been thinking about how beautiful you are for some time.” He stroked her cheek with his free hand, as Emilia blushed to the compliment. Somehow, she was softer than yesterday.

“Thank you, big brother. I’ll make it up to you for yesterday. I need some time. I still feel a little spent.”

“I told you, it isn’t a problem—”
“No!” she exclaimed, a bit louder than she meant to. “Sorry. If I don’t live up to my promises, then I’m as bad as her.” She turned her head to her books and notes, then back to him. “I think I’m getting the hang of it now. I j-just, I couldn’t focus last night, because of how, um, happy you made me.” She lowered her head as she turned into a tomato. “It felt too good…!”

Marcus rubbed her hand with his thumb. “You made me feel wonderful too. I’ve never felt happier.”

“Listen, Marcus. Um.” She was embarrassed about what she was going to say, and the words only came to her after extreme effort. “If you want to, I could make you… Um. Uh.” Every instinct in her fought against her, but her brother had never laughed at her expense, so she kept going. “I could make you more palatable for your wife’s tastes. Your member, I mean.”

This came out of left field, so he thought about it for some time. Though it had given him more trouble than not with the ladies, it was his body, and didn’t think ill of it. However, it wasn’t only his comfort that would be affected.

“Last night was very rough on you. Would it make it easier? I don’t want to hurt you,” he said.

“No, I mean, yes, of course it required effort, but it wasn’t all bad.” Her wording gave her pause, as if there was latency in reaching her ears. “Okay, it’s beyond all reason in conventional circumstances, and I went to great lengths to pull it off, but it’s less about the effort than the reward. I think it’s one of your, um, more enviable features. I find it extraordinarily attractive, but if it would make your marriage easier, I could…,” she trailed off.

“Thanks. Maybe you’re right, but I fear disappointing you more than her.”

She didn’t know how relieving hearing that would be until she exhaled. She felt like the burden of the world had been lifted off her shoulders. She was smiling, even though she hadn’t put any conscious effort into it.

“I could tune myself more finely to your tastes, too. If I looked like a different person, a bit less related to you, our coupling would look better in the eyes of the public. Perhaps with more flesh up here,” she gestured in the general area of her chest.

Her line of thought was interrupted by Marcus’ raving laughter. It was a little unsettling how quickly he’d burst and how loud he was. “I’m sorry,” he said, trying to catch his breath. He felt like he’d faint from not oxygenating enough. “You haven’t read the news, have you?”

“I’ve been here all day, so no.”

“Listen to this.” He reached for the page that Richard had left earlier and read it to her to relieve her of her quizzed expression. She went through the same ordeal of conflicting emotions as he had, and seeing them painted on her face was almost worth all the drama and uproar that had led up to it.

“As you see, ‘the public’ is quite quirky about it,” he summarised.

By the end of it, she couldn’t contain her laughter either, although hers was far less pronounced. “Okay, I get it. I’ll maintain my pristine childishness that interests you so much.” She winked at him, and stretched herself to draw attention to her slender, flat form. “You’ll never have to make love to an adult—or dare I say it, an old hag.”

“Oh, come on, now. You make me sound like a pervert,” Marcus said in mock offence.
“Is that so? Is that why you exchange looks with my classmates? Of course they like their virile king, but you’re paying too much attention to the next generation for an old man.”

“I’m not even 30 yet!”

“Do you have many friends your age who are into ten-year-olds?”

Marcus thought about how honest he could afford to be, but there was no escaping Emilia’s pervasive gaze. “Not really…”


“Oh yeah? So what does that make you, hm?”

He had to get back at her somehow, and since he’d lost in the game of words, he took the reasonable, mature approach, and started tickling her. Emilia knew she couldn’t overpower her big brother, so she put up some tepid, token resistance, but ultimately fell back onto the bed, trying her best to shield her sensitive spots.

“Take it back!”

“N-no—ah!” She had trouble articulating anything, laughing as hard as he had earlier, an almost painful glee she had no control over, like a powerful current she couldn’t swim against. “Big brother’s a paedophile! Big brother’s a paedophile!” she sang.

She shielded her armpits with her hands, and he tried pulling them away, but there was little she could do against her assailant; he was simply too big and too strong. She kept going on and on about the things he wanted to do to little girls, and he kept tickling her in response, and the matter escalated endlessly as they wrestled.

They only stopped when, in one of their shifting positions, he was on his knees on the bed, and she was lying on her back with a foot on his shoulder and her gown raised all the way to her hips. Their vaguely erotic stance brought reminiscences of last night, and their wrestling turned awkward.

Marcus was suddenly all too aware of his sister’s skin, and she was reminded of how good it felt to be manhandled in bed. They looked at each other, breathing audibly from the exertion, knowing what each other was thinking but too shy to vocalise it. Still, there was no hiding their mutual interest in each other’s bodies.

Emilia spread her legs as a lover would, giving him plain view of the underwear that covered her genitals. She placed a hand on them, now free of Marcus’ grasp, and pulled them aside, revealing her slit. She was as puffy and innocent looking as before; no, perhaps moreso. Her hairless, smooth vulva was disturbingly prepubescent, practically begging to be touched.

“I’m a virgin again. For you,” she said.

Something about continuously deflowering her in spite of last night made his heart race; she was so impossibly pure and surrendering herself to his perverse desires. He couldn’t have her again, not so soon, not after she had explicitly told him not to, but there were other ways for them to be together. Their limbs, their tongues, their fingers…

He lowered a probing thumb to her genitals, rubbing her labia, ever so slightly wet with sweat and arousal. She cooed to the touch; it still amazed him how immaculate she was down there, how sensual the experience of touching her. Oh, the things he wanted to do. To grab her, hold her, kiss
her, taste her every part and crevice. She was so cute, and attractive, and…

He pulled back and cleared his throat, visibly dissatisfying Emilia. “This isn’t the right time. People are waiting for us,” he said, getting off the bed and allowing her to move freely.

She got up, fixed up her dress a bit, and approached him while stepping on the bed, which made up for their height difference. “I’ll remember that,” she said, the undertone of a threat not escaping him despite her sweet voice. She leaned in for a kiss, as he had before, but she aimed for his lips instead. Parting ways felt like cutting off an arm. “You go on ahead. I need to make my hair a little more acceptable.”

He smiled, nodded, and promptly left. Then the door opened again, and he poked his head inside to say, “I love you.”

Her heart turned into a million butterflies, and she wanted nothing more than to tie him on her bedpost and cuddle forever.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Emilia's lower body limbs get the affection they deserve.

Emilia was welcomed back into the world of the living and exchanged apologies with Anna until both their throats were sore from excessive repentance. Marcus would have loved nothing more than to witness that clash of the titans first hand. Alas, other things needed his attention, like the queen’s return to the capital. He wasn’t proud to admit it, but some part of him dreaded her presence; he hadn’t realised how starved he was for affection since last night, and he feared having her around would mean less intimacy with his sister.

As for the little princess, rejuvenated after his intervention, she caught up with that day’s missed schoolwork, and then returned to researching more practical things. She was prone to obsessing about a particular subject for long stretches of time, but this one was by far the most enjoyable in its application. At some point—she couldn’t recall specifics—she grabbed a tome on anatomy, and migrated to the dining room to read it. Perhaps she got bored of her room, or maybe she wanted something to eat, then lost track of time. Either way, she felt more motivated than ever to pursue her interest, empowered by Marcus’ enthusiasm and fulfilling her promise.

“What are you doing at this hour?” Marcus asked, pulling her out of her trance. It took a moment for her eyes to adjust to something that wasn’t letters on paper. It hadn’t sunk in, but it was pitch dark outside.

“What time is it?”

“It must be past midnight.” He served himself some water so that he had something to do, and handed her a glass too, for good measure. Her hair was tied in a bun, an effective solution to having a bad hair day. “You shouldn’t overexert yourself. Tomorrow’s just fine a day.”

She took a few sips, then realised her thirst and drank it all. “Yeah, I got a bit caught up in it, I guess.” As her mind switched gears, she noticed the peculiarity of this meeting. “So wait, what are you doing at this hour?”

“Ah, I wanted…” he trailed off, caught off guard.

“I see how it is,” she said. Her royal highness Rebecca had returned, and now her husband was acting all anxious and couldn’t get any sleep. She could put two and two together. She closed her book and got up, “Come to my room,” she said and headed for the exit. Marcus was too flabbergasted to move, and in a few moments Emilia turned around and added, “I wasn’t asking.”

It wasn’t going how he’d expected it to, but he wasn’t about to start a fight this late, and it wasn’t like he had anything better to do, so he reluctantly humoured her request. Following her, he could see how her ivory nightgown perfectly enfolded her petite frame, and how salaciously it exposed her beautiful legs. Her pale skin looked all the more beautiful under moonlight, as if he wasn’t dealing with a person, but a forest spirit, a nymphette from an sensual epic, out to tantalise and charm the hero. Though in this case, the hero was all too eager to be charmed.
They got to her room without fuss; the guards along the way knew to keep a low profile and not ask any questions. Once there, Emilia put her book on a shelf, then lit a lamp before turning to him.

“So, what did she do to you?”

He sat there, as if he hadn’t heard the question.

“What?”

“You look like you lost a war. So, what did she do to you?”

He averted his gaze, as if there was something incredibly interesting about the texture of the floor. He couldn’t let his awkward silence drag on forever, so he divulged a bit of it.

“She couldn’t sleep with me. Next to me, that is.”

“And?”

He felt a pressure in his chest, a familiar yet terrible anxiety. It was like a balloon inflating inside of him, threatening to break his ribs from the inside and explode. He felt it dragging his faculties down to a halt, but he couldn’t turn around and leave.

“She said touching me made her feel yucky. That she felt some kind of odious stench encompass her, and that it wouldn’t go away no matter how much she cleaned herself. That our marriage was like being a courtesan to an animal, a brute. And…”

He got more depressed as he went on, and he sounded it, too. Perhaps he’d be crying if he had a woman’s tear ducts. Seeing him like that made Emilia sad too, but it quickly transmuted to anger. Thinking of Rebecca making her big brother insecure over a feature she so adored made her want to march in the royal room and start punching her against a wall until the insides of her skull became indistinguishable from the now reddened stone. But also…

“You idiot!” she shouted at him, jabbing him on his stomach for intonation. She must have put more force into it than she thought, given Marcus’ wincing. “Sorry. But you idiot!” she repeated, this time with a kick on his leg. “I told you not to bother with her but for the bare essentials! I told you I’d take care of your needs, be that relief or somebody warm to sleep next to. Why didn’t you listen?”

There was no stopping her fit now, so he let her keep going, meekly taking in her criticism. “You knew this would happen. You knew. She’s a horrible person, absolutely irredeemable. There’s street whores with more honour and character. It’s an insult to have her in our family, nay, the female species.”

He put his hands on her shoulders, trying to calm her down. She was very upset, and the last thing he wanted was for her to go to sleep in a bad mood. “I’m sorry I let it happen. I was dumb, I know that. I should have leaned more on you.”

She tried breathing through her nose, long and stable, bringing her heart rate down. “It’s a real wonder how you can get anything done when you’re this stupid in your personal life. What a mess.”

“I can’t hoard all the family gifts. I need to leave something for my little sister.”

She giggled. “Oh, shut up.” She got away from his grasp and sat on the bed. “I’m going to make you pay for your misdeeds, otherwise you’re never going to learn.”
“Your wish is my command,” he said with a bow far too formal for the occasion.

Emilia raised a finger to her lips and pondered the possibilities. How best to reign in an unruly brother, huh? He needed to know his place, for he might be bigger, stronger, and older, but that wasn’t a free pass to do anything. Ah, there it was, an idea!

She leaned back a bit and rested on her hands. “Come over here,” she said, and Marcus did so. He knew she had something lewd in mind, but with that kind of impish expression on her, it wasn’t going to be straightforward or vanilla. “Sit.” She waved her legs back and forth, now closer to his eye level. “Take these off.”

She was referring to her sandals, and now cognisant of what she had in mind, Marcus was very happy to comply. He unfastened the lacing slowly, almost ritualistically, going out of his way to touch her calves, her ankles, her soles. Her lower extremities were beautiful, like everything else on her; honestly, he doubted there was a fraction of flesh on her body that he wasn’t attracted to. Despite supporting her weight every day, they were spotless as a newborn’s.

He hadn’t noticed before, but she wore an anklet on her right leg. It was silver and very subtle against her pale skin, especially during the night. He’d never thought much of jewellery, but this one added so many fine, elegant details, his imagination ran wild with the possibilities. It was intoxicating, sparking an almost obsessive lust, an uncontrollable desire to touch her.

Emilia felt a little weirded out, even though she had taken the initiative. She couldn’t fully understand her brother’s… fascination. There was nothing obviously sexual about her feet; they were as far away from an orifice as possible! It was very unintuitive that a man should pay attention to them at all, but from her reading it wasn’t uncommon at all. Ordering him around added another layer of novelty, a sort of reversal of what ought to be, and what she preferred, but still, she wanted to see what she’d started to completion.

“I’ve been feeling very sore today. It’s been difficult. Would you mind helping me out?” she said. She showered him in euphemisms, but her intentions weren’t any less clear for it. She was asking for a foot massage. It was hardly “payment”, however, unless what she had meant was that she was going to pay him, which would be a most convoluted punishment. Perhaps last night was so intense for little Emilia that she got her thoughts all mixed up as well as her insides. Oh, well, so long as it worked out in Marcus’ favour…

He grabbed her right foot slowly, experimentally, unsure of how to proceed exactly. Masseur training wasn’t really part of the royal education programme. Nevertheless, it was skin, muscle, and bone; how difficult could it possibly be? His thumb was on the back of her foot, and the rest on the arch of her sole. The light contact gave her a short chuckle, an involuntary tickle reflex, but it quickly subsided.

He brought his other hand to the task too, and proceeded to put pressure on the ball of her foot, which had the most soft tissue. He alternated between the arch and the ball, covering as much easily accessible tissue as he could. Topside, he did his best not to do anything uncomfortable against a bone or joint, attempting relief on the tendons instead. He doubted her feet were actually sore; it was an excuse for getting him to serve her, but he didn’t have it in him to be half-hearted, especially in terms of fondling his sister.

No amount of time would suffice for him to get used to her body. She was too beautiful, and it showed from the hair on her head to her toenails. Holding her foot, it felt tiny in his grasp. It was unnaturally soft and uniform, even her heel, as if it had never been used for its intended purpose, despite her walking around every day. She could be mistaken for a porcelain doll if she wasn’t so warm and squishy, but there she was, a living, breathing ten-year-old.
Due to the continued friction and pressure, the temperature in his hands and on her foot increased, improving circulation. From the chilly night air to the somewhat uncomfortable body temperature, perhaps that was the reason for Emilia’s blush. She pretended to avert her gaze now, but there was no denying she’d been staring as he went to work on her, taking an interest in the act almost as perverse as her brother’s.

Marcus switched targets to her left foot, not wanting to leave it alone. As with the right one, he began by focusing on the ball and the arch of her foot, putting gentle pressure on the fat tissue, muscle, and tendons, stretching her and heating her up. He tried spreading the warmth to her toes too—they were so small and cute in his hands! His own fingers felt gigantic by comparison, so proportionately dissimilar, he felt like he was holding a kitten’s paws, except these were much more human and blood-related.

Emilia’s fidgeting was impossible to ignore now. She was restless in her position, and didn’t quite know what to do with her arms. Her breathing was more pronounced and frequent, and it surely wasn’t due to her soles getting too hot. From the motions of her thighs and the way her hands circled around them, the source of her discomfort was between her loins, as weird as that was. She’d been uncharacteristically untalkative throughout it all; all things being equal, she did enjoy teasing her brother. Moreover, she was avoiding eye contact.

He wondered how far he could take it, or even if he could turn the tables on her. As he was giving her a massage, he lowered his head down to the target of his affection and pecked her on the back of her foot. When she didn’t protest, he repeated the motion, but this time he lingered, giving her a proper kiss. He kept at it, kissing different patches of skin, worshipping her pristine softness and the indentations of her bones, yet gradually going lower, towards her toes.

And once there, without shame, as if it was the most natural thing in the word, he put one in his mouth, licking them with great care so that he didn’t accidentally bite her sensitive parts. Emilia, ever hygienic and clean, didn’t taste of anything foul, except for the distinctive saltiness of sweat. He wouldn’t find it attractive in other circumstances, but he was so aroused, his disgust reflex worked almost in reverse. The texture, however, felt as silky with his tongue as it was with his fingers.

This, at last, forced a reaction out of Emilia. “Ah!” she exclaimed, somehow surprised by the turn of events. “Big brother! That’s not how you do a massage!”

Her tame protests did little to dissuade him. Instead, he brought her two feet closer together so he could alternate in giving them the oral treatment. He used his hands even as he was sucking on her toes, but he didn’t stop there; he even kissed and licked her soles, where Emilia had been especially ticklish, though little of that response now remained.

If his arousal was a flame, then sexualising a prepubescent child’s feet was the oil. He’d happily copulate with her legs, even if they were the only usable part of her. Though many ogled at them, few had the imagination required to pleasure themselves with her in this manner, and it only added to the intimacy of the act. This was something only he would do to her, and the only person she would give permission to.

“N-nooo…,” she said, a prolonged cry of desperation as her original plan was derailed by her involuntary excitement and Marcus’ fetish.

He stopped his licking long enough to talk. “You say that, but you’re having fun too, aren’t you?” He kissed around the balls of her feet and the underside of her toes as she contemplated her response amidst “ah”s and “um”s. He rubbed her legs, covering as much of their length as he could, utterly hairless in their immaturity. “I didn’t know that worked for you. Women, that is.
Quite the change of heart since yesterday."

“No, ah, it’s… I’m sorry,” she said, at a loss for words against her lust.

“What are you sorry about? You’re wonderful.” He kissed her ankle, paying special attention to the area near the jewellery. Then he started making his way to her calf.

“I’m sorry for calling it weird. Ah…” Her thought process was constantly interrupted by Marcus’ antics. He… really seemed to enjoy doing this to her. “I never thought you’d be so enthusiastic about my legs. They seem so unrelated to my womanly parts.” He’d now switched sides and was teasing her other calf, and used his fingers to rub between her toes. “After that, I looked into it, and found a surprising amount of precedent. I don’t know how it eluded me.”

Having tortured the poor child enough, he went back to massaging her feet, though now he fondled a bit of her calves as well. “What do you like so much about them?” she asked.

He mulled over that question for some time as he continued his massage. “That’s very difficult to answer. So many things.” As he explained, he embellished his words with his motions, the pressure he put on her lower parts. “They’re so petite, and soft, and clean. They’re very cute to hold, and… No, more than that, your legs have such an alluring shape, and excellent proportions, in their width, their curves, their length. When I see you, I want to touch them, to feel them, and to slowly head towards the treasures between them that they hide with such care. They’re very feminine.”

“So you like them because they’re girly?” she wondered.

“Isn’t that true for the rest of you? Men have lips and chests too, but yours have unique qualities.” He then winked at her, saying, "Butts, even."

“Femininity is the cornerstone, then. I see…” Emilia acted like she’d had an epiphany, and thought on it for some time, exploring the possibilities. In a few seconds, an idea: “Then, what if I was a boy, but with a feminine penis? Would that work?”

“Well,” he cleared his throat, “that might prove a little more difficult,” he said, and his apprehension brought out the little tease inside his sister.

“Don’t worry, big brother, even without the frontal one, I’d still have enough holes to satisfy you. Given your interests, you might even like having fewer options.” Her sensual tone and the implications of her statement made him blush, but also twitch in arousal. “Besides, I’m sure I’d be cute and kid-sized down there. So soft and tiny, a paedophilic delicacy…”

He needed to change the subject, or he’d lose control of himself. “Be that as it may, it doesn’t explain your reaction.” And then, in a lower voice, “If I keep this going, I’ll bring you to completion with just your feet.”

It was Emilia’s turn to blush, and regardless of effort, there was only so much of her face she could cover. “After reading about it, I understood why that area wasn’t terribly sensitive or erogenous, so I… messed around a little,” she admitted.

“You don’t have to do that,” he said. “I already love you.”

“I want to.” She lifted one of her feet from his grasp, and used it to trace circles with her big toe on his cheek. “I want to feel good everywhere, no matter where you touch me. Making every part of my body a sexual organ for the taking. Big brother’s preteen sex toy.” She put her foot under his chin, and beckoned him to stand up a bit by putting some pressure under it. She leaned in closer herself, placing her hand on his shoulders. “I want to be your perfect incestuous sex goddess,
untouched by adolescence, and ever obscene.”

They looked into each other eyes, the two siblings, a sexual tension between them so powerful, it was almost corporeal. She knew that despite his apprehension, he was enjoying this. Beneath all the fine manners and a sense of chivalry so deeply embedded it bordered on the pathological, there was a small, evil corner of his soul that longed for her. Not as a lover of legend would, but dark, possessive, and depraved. To do things to her no man should, even though he wanted to, even though she did too. It would take time, but she’d teach him to be himself again, and not the agreeable nice guy everybody wanted to see; she wanted the paedophile.

“Take off your pants,” she said. Though she was far from ready to have him inside her again, there were many ways for them to please each other, even without using any orifices. Without saying a word, he got up and undressed, tossing the clothes aside. Now free, his cock began inflating to its glorious length, almost in response to Emilia’s staring.

Still sitting on the bed, Emilia reached forwards to take it in her hands, not fully able to wrap around a foot of girth. It was heavy to hold, as there was enough mass in it to match a limb; once fully erect, its dimensions sure did. She pressed the shaft against her nose and inhaled. Marcus had taken a bath in anticipation of his wife’s complaints, but even so there was no hiding his musk, no matter how many juices of dead flowers he rubbed against his manhood.

She kissed it with longing, as if she was handling a sacred artefact. “You’re so big,” she said, continuing her trail of kisses towards his glans, his flare. “You got like that due to my feet,” she said between smacks. “A prepubescent child’s feet.” She’d reached his flare, so she let out her tongue and licked the tiny dimples that lined the outer edge of the mushroom shaped tip. “You lecherous, paedophile king.”

She dove for his urethra, kissing it as she would his mouth, drinking his precome right from the source. With her hands, she caressed his length, his width, his bulging veins, his ever hardening erection. She reached for his sheath, the base, and eventually, his testicles. Marcus focused his hands on her face, stroking her hair, her cheek, and her ear, exhaling loudly as her tongue teased his cockhole.

She swallowed his fluids. He was now at his full length of two feet; a truly mind-boggling size even for a man of his height and very large build. A heart should hardly sustain it, but there was nothing a little helping of magic couldn’t solve.

“I love you,” she said, tightening her grip on his testicles, themselves far too large for the child’s little hands. “I love you. I don’t care what other people say. I love you,” she repeated with increasing adoration. Then, “Do you want to do it?”

“Yes.”

She started removing her clothes too; first her nightgown, then her underwear, until she was completely naked. She stepped back on her bed, stretched her hands behind her and rested her weight on them. This highlighted the features of her upper half; with her hair in a bun, her narrow, feminine shoulders and thin neck were all the more magnificent. And then her chest, her beautiful nipples, slightly hard due to the night air, but distinctly pink, a pair of highlights for her immaculate flatness, supremely feminine in her pre-femininity, surrounded by her prodding ribcage.

Lower, her belly, skinny and concave, a hint of muscle visible due to her position, a better contrast for her hips and the wonders between her thighs. Her skin was a uniform veil throughout, from her collarbones to her mons pubis, her privates maddeningly out of sight and more erotic for it,
inspiring a fanaticism that ground his mind to a halt; if only he could see, if only he could touch.

She then stretched her right leg, pointed her toes, and pressed it against his thigh. Marcus understood what she was going for, the unspoken direction of their sex act. Extended like that, her leg looked even longer, even more attractive, and with the anklet adorning it, reaching slowly for his horse cock, it really was as if her feet were sex organs, existing to pleasure men, and not for walking.

Her touch advanced upwards, towards his abdomen, feeling out his muscles with her toes and sole. She couldn’t help biting her lip; even through her foot, touching his toned, large body was the indubitable proof of his strength, garnished by her memories, a realisation as inescapable as a tidal wave. Whenever he wished so, he could force himself in her, all that masculine appeal fully dedicated to fucking her brains out, filling her with his seed, and as a tiny, skinny child, she could do nothing to stop him.

Even though Marcus had spent quite some time playing with her feet, it took everything he had to resist grabbing her and devouring them once more. She felt so small against his body, and her softness only brought forth her unparalleled eroticism. She wasn’t touching him in a lewd place, strictly speaking, but the unusual touch and the elegance of her motions were far more stimulating than a typical woman would dream of being with her cunt. Blood rushed into Marcus’ cock, now hard as a rock, and every cell in it screamed for touch, warmth, and friction.

Emilia went lower, her foot now on the base of the organ he’d use to stretch her. A short gasp as she felt his emanating heat and distinct pulse spread across her sole; he was so large, so mind-numbingly, impossibly large, and yet he’d forced that thing inside her, inside her baby cunny, until nothing was left. Four inches wide, he was thicker than her foot—and her leg, for that matter. She took great, and twisted, pride in being able to fuck something so bestial and inhuman, in monopolising her brother’s interest with her immature allure.

She stretched her left leg, but approached from the underside of his shaft this time, resting her heel on his scrotum, her little toes bending backwards as it gave way to his cock. The two feet long member rested rested in part against the anterior of her lower leg, and leaked fluid on her bed. She took care not to use too much pressure on his sensitive parts, which were filling up with an almost disturbing amount of semen. Tragically, even if barrels of it were released in her at a time, her infertile kiddy womb could never be impregnated, yet she needed no menstruation or puberty to exploit its magical properties. And there was also the matter of how good it felt to be pumped full, then leak it out slowly from her abused holes over many sensual hours.

Touching became stroking, as Emilia began moving her feet across her brother’s equine length. She focused on the area near the base, where it touched his groin, trying to get the hang of the movements from her position. All the while, she was careful in not giving him access to her slit, knowing full well that he was dying to see it. That didn’t seem to be a problem for Marcus, as his attention was entirely on her footjob.

In time, her motions widened and covered more of his length. A few inches at first, her rubbing went on to cover most of his sheath, and then beyond that, slowly making her way to the tip. It was pouring precome all over her legs in her position, which she reused by rubbing her legs against his cock, so that it was lubricated by Marcus’ own arousal. She had to admit that she found the idea of trace semen swimming hopelessly all over her legs very kinky, his royal seed befouling her pristine body in unnatural and disgusting ways. That, and she enjoyed the physical comparison of her skinny legs against his gigantic phallus.

“Is my foot-pussy to your liking, big brother?” She was almost all the way there, just a few inches
more. “I didn’t have a lot of time, but I tried my very best.” She added to her suggestive tone by massaging him with her toes, as he had with his fingers, displaying a divine finesse.

“It’s… amazing.” He had trouble finding words, so deep was his concentration; the heavy breathing didn’t help. “Your body, every part of it, is so beautiful. You feel so good.” She put her left foot under his cock as a counterweight, then raised her right up to his tip, probing it lightly with her big toe as her anklet jiggled and shone in the flickering lamplight. The moment she touched him, he exhaled very loudly, and precome flooded out. “I didn’t know you owned any… you know. It’s a great touch.”

“Thank you. I procured it after I noticed your interest.” Using her toe, she smeared his precome all over his glans, before it could drop. It twitched in response, increasing in size, acquiring a more exaggerated mushroom shape, almost as if it, too, was gasping for air. As if it had a life of its own.

“Did you have this in mind all along?”

“Not exactly.” She giggled. “But I was planning on treating you.” She raised one of her arms, placed it on her sternum, then very slowly lowered it, past her navel, between her thighs, until she was definitely touching herself. “I can’t have you here again so soon. I’m very sorry. I think about it constantly, you know.” She looked at his dick for a few moments, then turned her gaze back at him. “Having you inside me again. All of you.” As she spoke, she traced circles on his flare with the ball of her foot.

“Don’t be sorry. Take as much time as you need. Besides, your outsides feel… It’s difficult finding the words.” He paused for a couple of seconds. “I desire you so much, it could drive me insane. It’s like something’s writhing inside me, larger than me, and I have no room to breathe. I feel like I’m going to burst at any time.”

“I underestimated you,” she admitted. “Your size, your virility. I wasn’t prepared.” She stopped resting on her arms and lay down completely. She spread her legs, though that still didn’t expose her slit, as her hand obscured it. However, it did reveal the wetness on her inner thighs, and the small puddle that had built up on the bedding right under her groin, surely of her own making.

“Next time, I won’t disappoint,” she said. She could feel Marcus’ gaze, trying to pierce through her hand with his eyeballs. Working as intended. Now that she had his attention, she readjusted herself and lowered her fingers more, inserting her middle one in a hole far too low to be her vaginal opening, letting out an “ah” as she did. She shifted her feet too, so that her soles rested on each side of her brother’s shaft, her legs forming a diamond shape.

“Goodness, Emilia!” Oh, how he wanted her. He wanted to fuck her so hard and so long that he dehydrated from the continuous ejaculation. If climaxing was the last thing he did, he would do it without second thought. Nothing else mattered. Not the kingdom, not his legacy, not his title. They were far too ephemeral compared to his little sister’s transcendent beauty.

“Until then, I’ll pleasure you with… other means.” She stretched her legs, so that her feet moved down over his length, towards his pelvis, and then pulled them, reversing the motion. It was so agonisingly slow, leaving him constantly on the edge, greatly aroused. “As you’ve said, I can bring you to ecstasy, even with my outsides.”

“I-it really isn’t—”

“Oh, but it is necessary, Marcus,” she said as she squeezed his cock, asserting her authority. “Once a day, if not more. Understood? I want you to lie with me every night, and fuck me in the most bizarre and heinous ways possible, until there isn’t a part of me left that hasn’t been sexualised.”
As she talked, she pumped her finger in and out of her arsehole, and caressed his cock. “And if you’re a good brother, I’ll let you fuck my last virgin hole.”

You’ve already restored your hymen, he thought, but he wasn’t in the mood for semantics right now. “Do you need that much of my seed?”

“I have enough seed.” As if on command, Marcus’ hole throbbed, letting out a sizeable glob of precome. She curled and uncurled her toes on his flesh, teasing him. “I can’t have enough of big brother’s horse cock. If I could, I would impale myself on you so you could carry me around wherever you go; your little incestuous cock warmer.”

She paused for moment, her eyes unfocusing, as she thought about something. “Then again, I could never decide which hole to use. What about you? Is there one you have special affection for?” She tried influencing his decision by inserting a second finger in her arsehole, knowing he was so desperate he’d happily commit murder, if that’s what it took to get inside her rectum.

“I could try helping you grow a second cock so that we wouldn’t have that problem. It would be just as magnificent, of course,” she said. She smirked momentarily, but immediately regretted her decision. “Wait, never mind; you’d end up shoving both in the same place. I might have trouble surviving that. Unless… that’s your fetish, hm?”

She stretched her legs all the way, so that both her feet were on his testicles. By alternating between curling and uncurling her toes, and pulling and stretching her legs, she simulated kneading them, like a cat. A significant amount of precome dropped on her thighs, completely drenching her limbs. “Oh, that turned you on! Big brother, how crude! Goring your prepubescent, innocent little sister by forcing so much horse cock in her that she breaks… her little… pooper… ruined forever… Ah!” It became increasingly difficult finding enough room between gasps to actually articulate a sentence, the anal masturbation unfolding before him becoming more intense with the sickening acts she was describing.

There were so many moments when he could have gone over the edge; in a way, merely being in her presence was an act of extreme self-restraint. It was arbitrary, but that was where he drew the line. The preteen whore was asking for it, begging for it, as if it was her life’s purpose to stir him, to challenge him. She might only be ten years old, but she was more debauched than the kinkiest, most promiscuous of barbarian harlots. She was actually getting off to the thought of fucking to death!

He reached out for her, grabbing her, a leg in each hand. “Ah! Marcus!” she yelped, surprised, though perhaps that, too, was an act. He dragged her a little closer to him, so that his cock barely reached her pelvis. “Wait, I’m the one who’s supposed to—ah!” He pressed his cock forward, bumping it on the back of her hand covering her genitals. She visualised what was going to happen for a moment, and, toning down her antics, she said, “Not inside.”

When he nodded, she took her hands away from her nether regions, finally exposing her kiddy cunt; puffy, glistening, and smooth labia majora, curving in on her pinkish slit, with barely a hint of her inner lips or her clitoris. So perfect, virginal, and childish that no one could have guessed she had taken her brother’s cock inside her the night before. The shape, texture, and her blatant arousal would make a paedophile of any man—and many women, no doubt.

Marcus lowered his grasp to her ankles, putting her in the diamond position she had before, with her soles on the sides of his member. However, this time, he was the one guiding her motions. With a combination of moving her feet across it and also his own hip movements, he covered the majority of his length. He pressed her feet on himself far more forcefully than she had; she had underestimated his resilience, and also his arousal. Even with all that pressure, there was hardly a
dent on his manhood, but, most importantly, when he thrust all the way forward, his tip touched her genitals, his flare so inflamed with excitement that it covered her entire vulva with ease. Emilia couldn’t hold back a gasp at the touch.

“I know I’m perverted beyond salvation, but what does that make you? Most women find their deflowerations unpleasant, but you? You enjoyed it so much you wanted to experience it again.” As his cock left her pussy, a strand of precome left hanging between them, connecting them, like they’d been through a big, wet, sloppy kiss. As the distance increased, it broke.

“Who wouldn’t want to relive such a wonderful thing? Perhaps those women could have used better lovers. Ah!” Marcus thrust forward again, their privates making contact. He stayed longer this time, rubbing his flare around, mixing their arousal, his textured, warted glans making love to her sleek baby lips. The watery sounds joined her soft moans. “I like being a virgin. That’s what it means to be a child: innocent, untouched, forbidden. That’s why it feels so good deflowering us. Which do men prefer? A girl’s virginal slit, or the gaping maw of a used up whore, protruding out from between her thighs like a third appendage, more chimpanzee than human?”

He had to admit, it was amusing how she grouped people in two buckets, zoophiles and paedophiles. By her reasoning, the only way to truly be human was having sex with a child. It sounded a little twisted, but then again, could a man who denied her be classified as a man in earnest? Surely, there would have to be something subhuman about him—in other words, bestial. But what of her interest in his equine parts?

“You’re plenty whoreish yourself. You’re turned on by having your legs touched.” He rubbed her right calf, followed by another thrust and a satisfied coo. “You made yourself enjoy it. You turned your asexual parts sexual, enjoyed having your body used in ways no proper woman should.”

“A woman is more than her genitals. If I have legs, why shouldn’t I feel good with them?”

“You even fantasise about being sodomised by your own brother. You want a cock inside your dirtiest hole, fucking you where you shit from.” This time, he didn’t touch her with his tip, but slammed her, spending little droplets flying everywhere. Their fluids carried with them their essence, even their smell; the softness of a child, the power of a horse.

“I do! Yes!” she moaned. “I want you in there more than you can imagine. You were my first fantasy: thinking you held me in your big, strong arms, and then stuck your fat fingers in my arsehole, lusting after me even though we were siblings, sexualising my five-year-old body. Thinking of pushing me down and sticking that cock inside too. It’s one of the earliest things I can remember. I’ve wanted it for so long, I can’t remember a time I didn’t.”

Marcus couldn’t kiss her in their position—they were too far apart—so he lifted her right leg and kissed her foot instead; even as a proxy, the feeling came across very well. “You should have said something.” He didn’t know if he meant last night or five years ago, or if he meant both. He wondered: if 5-year-old Emilia had come to him all these years ago begging for anal defilement, would he have turned her down? Would he have been a responsible, upstanding man in his early 20s, worried about his sister’s disturbing and disturbingly premature sexual development? Or would have his cock twitched in anticipation, as it did now? Yes, he knew, despite how unsettling the knowledge was, the child abuser would have won. He would have wanted nothing more than to stick his fingers inside her arse, to play around her rectum, giving the child so many anal orgasms her legs stopped working. He didn’t even know what he could do with his cock with someone so impossibly young; even without penetration, the mere mental image of a 5-year-old girl hugging two feet of horse meat as his fingers danced in her shitting pipe, more of them in her intestines than years in her life…
"Sorry. Things got a little emotional yesterday. I wanted to be sure you saw me as a woman. I was planning on making boyish love too, I really was," Emilia said. She rocked her hips a bit, rubbing herself on his flare. "When the time comes, please show me the proper way for a brother and sister to make love, okay?"

Marcus returned her foot to its rightful place on his cock and slammed against her with another powerful thrust, summoning a surprised "Ah!" from her. "You dirty child," he said in mock outrage and another thrust. "You little anal whore. That place is as far from proper as it could possibly be. How could a girl of your upbringing turn out so debauched, I wonder."

As he spoke, he performed more thrusts, pressing her feet tightly against his pole. Her petite body was perfect against his gargantuan endowments, her velvety soles encompassing his flesh like a vagina, a makeshift preteen foot-pussy. It didn't feel weird doing this to her anymore; it felt like the intended use of her flesh. Everything they did together was different flavours of ecstasy. Why, even if Rebecca had a change of heart the very next day and offered up her queenly cunt for the taking, he would turn her down in an instant. Nothing any woman could muster could live up to Emilia, even if he was never allowed to penetrate her again, to have intercourse.

Emilia found enough breath to speak. "Any girl would turn twisted if she saw your cock at such a young age, big brother. The way you flaunt it, I had to have it inside of me!"

As erotic as her feet were, however, the way their genitals made contact was tempting to the utmost degree. Her sweet baby pussy was drenched with her arousal and his precome, several ropes of fluids now adhering their parts together, an obscene vision of equine meat on prepubescent purity. It felt impossible that such a tiny opening could stretch to welcome him, even knowing that it could.

Now Emilia had some understanding of how she made him feel. His rock hard cock slapping on her tiny pussy, as soft and pristine as a newborn’s, unsoiled by adolescence and illness. Every time he thrust, he put her on the edge of Nirvana, but always left short of it, teasing her with forbidden penetration. She knew she couldn’t take it—not so soon, she wasn’t ready yet—but sense was blurring into need, her mind only capable of processing her arousal. She wanted to scream at him to fuck her—please, heavens, fuck her—to force himself in her with the brutality of a berserker, to break the underage slut with the brother complex and rape some sense into her.

His thrusts were truly rapid now, his own arousal nearing its peak. Her feet felt like they were on fire; she could never have imagined they would feel that good. Her wide strokes on his cock a reminder of how big a horse cock really was, and how small her soles on his four inches of width. That monster had been inside; that’s how she’d been deflowered. How did she keep on breathing? Without knowing it, she’d been curling her toes for some time, involuntary movements of a girl lost in pleasure. The pressure felt so good, sometimes even not enough. He was right, she was so perverted she could orgasm with just her feet. So dirty, so wrong, oh, big brother…

“I’m coming,” he announced. “Emilia, I’m coming.” She tried to nod, but she didn’t know how it came across. There was too little of Emilia left for her to speak, and her body was writhing in wild directions. She couldn’t find a proper position for her head; one hand was clutching on the sheets, while another stroked her belly and chest.

Marcus’ orgasm burst forth like a fountain, great, long, and numerous waves reaching up to her. Some on her pussy, then coating her belly, chest, and even her face, despite the distance. Its heat and its smell, strong enough to trouble her breathing, the feeling of being marked as Marcus’ consort was what put her over the edge, her own orgasm hitting her like a million trebuchets.
She lost complete control of her body. Marcus let go of her legs, and she stretched them as far as they could go, reaching his chest and tightening up as if she had a cramp. Her spine, on the contrary, couldn’t stay still, and her hips rocked rapidly as Marcus kept showering her with semen. It was everywhere, absolutely everywhere, so much she feared her skin would get pregnant, a shower of equine milk.

After the first few spurts, Marcus had regained enough control to move, and so he took hold of Emilia’s feet on his chest and licked them, putting her toes in her mouth, and... Emilia was already sensitive in her orgasm, but his additional touch put her over the top. If she thought the first wave was powerful, the second stopped her breathing, to the point where she feared for her safety.

She couldn’t see. Her eyes were open, but she couldn’t see; her ears were intact, but she couldn’t hear. Her skin was on fire, her nose only making out his come. Everything had blurred into some white mist, and every sound was inaudible, save for a high-pitched sine. She felt a great pressure building up in her abdomen, her muscles tightening up, momentarily uncomfortable before a release. She didn’t know what was happening; in fact, she was squirting back at Marcus.

All she recalled of the next few minutes was her desperate breathing and the pleasure. All her intellect, all her personality was reduced two those two things. There wasn’t a single muscle on her body she could control. Was this the end? Her short life, halted by footjob.

When she could hear her breathing again, she knew she had come back to reality. Her vision wasn’t quite right yet, but the rest seemed functional, if a bit sore.

“Hey,” she said.

“Hey,” Marcus responded. It was only upon hearing his voice that she noticed his touch. His hand was at the back of her head, stroking her lightly. “You scared me back there.”

She could smell the sweat and the semen, but couldn’t feel it on her. Where was it? Marcus must have cleaned it up somehow—no, that didn’t add up, nobody could be this thorough. She felt... extraordinarily full, as if she could raise mountains if she wished. She must have absorbed most of it somehow. Even though it wasn’t released in her. He really did impregnate her skin, huh?

“My feet—” her voice broke. She must have been screaming. She made a mental note to read up on vocal chords; they could use the resilience. “You touched my feet.” Marcus hummed in confirmation. “I came with my feet. I...”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know—”

“It felt so good.” Her cheeks were wet. Her absurd orgasm inspired so many conflicting emotions that they drew tears. “I felt your excitement. When you touched me, I felt what it was like to want to make love to me in that place,” she clarified. “And the sensitivity, oh...”

“Maybe you should tone it down a little?” he suggested.

“I wonder how far I could take it. When you put it in my butt...” she thought aloud. She added another mental note, but for brains. Having a stroke would be a bad idea. She turned her head in the direction of his voice. “Marcus, I love you. Please touch me in more weird places.”

“Okay,” he said, and he kissed her on the lips, using a finger on her chin to guide her. He touched her forehead with his. “I love you too. You’re an angel.”

Emilia faced the ceiling again, finding the position less taxing on her aching muscles. Her breathing was finally under control, and the haze that blurred her sight was gradually lifting. She
could kind of make out objects, if they were large and solid enough. She felt less disoriented. Ironically, the tendons on her toes were in perfect condition. She stretched them in random directions, remembering how good it felt to be touched. Even now, rubbing them on the bed sheets was mildly enjoyable. If this persisted, it would make walking around a little difficult. Then again, being in a constant state of arousal had its charms. Perhaps she should give it a try.

“Emilia?” Her eyes darted at him; she could now differentiate his shape from the wall behind. “Could I touch you?”

“You don’t need my permission to touch me.” She reached out for where his right arm should be, took hold of his hand, and drew it near her. “I’m always yours. Even if others are looking. I don’t care.” She kissed his knuckles. “I am your sister,” she said in a tone that emphasised the eroticism and the possessiveness of their partnership. And to think that sentence used to be innocent.

He placed his hand on her sternum, feeling the shape of the bone. Her chest was moving with her breathing. She inhaled with satisfaction, not noticing the temperature of the room until Marcus had placed his big, warm hand on her. Her pink nipples were erect, standing straight out of the ten-year-old’s chest, breaking the flatness, if only a little. Lower, ribcage gave way to the cavity of her abdomen. He could feel some of her muscles through the skin, twitching slightly as she drew breaths. He didn’t know she exercised, but that, too, had to be part of her quest to perfect herself; no healthy woman should have atrophied muscles.

Lower, her pelvic bones stood out like a pair of horns, drawing an alluring, imaginary V-shape leading to her pubic region. Her body was a piece of art. He moved on to her sides, tracing his way up to her chest, paying extra attention to the ridges of her ribs.

She was lithe and small, yes, but not because she didn’t eat properly. Her fat was precisely where it needed to be, and her muscles were impossibly well formed. The bones, of course, were also part of it, and she knew where and how to show that off without sinking into uncanny valley. She was an anatomical marvel. He bet that if he took a ruler and measured her, every last fraction of her body would have an mathematical precision in its proportions. It was like a statue had come to life, if the subject was a ten-year-old girl-deity, that is.

Finally, he returned to her breast. “You’re so soft. And beautiful, too attractive for any vocabulary. I…” He wasn’t sure how to phrase it. “How?” They stayed silent for a moment, as he looked for the right words. “I can feel everything. Everything. Your texture, your warmth, the motion in your veins. It’s not only my hands either. Even when I licked you. And on my penis, too. I feel so much of you, and it’s addictive.”

“Ah. I think I’m to blame,” Emilia said. “As you grow up, wear and tear damages your nerve endings, making you less sensitive. I’ve been tapping on some rejuvenating properties from your, well, you know, so I wouldn’t be hurt. It may have rubbed off on you, too, when we’ve been together.” She sighed, disappointed with how little she knew despite all the studying she’d done. “I’m sorry. When we’re… When we’re making love, sometimes it’s hard to tell our bodies apart. I try, but we’re more alike than normal, because, um…” She blushed. “We’re blood related.”

Another sigh, this time deeper. “I’m sorry, but it’s pretty far-reaching, not just touch. Everything on you could be affected, all tissue. You might see or hear different. Um. Perhaps think a little different, I think? I haven’t looked into that yet. Your hands are definitely softer than yesterday. I could try reversing some of it, but—”

“So that’s why I felt so great this morning!” Marcus said. “I thought it was the afterglow.”

“It was, kind of.” They both chuckled. “I didn’t mean it. I know it’s invasive. I had to do it,
otherwise yesterday couldn’t have happened safely. I’m so sor—”

“It’s okay, Emilia,” he stopped her at her tracks. “You don’t have to apologise. I knew I was pushing it yesterday too. It isn’t all bad. It’s to my liking; after all, I get to feel more of you.” He pinched her nipple, and Emilia squeaked in response.

“Pervert.”

“The facial hair was a little harder to manage, though. Say, if I’ve had this forever, how come—”

“Because you don’t know how to use it, you idiot,” she blurted out. “You’ve been so busy hating yourself, you never bothered visiting the library. Ugh. You’d think father would’ve tried steering you in the right direction…”

“He did, but I thought it mere superstition.”

“Idiot!” she slapped him on the head. “Idiot! Idiot! Idiot!” she slapped him thrice more; he didn’t even bother defending himself. She was so angry, she didn’t notice her muscles complaining at the sudden motions. She bumped into him with so much force, she rolled him on his back and got on top of him, pressing her hands on his chest. “You were a model student! You barely paid attention, and you coasted through the curriculum in record time! You set the record without trying! How the hell did that happen?!”

“Puberty? I think?” Marcus offered, a little unsure himself. “Once I started noticing girls, I knew there was something wrong with me. Body and spirit.”

As comprehension hit Emilia, she turned into a big, red balloon, puffing her cheeks in fury, all blood going to her head. This time, he did raise his hands, so that his face, at least, wouldn’t be scarred; he could hide bruises elsewhere under clothing.

“Surrender the crown and replace it with a jester’s hat, for you are the king of idiots!” Emilia shouted. “You… How could you think that was wrong?! You were made to believe that having something so… so… so divinely beautiful was wrong, that being attracted to me was wrong. That’s…”

“In my defence, you weren’t even born yet.”

Emilia frowned at how poor that retort was, but then she subtracted the numbers mentally, and conceded his point. She exhaled, air and anger both leaving her, then fell on top of Marcus, resting her head on his chest and wrapping her arms around him.

“If you tell me your body and spirit are wrong again, I’m going to kill you. They’re what I love about you, and if they’re wrong, then there is nothing right under the sun. Do you understand? I will kill you, and maybe a city or two so that you commiserate down under.”

Though he was the stronger one physically, something told him that she had more ability to inflict permanent damage among the two of them. “I understand. Stallions and child molesters are the cornerstones of virtue.”

“Idiot.”

Marcus leaned forward so that he could pull the first layer of bedding from under him, Emilia still clinging on him. He then covered them both with it, preparing for good night’s rest.

“So how did you find about all this?” he asked.
She fumbled a bit, trying to find the most comfortable position for sleeping. “Anna dropped the first hint, something about family history. She, uh, promised me chocolate,” she admitted, and Marcus could barely hold back laughter. She ignored him. “I think it was father who told her how to do it. A letter, maybe. I’ve never asked. He had to set this family straight somehow, so he went for the more dependable child.”

“Yeah, even though he had to motivate her with chocolate,” Marcus said, taking extra care to make it sound as comically immature as possible.

“Shut up, king of insecurities.”

She placed her nose on his chest and inhaled, his musk stronger now after the exertion of copulation. She felt very nice on him, a tiny, light, soft humanoid blanket, skin against skin, a position emphasising their antithetical builds. He could get used to this.

“I’ll teach you once I’ve ironed out the quirks,” she said, softer now, answering an unspoken question. “You iron out yours.”

“Good night, little sister.”

“Good night, big brother.”

He put his arms around her, locking them behind her back. “I love you.”

She mumbled something which sounded like, “Dream of not being a dumbarse,” but he couldn’t make it out.

Ten minutes later, Marcus was sleeping like a log, but she was still restless, a certain stiffness in her that wouldn’t dissipate. The solution came to her immediately, instinctively. She lowered her hands to her groin, and very carefully touched her anus. She circled around it, feeling the texture and size, wondering how Marcus would fit inside.

Imagining how Marcus would feel inside.

The memory of her previous orgasm was still fresh in her mind, and, as she had after her first time with her brother, she made sure it was committed in perfect clarity for future reference. In the process, she brought her feet together, rubbing her soles against each other, a remembrance, or perhaps a ritual. She couldn’t move too much, couldn’t be very loud. Her finger was a poor substitute for her brother, but it would suffice; her colon wrapped around it all the same, another step in its transformation from a defecation pipe to her prime sex organ. Her climax was far less pronounced this time, her brother not there to assist her, save for his smell and his body heat. She hoped he wouldn’t feel the moisture leaking from her orifices, unsuspecting of his coating in vaginal and anal yen.

Or maybe he would, in a sense, in his dreams, where he could do unspeakable things to her little body, his ten-year-old sister, his actual wife. Inside his head, no one could know, and everything was allowed, even if his desire was fucking her the very day she was born, welcoming her to the world not with her mother’s teet, but with his cock. She loved him so much. She wished this would never end, that this night could go on forever, two royal siblings who had broken every taboo they’d come across, obsession melting into lust melting into affection.

Big brother...

She totalled four orgasms over two hours masturbating on top of him. By the time she was done, she had submerged them both in her juices and sweat, glistening in the moonlight peaking from the
window, their bodies slippery inside their liquid veils. After each time, her brother’s smell seduced her again, the smell that reminded her of the first time she’d seen him naked, her most erotic memory. After that, she was no longer a bipedal pet, an asexual blob doing cute things, endearing in her ignorance, more impulse than thought. She was a woman. She was human. She had self.

What was Marcus to her? Brother fell short; lover was too temporary; even soulmate was an understatement. When she saw him that day, when she truly saw him, in sudden, keen awareness, her heart racing and her anus twitching, enough sense forcefully inserted that not making sense of things held meaning, she was pulled out of the dark cave to gaze at the stars, and their infinitely distant holocausts so graciously made cinder of the hollow that it would have soul, and she could be alive; a tiny, fragile flicker, if nourished, soon to burn the cosmos. The bringer of the light, who selflessly made man man, only to be punished for his benevolence.

The stiffness hadn’t gone away, but her exhaustion was greater now, so at least she could sleep. It might never leave, not until she had fulfilled her promise, her first fantasy, to have him make love to her rear. There was no one to see, but she would smile all night, a strange, pleasant dream befitting the world’s most beautiful child, the most exquisite princess, the most caring sister. In that fleeting moment, she had infinity.

Who could say it was wrong? What soul so mutilated it saw evil in that? Did true fiends flaunt their foulness in earnest, or clothe it in scripture and law?
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Anna unleashes her inner fangirl, journalists unleash their inner clickbait, the incestuous siblings keep incesting, and the AO3 email servers don't crash and deliver this successfully to your inbox.

It had been so long since Anna had last seen so many happy, sunny days in a row. It hammered in the realisation that it was summertime, which she somehow had yet to embrace. Her attire sure did, for as conservative as she tried to be, even she was subject to heat. Despite the temperature, things had to keep going, duties to be kept, chores to see to. Above all, this meant Emilia’s proper upbringing, for as much as the pampered princess might want it, she couldn’t skip her classes forever. If she thought she got away with it yesterday, she was in for a rough lesson.

She made her way to her room with her characteristic brisk pace, the woman capable of far more velocity than one would expect. She’d been up for several hours by now, since before dawn, actually, making sure everything was nice and proper. Emilia could arguably afford a little more sleep, but given how much the girl enjoyed snoozing, Anna took it upon herself to wake her up a couple of hours in advance.

She cleared her throat and opened the door, her familiarity evident in that she didn’t even think of knocking in advance. “Rise and shine, pri— Oh! Ah! Um…” She stood there, so taken aback by what she was seeing that she forgot how to body. “I’m sorry!” she said, closing her door behind her with a bit too much force, given the loud impact sound.

On the other side, she rest her back on the door, staring at the wall, still barely capable of bodying. What… was that, exactly? She spent a few moments trying to protect her mind from the downpour of improper emotions, steeling herself against an unstoppable force, but even with all the blessings in the world, there was no resisting this influence.

The king had been there, in the princess’ room. Why would he be there? His queen had returned, perhaps a bit sooner than expected, but surely such a young couple were still in their honeymoon phase and could hardly be apart for a day, even if she was a little plain for him. The king had been surrounded by some of the sharpest and most elegant ladies growing up, after all, and he was impressive in his own right; it was only natural for his preferences to lean that way. His tutors, his mother, and, above all, his sis—

No no no.

Little Emilia was sleeping on top of him, so small by comparison she looked like a kitten. And, and… she tried not paying much attention to it, but the sheets were drawn down to her buttocks, the crack of their parting noticeable in the company of her two dimples, her back exposed and shining in the sunlight. She was so beautiful, at that tender age between childhood and womanhood, a momentary fragment—blink and you’d miss it. Ah, to be young again…

Wait, her back? Her butt crack?! Where was her nightgown? Did… did she really? Ohmygoodnessohmygoodnessohmygoodnessohmygoodness. Was the king also bare? How could this be? Was it the heat? It was pretty hot, yes, that seemed plausible, it was a normal thing to do, it
all added up, there was nothing to see here. But then, why would she be on top of him? Wouldn’t the proximity keep them warm? Why was the king there in the first place?

No, he always had a soft spot for her, and she a million times over; that was reason enough to be together. They cared for each other deeply, as they’ve only had each other for the longest time, especially the princess. A mere marriage couldn’t change that. Sacred as that contract was, it couldn’t match a lifetime, it couldn’t match blood. Emilia must’ve been under a lot of stress, what with the ball and everything, to have so many men staring at her…

Staring at her young body. So perfectly built and exposed in that lascivious dress. She’d undressed her countless times, but only then did she realise how radiant she could be when she tried, when the introverted girl spread her wings. Why, when she first appeared, it was like air had left the room. Even his highness, easily the most composed man she’d known, was left flustered after their dance. He couldn’t take his eyes off her.

They couldn’t be, could they?

It was scandalous! It couldn’t be! So thoroughly, utterly, completely, absolutely, entirely, wholly, impossibly, adverbly vulgar, vile beyond words, immoral to the extreme, unclean. He was married! She was his sister! She was ten! Ten! The rumours, oh, it couldn’t be, how could it be, it was too terrible to think.

How would it even work? She was so slender and tiny, she could be sent flying with a gust of wind, and he was so large, not only tall, but large; a wide, powerful man who covered her in his shadow every time she looked up at him to talk. She shuddered to think of the measurements of his privates. He just. Wouldn’t. Fit! It was absurd! She pitied the queen, and she was a grown woman. She had seen Emilia; despite her burgeoning allure, she was decidedly a child. She couldn’t accept a man any more than a baby could! She’d be lucky to fit in a finger.

It didn’t matter how much she loved her brother, if she tried, she would damage her body, her gorgeous body, oh no, it would destroy her, it would rip her apart, she couldn’t, the poor, lovely princess. She was too excitable for her own good, but no girl deserved that, she would do anything to stop it, please, not the princess, she was the jewel of the nation. This was the stuff parents told their unruly children at night to discipline them with fear, stories of barbarian hordes hunting in the night, grabbing anything good and pure and enacting hellish horrors upon it until it was a mockery of its former grandeur.

It was fiction; it couldn’t be real. She would give anything to not have Emilia sullied in that way. Her body, her soul, her life—she would endure anything for all of time if she had to. She couldn’t live in a world where something so delicate could be tarnished in that way. No, that world didn’t deserve to exist; an abortion of the heavens.

What should she do? How should she protect her? She… She… She took a deep breath. Relax, don’t panic, stop hyperventilating. She didn’t look hurt, did she? And why would the king, so kind and modest, and as protective of Emilia as Anna ever think of hurting his own sister? Even if she came to him with an immodest proposition, even if he was drunk out of his mind and desperate for affection, he would never… He’d sooner kill himself than hurt her, she knew it, knew it in her heart, more certain in her conviction than the sky was blue, the king loved his sister.

It was impossible, but… what if? What if she had found a way? She was the best, the brightest, matched only by her brother. Perhaps with her hands, her tongue, or legs… Or using a special ointment, and with enough practice, and with creative thought… Could their bodies be brought together? The clergy would disapprove, the act would be nonreproductive, and Emilia wasn’t fertile anyway, but…
But. But that elfin angel, joined by the heroic warrior, so different and yet the same, the polarity of their bodies bridged by the singularity of their blood. His large hands holding hers, fingers crossing and tongues twisting. Curious about their bodies, about his masculine strength, about her feminine androgyny, eager to explore this exotic world, perhaps for the first time, their passion beyond family and age. And lower, between their legs, their love made fluid, sensual and painful and pleasant and, possibly, potentially, hopefully… inside. A ten-year-old girl and her brother.

She felt every hair on her body stand up, goose bumps up to her eyelids, inflating like a cat. She brought her hands to her cheeks with a slap and left them there, could hear a faint, girly, protracted “ahhh,” and it wasn’t until a dozen seconds later that she realised it was the sound of her squeeing. She stopped. Feeling wet skin brought her back to reality; had she been crying? How long had she stood there for? Her cheeks felt so hot, and even worse, that wasn’t even the only place that felt strange.

She’d let the tabloids and the lewd novels get to her head, she decided. She’d gone on a wild ride through wacky fantasies; she couldn’t tell what was real and what wasn’t anymore. Look at her, the princess’ caretaker, a royal retainer, a woman of her position, acting like a little fangirl, getting all moody and stuff. She didn’t know what she’d seen. She must have made most of it up. Yes, that was it.

She brought a fist to her palm and resolved to calm herself down. What was it that Emilia said, “All work and no play something something dull maid”? She needed to collect herself. Goodness, people depended on her, she couldn’t allow herself to mess around like that! Even the king kept telling her to be wary of overwork. Alright, she needed some privacy and twenty or so minutes; nobody could be hurt inside her head. She could think of all the prepubescent, blue-eyed, blond princesses she wanted, and pair them up with anyone, even if they were hung like a horse. She started walking, remembering how to body.

Still, if she found herself in that situation for real, what would she do? If the royal family was improper, should she tell someone? Even if it would destabilise the country? No, she didn’t care about that; politics is the mind-killer. That wasn’t the real dilemma.

Could she make Emilia sad?

Marcus neither rose nor shone, but he was roused by something highly excitable and feminine. He didn’t quite feel like opening his eyes yet, knowing the sunshine would blind him given how it peaked even through his eyelids. Whoever it was, they could wait a little bit longer. The bed was nice and warm and soft, and so was the comfortable weight on top of him. He could dream a little bit longer.

“You heard her. Rise and shine, big brother,” Emilia repeated. To ensure he would pay attention, she reached her hands around and under him, grabbing his buttocks and squeezing with moderate force. He groaned, not quite appreciating the gesture. Enjoyable as her touch was, sleep was nice too. After a few seconds, knowing he was still ambivalent, she spread them wide, and then moved her fingers nearer…

“I’m awake, I’m awake,” he announced, not wanting to find out how far she was willing to take it to get her point across.

“You’re such a disappointment. The king sleeping in instead of his baby sister. ‘Absolutely reprehensible behaviour!’” she mocked a prosecutor or a priest or something equally uptight.

“Hmm,” Marcus agreed by exhaling. He put his own hands around Emilia, taking in her softness.
Her hair was like a halo around her head in the morning, partially due to how light it was, but also because it was a complete mess. “What… was that?” he asked.

“It sounded like Anna. She miiight have caught a glimpse of my bottom. The poor thing.”

“Will it be alright?” he wondered. Anna probably wasn’t one to rat them out, but he could do some convincing either way.

“Oh, I wouldn’t worry about that. I’ll manage her. I’m sure she isn’t sure herself what she saw exactly.” She giggled, then pushed herself up closer to his face, kissing him on the lips. “I’ll clear up any misunderstanding she might have about us.”

“Yes, we wouldn’t want her to get the wrong idea. She can’t possibly think of what her little girl is planning to use her rear for.” He put his hands on her butt and squeezed in retaliation for earlier. “It would be such a shame if it became unambiguous.” He then spread her flesh, trailing his finger around the ridges of her anus, then lightly probing the entrance until the very end of his index finger was getting warmed by her insides.

“Oh! You lecherous king!” she said. She didn’t expect it, but it didn’t disappoint. Her sphincter twitched around the sudden intruder, both the initial touch and the ensuing pressure of her involuntary motions producing subtle pleasure on her prepubescent rectum, promises of what could be coming. “The way you fondle my buttocks, I wonder if you’d ever touch my cunt again if I put my womb in my intestines,” she whispered.

She flustered him to a halt; he was the one blushing and discomforted for a change. There was something immensely arousing about a ten-year-old being so foul-mouthed. She wouldn’t mind if he played with her for a little while—his fingers alone could bring her to completion—but she knew how one thing could lead to another, given their past couple of experiences.

She gave him a light slap on his face. “Get up, pervert,” she said as she did so herself. She sat on the edge of the bed, raised her hands to her head, and undid her bun, though it was half-ruined already after a full night’s sleep and the mischief that had preceded it. Her blond hair dropped down to her exposed back, shining alongside her skin in the sunrise. Marcus looked at her for a moment, taking in the childish beauty of her petite form.

“Marcus, we’re in my room, you know,” she reminded him. He was confused for moment before realising that yes, indeed, he’d slept with her rather than on his bed. He got up and started scavenging for his discarded clothes; he’d have to get fully dressed in his room.

“If we’re going to do this every night, you could store some of your clothes here,” she said, but got apprehensive as she looked around. “Though I might have to get some of the books and notes out.” It’s been some time since she cleaned her room a little, so this was as good an opportunity as any. In the meantime, she’d put some order on the mess on her head.

“That might make things a little too obvious,” Marcus said.

“So what if it does?” She turned to him with her impish smirk, but her big blue eyes could only hold his attention for so long before his gaze went lower, towards her nipples. In turn, she looked at the flaccid flesh between his thighs, comically smaller than last night. Figures, she thought; otherwise he could hardly ride a horse comfortably. What was amazing in bed wasn’t always practical in everyday life.

He’d found his pants, and he put them on, before picking up the upper half. When he’d got dressed enough to be able to walk the short distance to the royal chambers with a modicum of modesty, he
leaned in to kiss Emilia, first on her cheek, then lower on her neck, and on her collarbone. “I’ll see you at breakfast?”

“Mm. Don’t be late,” she said, placing a hand on his face, and pulling on his earlobe.

“You shouldn’t be worried about me.”

He was right; she was still fumbling about with her hair. She wasn’t going to see the end of it this side of midday at this rate. She’d have to get “creative”. Some moisture, some heat, and a little witchcraft should untangle her bed hair. They sure had untangled her love life. How difficult could it be?

There was something about Emilia. There always had been, of course. She was Marcus’ sister, first in line of succession—at least until Marcus had an heir—and a cute little girl. Her position was attractive by default; anyone could do it in her shoes. She had avoided most of it up until recently, not having a taste for the public eye, but there was no denying how people looked. It was only going to get more blatant with time.

Still, there was something unusual going on. Perhaps the best way to reason about it was to consider the reactions Rebecca received by comparison. As the queen, she commanded significant attention—monopolising it in most situations. However, now occupying the same room as Emilia, one had to wonder how much of it she owed to her station instead of more intrinsic qualities. On the other hand, perhaps Rebecca’s place in the hierarchy was such a quality.

The princess infected everyone around her with fascination. Taking their eyes off her was a struggle, yet it had to be done, or risk potentially lethal faux pas. She had always been a charming lady, but over the past couple of days, something had happened to her, or she had awoken something in everyone surrounding her, sending those qualities into overdrive.

It was improper, unhealthy, and obsessive, and they knew that, but it was also irresistible. She was a radiant star among mere mortals. The changes she had performed on herself were too subtle to identify, but that didn’t mean they were imperceptible. The balance of her features, her skin, her hair, her voice, her smile, they all added up in supernatural beauty. Even for the finest bred men, and with infinite resources devoted to maintaining pristine looks, the results were simply beyond human ability. Perhaps they should have suspected witchcraft, but they were too busy staring at her…

Somehow, being ten years old made her all the more beautiful. The excitement of the forbidden. There was no excuse for it, because she wasn’t attractive in spite of her age; anyone could tell she was a preteen girl, and an underdeveloped one at that. Nor was she attractive while being her age, as if she’d captured some ethereal notion of fairness, and being ten years old was circumstantial.

No, it was the worst of all vices: she was attractive because she was a child. In her youth, she naturally had the features grown women tried to imitate against all odds. Though blemishes could be hidden, her skin had none to hide. Though grooming could be thorough, she needed no grooming to start with. Though femininity could be learned, other women had more in common with men than with her. Her appeal was beyond words and inarguable; those unable to appreciate her were doubly cursed, for they were also blind.

There was no need for her to show off, so she had shown up with the simplest dress in her possession, and her hair falling freely—not a single braid on it. She’d had to get creative in the end, and she’d even surprised herself with the results. She’d half-expected to fumble it and burn it, which would have taken more than a few minutes to fix. Appearances aside, she didn’t trust her
“woman’s touch”, but she reserved her force, and successfully set herself straight. Completely. What she’d achieved between awakening and breakfast would have required thousands of brushes with more convenient methods; Anna was ecstatic! She didn’t want to ruin the effect with ornamentation, so she left it as is—at the end of the day, there was no arguing with perfection.

She sat beside Marcus and chatted with him all morning. Rebecca was on the other side, and though she did her best to hide it, her infuriated glare was like a javelin thrown at them. Emilia knew she was pissing her off by her mere presence; the queen’s mountainous ego was getting ground down to sand before the younger contestant. That, and Emilia had no problem engaging in skinship with the “brute” that had made her feel “yucky.”

There was no way for Rebecca to know for sure, but those two were siblings, so unless they were raised in complete isolation by the most traditionalist of parents, Emilia had to know of Marcus’ “peculiarity.” She had to. And yet, in spite of that, she showed no sign of revulsion, no involuntary shudder, no twitch of her eyes, nothing. If anything, she seemed elated to be in his presence, to make contact with him, to even eat beside him. She couldn’t understand it. The only way she could rationalise it was imagining she had a similar condition herself, so her genitals were… Yugh, she couldn’t bear the thought.

Emilia picked up on her reactions, so naturally the first thing that crossed her mind was to probe her further, see how far she could take it before she broke down. She made no claims to maturity; she was but a ten-year-old! If that sounded hypocritical in light of the last two nights, then she would remind the listener she made no claims to consistency either.

Marcus played along, though she doubted anything quite as conspiratorial motivated him. The way they were behaving, anyone would put two and two together in any other situation. They were laughing with each other far too much, at things that hardly warranted it—the dumbest of remarks, really. They touched a lot, whether “accidentally” while handling their eating utensils, or by pushing and probing each other in jest. Being siblings gave them a surprising amount of leeway sometimes.

Even so, the eye contact would have to stop. As shameless as she was, Emilia didn’t want to deal with being exposed, at least not yet. She took hold of her brother’s hand and guided it discreetly to her thighs. He seemed surprised, like he’d been unaware of his own behaviour up to that point.

“Emilia,” he whispered, a scolding undertone in his voice.

“Shh. You’re being too obvious, big brother. You’ll get us caught.” She spread her legs a bit, giving him easier access. If he wanted to, it wouldn’t be much trouble feeling under the fabric. “Pleasure yourself with this.”

He should have restrained himself, but he couldn’t deny there was a certain rush to the act, a lecherous anxiety that excited him, groping his little sister in front of others. She was right there, and if he wanted to, he could… He could feel her flesh even through her dress. He started moving his hand up and down, rubbing it, his body not entirely under his control.

He had to distract himself with something, but Emilia had already grabbed hold of today’s news. “Wow, would you look at this? Looks like good old Richard is up to no good again,” she said.

Blood drained from Marcus’ face.

Oh, no.

“He showed up at some nobles’ estates, platoon in tow, complete with a bannerman. He dragged them through the streets, ignorant to their pleas of how preposterous he was.”
It was pretty preposterous. Damn it all, he’d told him to be discreet!

“When asked for comment, he said they were charged with indecent conduct towards the princess, her highness—well, me.”

He fondled Emilia’s thighs to comfort himself, trying to get some blood flow into his system, so that he wouldn’t look like a ghost. She liked the weight of his hand on her, and how tight he held onto her limb. It was like he was saying “you are mine.”

“They questioned how it would be possible to find a proper suitor for her highness, if everyone was afraid of being charged with indecency. Captain Richard of the royal guard added, ‘For the time being, her highness is for the king’s hands only.’ Aww, how sweet. Do you want to keep me all to yourself? Your hands can be very comfortable.”

She pushed his hand towards her pelvis. He could feel her warmth.

He cleared his throat. “Richard is running his mouth again.”

“Now, now, your highness, your friend has your best interest in mind,” Anna chimed in. “He knows how difficult it would be for a doting brother to part ways with his sister. It’s adorable.” She brought her hands to her cheeks.

“But the way he said it, in this kind of climate…”

“Oh my, your highness, you shouldn’t concern yourself with those. You know how the press can be,” Anna said, confirming her familiarity with the issue.

“Is there anyone in the kingdom who hasn’t concerned themselves with those rumours?” Marcus looked around. Even Rebecca, who’d been away until recently, lowered her head in admission. Information travelled faster than horses, apparently. If he’d wanted to declare war, he’d be surprised if the diplomat was half as efficient.

Emilia let go of the tabloid, and it was then that Marcus saw the frontpage. Right in the middle, in gigantic serif font and capital letters, spread across three lines, it read, “FOR HIS HANDS ONLY?” Then above it, in smaller print so that it would fit in a single line, “The plot thickens! The Captain all but confirms it:” Beside both, a sketch of the two of them holding hands, and looking in different directions as if trying too hard not to raise suspicions.

“Oh, come on!”

Marcus brought his head to the table with a thud, followed shortly by the clacking of the plates, the forks, and so on. “Kill me now,” he groaned.

“There, there,” Emilia patted him on the back, while brushing the back of his hand resting between her legs. “At least they’re seeing the funny side of it.” She was right; the clergy were no doubt up in arms over the whole situation, but as much influence as they had, they hadn’t stopped the journalists from constructing crowdsourced fanfiction and turning it into the nation’s pastime. But if neighbouring countries caught whiff of this…

Anna approached the table and picked up the tabloid, trying to spare Marcus from further agony. And also for her private safekeeping/stash, but nobody had to know about that. There was also a correspondence section in the end, and wanted to know if hers had made the cut. Plus, that picture looked so cute, she wanted to sit down and roll on the floor with happiness, like a cat.

“Thanks,” Marcus said, and lifted his head from the table. But since they’d been eating breakfast,
he had something stuck on his face.

“Ah! Marcus, you have…,” Emilia said. He tilted his head in confusion. “On your cheek. You have marmalade.” He tried wiping it off, but he chose the wrong cheek. “I’ll get it for you.” She got up and pulled her hair back behind her ear, so that it wouldn’t get in the way. Then she leaned in on his face, bringing her mouth to the offending region and scooped it up with her tongue. He’d pulled back a little, not expecting to be cleaned up that way, but then he let her do her thing.

She lingered a bit too long for such a small task, and though others couldn’t see it, the way she licked him, running her tongue over his skin so playfully, it was very sensual. Once she’d had her fill, she sat back down and licked her lips. “You’re very sweet,” she said. Marcus was blushing and his heart was beating as if he’d finished running a marathon, and judging by the awkward silence, everyone else was feeling confused as well.

Rebecca in particular was now fuming. Her disgust had intensified and was now mixed with jealousy. Though she found him appalling, Emilia’s behaviour and the nation’s incomprehensible reactions were putting her own standing into question. She would not have that. She’d gone through so much to secure this position, and stomached things no woman should; she’d deserved to reap the benefits of her sacrifices. She bit her lip and swallowed her revulsion.

“Marcus, dear, it’s such a beautiful day today, and you’ve been working yourself so hard,” she said, planting an idea into his head without actually saying it. Emilia, having pushed her to this point, moved in with her trap.

“The gardens are heavenly this time of year,” Emilia said. She could feel Rebecca turning to her as if trying to kill her with her eyeballs, and revelled in her agony. “It would be a shame if we had to wait another year.”

“Okay, then, how about an afternoon stroll? It should give everyone some time to relax now that the festivities have all been taken care of.”

“Oh, what a wonderful idea!” Rebecca said, a tiny hint of sarcasm finding its way to her words, almost inaudible if one wasn’t looking out for it.

“It’s a date,” Emilia agreed. She had some idea of what Rebecca was trying to do, and this was her great chance. The two of them had talked maybe a couple of times before—never in private—but now that she and Marcus had sorted things out between them, this would be how she’d live up to her responsibilities and take care of the queen, establishing her boundaries. Having achieved that, Emilia got up; she had a class to attend. “Don’t be too hard on Richard, okay?”

Marcus nodded. “Have a good day,” he said and gave her a hug.

“I love you,” Emilia said to his ear right before breaking it, before he had a chance to respond, then ran to her destination, her heart filled with joy.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Things heat up in the royal garden as more of Emilia's body parts are lewded.

The three of them visited the royal gardens, as promised. Marcus had convinced the royal guard not to breathe down their necks, no doubt using Richard’s tabloid misadventures as leverage. Whatever got the job done, he figured. At least the bachelor weirdo hadn’t paid for it with his life; he should be pleading for forgiveness. Of course, he hadn’t, and this was all part of his plan to pay him back for the faux-lass incident. That, or he’d been speaking with Emilia, but just because the effects of their individual conspiracies coincided didn’t imply they were in cahoots.

Marcus took a deep breath through his nose. “Ahhh, I’d forgotten how good this is!” he shouted out. He’d been spending way too much time in negotiations and formalities.

“You should learn something from your friend. Live a little,” Emilia said. She’d put on something a bit less plain for the occasion, but not out of a desire for formality. The heat was her main concern. She wore a light, yellowish dress that left her arms, shoulders, and a bit of her back exposed, then covered herself up with with a semitransparent cloth—a shawl. The hem was shorter as well, so as to ease walking, and not to get ruined by the grass, of course. As a side-effect, her calves were visible. She couldn’t deny that displaying some skin was part of her calculation.

Rebecca, on the other hand, had dressed hyper-conservatively, as usual. Their differences were obvious even on something so superficial. She was fairly plain at the best of times, so there wasn’t much to show, save for her breasts, perhaps. The real reason was not wanting to be seen as desirable by her husband, though. Merely entertaining the thought upset her stomach. Her only consolation was that, out in the open, his foul equine stench would dissipate faster, or perhaps be covered up by the smells of plants.

“Oh, berries!” Marcus pointed at them. “Do you remember that? We used to sneak out to eat them all the time.”

“And the darn gardeners wanted them gone, because wild plants would ruin the aesthetics,” Emilia said. The siblings laughed. “I had a word with them, but it wasn’t until you joined in that they listened.”

“In fairness, you were five years old.”

“I was old enough to be scary!”

“Sure you were, little one.” He patted her on the head, as if to emphasise their size difference. She crossed her arms and forced a grimace. He then reached out towards the basket of foodstuffs she was carrying. “I’ll go get some.”

She handed it to him. “Don’t eat all of them!” she said as he turned around, and he raised his hand behind him in acknowledgement.

Rebecca was looking wretched. She walked towards Emilia like a predator. Well, as much like one,
she could manage while lifting her impractical dress so she could walk. Ah, so this was it, then. Marcus was away, busy picking out ripe berries, so there were only the two of them now.

“What are you doing?” Rebecca asked.

“What do you mean?”

She took another step closer. “He’s mine. Keep your nose out.”

Emilia chuckled. She knew it was rude, but she couldn’t help it. She, of all people, thought she was entitled to feeling possessive. The cognitive dissonance had to be intolerable.

“He’s my brother,” she spelled it out for her as if she’d been addressing someone mentally handicapped.

“That’s all the more reason. He is your brother.”

Emilia turned her whole body towards her. Her amusement was gone now. “What are you trying to say?”

“Oh, please.” She puffed, jerked her head, rolling her eyes. “You read it this morning. You know what I mean.”

This time, it was Emilia who took a step closer. This would have looked more intimidating if she wasn’t a mere two inches above four feet; Rebecca towered over her. “Even if you’re the queen, that accusation could get you in trouble.”

“Is the pipsqueak trying to threaten me? Ha!” Rebecca walked past her, flaunting her indifference. “I won’t have anything debauched in my house. I won’t let you jeopardise what I’ve built. You have responsibilities.”

Emilia took a deep breath and thought about her course of action. She turned to face her again. “What you have built? What have you built?” No response. “We built this country. You were merely the easiest available path.”

“Excuse me?”

Emilia began her approach, this time infuriated. “You’ve abandoned your responsibilities. You’ve failed as a ruler, a woman, and a spouse. You mean nothing. You are no one. Even in your insignificant little home, nobody cares about you.”

“Why, you—”

One more step. “He isn’t yours. He offered himself, and you rejected him. That’s the kind of person you are. How do you expect to pop out an heir, hmm? A stork? Do you think that would fly? I’m the people’s beloved princess.”

And one more. “He’s a stepping stone to you. You didn’t even know he existed last year. How much time have you spent together, really? Do you even speak to him when there’s no one important around?”

She pushed her up against her tree and leaned right in her face. Even if she was tiny, she could be scary up close. “You have no idea what loyalty means. He’s been my brother forever. From the very moment I was born, not a second has passed that I haven’t been his sister. He is mine. Only mine. So why don’t you get out of my way before I lose my patience.”
She pressed her finger up against her sternum and recalled how she’d straightened her hair. When she’d burned a small hole through her dress, the queen yelped and pushed her away.

“You’re insane!” she cried. “Both of you! You’re insane!” She put her hand on her chest, trying to figure out if she’d suffered damage, then turned around and ran inside, trying to figure out if charging her with witchcraft as well as incest would strengthen her case, or make her seem deranged.

She wouldn’t like her conclusion.

Emilia rested against the trunk of the tree, trying to slow her breathing down. Soon, she realised it wasn’t stress she was feeling, but something else. Victory. The adrenaline was exhilarating. She’d done it. She’d told her how she felt. She raised her fist in the air, aiming for the sun. *She’d done it.*

Some time later, Marcus returned. He looked around, and found one of the women he’d brought with him gone. “Where’s Rebecca?”

“She won’t be joining us today, after all. She has… other concerns.” The expression on her face, though, told a different story.

*You’re responsible, aren’t you?*

“Oh. Just the two of us, then. Are you hungry?”

Emilia’s grin was from ear to ear. “Yes, please.”

Marcus spread out a cloth on the ground, under the shade of the tree. Their original plans involved three people, so perhaps they had more food than they knew what to do with now, but finding someone to wolf it down in their stead ought to be fairly trivial. They detested throwing things away.

“If I were a scheming man, I’d say you had this planned all along,” he said as Emilia munched her way through a pear. “If you wanted to have me all to yourself, you could have asked, you know.” He smirked.

Emilia had taken off her shawl and let her self stretch a bit. Her posture and eating didn’t exactly scream “royalty”, but she barely kept up appearances in the most formal of occasions. She wasn’t going to start pretending in private either.

“I don’t have foresight. Don’t be ridiculous, big brother,” she giggled.

“It would hardly be this week’s first ridiculous thing, though.”

She rested her weight on her arm, a vaguely provocative stance, as if to invite him to pounce on her. “I merely took advantage of an opportunity presented to me. Isn’t that what you do also?”

“I will admit I feel a bit weird seeing her on the receiving end.”

“Remorse?” she wondered.

“A little bit.”

“After last night? She’s lucky she got away unharmed. I wanted to do… so many things to her,” she said, pausing for a moment to visualise horrors Marcus was better off not knowing, then exhaling loudly to relieve the stress.
“I know. But don’t take it too far, okay? It could make a mess.”

She finished up her fruit, discarded it, then crawled up to Marcus. It was like watching a tiger eyeing its prey; preparing to pounce him. “Then you’re going to have to relieve me,” she said, the sultry tone not falling to deaf ears. She put her fingers on his thigh and drew a quarter-arc on it. “But I can be very demanding.”

She reached for the berries he’d collected and took hold of two. They were quite small, and not at all numerous, but there was a strong, nostalgic taste to them. She put one in her mouth, then reached for his. “Ahhhh,” she said, and Marcus obeyed, but not before rolling his eyes. She placed the berry in his mouth at an agonisingly slow pace, and didn’t leave until she’d touched his tongue a fair bit. As she let him chew on his snack, she licked her fingers in the same exaggerated pace, drawing as much attention to the act as she could. “Tastes like heaven.”

“I’m not sure you’re eating the right kind of fruit.”

“No? But it’s so sweet…” She got closer to him, opened her mouth and bit him on the neck—or rather, she feigned a bite, because she put barely enough pressure for him to feel her teeth against his skin. Her tongue, on the other hand, was having a blast. When she’d had her fill, she grabbed another berry, and guided it to his mouth as before. Marcus was being a bit resistant.

“Come on, you baby,” she said.

“You’ve got things mixed up. It isn’t little sisters that are supposed to be motherly,” Marcus pointed out.

“That didn’t stop you from sucking on my tits as if milk would come out. Now, open up.” He exhaled in surrender and let mummy Emilia get it out of her system. Everything was in reverse. It was so wrong. Moreover, to torment him further, she was refusing to remove her fingers from his mouth. “You know, last night, I kept going. After you fell asleep, that is.”

That was a surprise, but he had no way of responding, so he waited for her to continue. There was no way anything recognisable would come out of him with someone’s appendages in his mouth. She’d licked them before, so they were kissing indirectly; if she was half as creative in class as she was in finding ways to exchange fluids, why, he and Anna would never hear any complaints again.

“It took a fair bit of time. I couldn’t take my fingers out…” They were so soft and tiny, and unexpectedly warm. He thought she’d stop any moment now, but instead she thrust deeper, not minding his wincing at the unusual act. “Out of my butt, that is. I lay there and kept reliving our little love-making session, thinking of how good it would feel having you inside me.”

He knew she was a hygienic girl, and over half a day had passed since then, but nevertheless, hearing about the filthy things she’d been doing with her digits as she was moving them inside his mouth was so deliciously obscene. It was his imagination, but he could almost taste her insides, dripping with rectal honey, crying out for affection.

She finally stopped her assault, and this time there was enough saliva stuck on her that a couple of ropes still adhered as she removed her fingers. Then she devoured his fluids, somehow with more fervour than the first time. He had something to say, but he lost that thought; watching his sister taste his saliva as if it was wine straight from the cellar of a god was far more captivating.

She reached for another berry; he knew the drill by now, and simply let it happen. “It felt really good, but, you know, I think I may have overdone it a little bit.” She probed under his tongue, and against his cheeks, feeling every corner of his mouth. Occasionally, due to her movements, some
drool spilled out, but she picked it up with her other hand. Marcus looked puzzled, and she tried answering his unspoken query.

“I…” She averted her gaze, ashamed of her confession. “It’s really good, being more sensitive. I feel more of your touch, and better. But…” She touched the top of his mouth, where she had trouble reaching with her tongue. “I feel good even when… Ah, erm… When nature calls.” She finished off this round by licking her fingers. She then placed her hands between her thighs and looked down, like she was about to ask for repentance. “I’m sorry, big brother. You must despise having such a disgusting girl as your lover.”

“Idiot.” He put his hand under her chin, lifting her head so they had eye contact. “How could I hate you? You’re my little sister. I love all of you, both the clean parts and the dirty.”

He could see the goosebumps manifesting as she heard those words, to say nothing of her blush. “B-big brother… If you say that, then I…” She practically jumped on him with arms outstretched, sending him off balance and dropping the both of them on the ground. Then, as he gasped for air, she kissed him. She dug her tongue inside him with great force far beyond what one would expect from the tiny child. She pressed against him so much it hurt, whirling inside his mouth, producing hideous slurping sounds set against the tempo of her moans.

Eventually, she needed to take a proper breath, and she broke the kiss. Both their mouths were a mess, and he couldn’t deny it was an alluring one; he could watch her standing above him, mouth partially open, tip of her tongue jutting out ever so slightly, face flustered with arousal, her hair falling in every direction and surrounding him in their blonde glow. She felt so nice on him, so light: 60 pounds of perfect prepubescent flesh, lustful beyond her years, his precocious little sister.

“You don’t have to endure anything you don’t want to, though,” he finally said, now that he had an opportunity to speak.

She fixed her hair a little bit, so that it wouldn’t tickle him in their position. “You don’t get to say that after your previous confession.” She lowered herself and rested her weight on his chest, hugging him in their horizontal position. “You’re going to make me go even further. Oh, big brother, I want us to feel so good together.”

“Every moment with you is wonderful. I love you.”

She took hold of his hand and raised it to her mouth, kissing it lightly. “You know…” she twirled her index finger on the back of his hand, “since I’ve been working on taking you in my rear, I was wondering how exactly one could define an ‘arse-pussy’—”

Marcus burst out laughing. He was so overtaken by their mushy romance, that her segue took him completely off guard. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry. It was a weird transition. Please, go on.”

She scowled a little bit, but she knew he didn’t mean anything ill. “I mean, at what point would my rear cease to be a waste orifice and function mainly for intercourse? There isn’t much debate on the subject; biologically, it serves no purpose for procreation, so the answer would be never. Then again, perhaps that definition is a bit too strict. After all, breasts, legs, and mouths serve no such purpose either, but that doesn’t stop people from looking at them, touching them, kissing them…”

Though he was resisting more bouts of laughter, he couldn’t deny it was very funny how much thought she was putting into it. He thought of the subject as deeply unserious, and expected that kind of effort to be directed at studies or politics instead. On the other hand, it made some kind of sense; leading the nation was his responsibility, so perhaps Emilia thought of her current position—pleasing him—as hers, so she put her whole heart in it. And, of course, it would be cruel to force
a little girl to deal with politics. She’d involve herself when she felt like it, and she would undoubtedly excel, for she was no less brilliant than he.

“I think the dual nature of the colon—waste and pleasure—is the key. It hints at a balance, you know?” As she described her thought process, Marcus noticed a sense of excitement—pride, even—for having figured it out by thinking outside the box. Again, he found it a bit funny, but he tried his best not to show it, lest he hurt her feelings.

“An ‘arse-pussy’ is, in other words, a colon whose balance tilts more against pleasure than waste. To quantify it, the volume of faecal matter expelled is as good a measure as any. And since we’ve selected volume as our unit, the flipside would be the volume of flesh passing through during anal sex. So, using your measurements—”

“You measured me?!”

—it would take 52 thrusts of your full length—in and out—to turn my virgin pooper into a flesh cavern for your perverse pleasure. I can’t be sure of the exact measurements, but I was conservative with my estimations, so I’m probably north of the true value, and at least in the same order of magnitude.” And thus, Emilia had arrived to her point: “So, next time you bed me properly, you should shove yourself inside me at least that many times, so that my arse can be a cunt too.”

“I, um.” He was at a loss for words. It was a request of hilarious specificity, but it didn’t sound like she was poking fun at him, so she had to be serious? “When your tutors said you were making great strides at algebra, I doubt that this was the kind of application they intended for that knowledge.”

“As if they would mind the pleasures of an untouched preteen bum.” She sucked on his index finger, coiling her tongue around it as if it was a male organ. Why was everything about her so damn erotic? “Mahcuth?” she asked with it still in her mouth.

“Yes, of course. Whatever will make you happy.”

“Thank you!” She reached up and kissed him on the lips, and it was almost chaste compared to the last one. “I promise it’ll feel wonderful for you too. I’ll make sure of it.”

“You don’t—” he tried to say, but she stopped him by raising her finger. They’ve already had this discussion for what felt like a thousand times. Yes, she didn’t have to, by virtue of some law or anything, but she was his lover and she wanted to do her best to make him happy, because it made her happy. He had no real objection, but they kept coming back to it due to all her unsolicited offers. He wasn’t sure they’d ever see eye to eye on that.

Emilia reached for the basket, and pulled a small wooden box out. “If you’re feeling combative, there’s better ways to get it out of your system.” She held it in front of her face, so that it covered her mouth. He figured it out with a closer look: it was a chess board, all folded up. The pieces were probably inside it, rolling around in a cavity.

“I see you’ve found your competitive bone.” He chuckled. He could see where she was coming from. Tired of living in her brother’s shadow, she wanted to challenge him where he most excelled, so she could declare herself as having the upper hand in their relationship. In many ways she was right, so she didn’t have anything to prove, but if that’s how she wanted it, then he’d play along. “Okay, bring it on, then.”

A board so small was a first for him, but he’d get used to it soon enough, he supposed. In order to fit inside, the pieces were closer to painted-on coins than sculpted figurines. He let Emilia be
white; it was only courteous, given their difference in experience, and there was a certain symmetry in the colour coordination.

She started with pawn to d4. They nibbled on their food as they were playing, and by the time they were done, they'd gone through most of it, as much as they could considering they were down one person. Though it took a fair bit of time, Emilia ended up losing, which wasn’t that surprising. What did surprise him was himself; his thoughts had phenomenal clarity, considering how long it had been since he’d last played. He might actually have played better than when he used to be in form.

He remembered what Emilia had said yesterday. Whatever rejuvenating wizardry she used had as much an effect on her as him and, well, having her sleep naked on top of him definitely wasn’t helping things. She did warn him the effects could be arbitrary, not skin deep. It was a little disturbing that his body wouldn’t work the way he expected it to, but if it did so by surpassing his expectations, he couldn’t complain either.

“You don’t look too happy for someone who won,” Emilia pointed out. That pulled him out of his thoughts. “You went all out, didn’t you?”

“Ah. I think,” he admitted. He hadn’t noticed it during play, but in retrospect, he’d put legitimate effort in beating her. “Sorry.”

She started packing the board up. “Sorry?” He felt like a lecture was coming, so he let her thoughts form. “You have problems.”

“Oh, come on. It isn’t that bad,” he protested.

“It’s pretty bad.” She sighed. “Big brother, I know how you feel. You’ve told me several times. And I’ve told you too. About us being together, sleeping together, about being family, and about our differences. You know we’re on the same page.” She reached out and cupped his hand. “You don’t have to follow me every time. You aren’t doing anything I dislike. I would have told you by now. You’d know. You don’t need permission for every little thing, like one bad step would cross a sacred boundary and ruin everything.”

He moved a little closer to her, ironically taking that as permission to be more intimate.

“You can take the initiative. I want you to.” She blushed and looked at his hand, which was less embarrassing than his face. “It doesn’t have to be all the time. Just sometimes.”

“Like this?” He leaned in and kissed her ear, even poking at her ear canal with his tongue a little bit.

“Ah!” she yelped and jumped at the intrusion. “Marcus! Why does it have to be that place?!” Out of all the patches of skin on her face, he had a penchant for picking out the most verboten and personal ones. She didn’t even know how she felt about those holes until now.

“Oh? Are you sensitive over here too, then?” He wrapped his hand around her nape and cheek and used it as counterbalance for his assault. He lightly bit her earlobe, enough to make the pressure
known, then licked everything he could find, at the complicated creases of her flesh, forming a helix around her tiny hole. Her genitals couldn’t have been much wider a few years ago, but now…

“Ah! No! I’m not sensitive there! It feels weird!” she complained, though she wasn’t really putting much of an effort at pushing him away. Still, he didn’t want to annoy his sister too much, so he made his way down to her jaw, then her neck, short pecks and licks every inch in his wake. “You dumbarse.” She slapped him on the head, but it did little more than produce noise.

It did create an opportunity, though. As he made his way down her neck and on her collarbone, he moved his hand to her arm and held it up. “W-what are you doing?” Emilia said. She was in equal parts amused, annoyed, and excited. “Hey!” Of course. She should have seen it coming. Her arms and shoulders were bare, after all, and this was Marcus she was speaking to; with her arm in the air, her poor right armpit was exposed to his lecherous tongue. He pushed her onto the ground—the cloth, actually. “Ah! Big brother, be careful! Someone might see!”

It was funny how she’d discovered her sense of propriety now that he was on top. She might have said that, but her arms were stretched above her head, and of her own volition; for an innocent girl resisting her perverted brother, she was far too defenceless.

“What if they see?” He kissed the underside of her arm. “I’m but a silly brother playing with his sister. Who would think otherwise?” He then opened his mouth and licked it, moving slowly to where her arm met her chest. “Who would imagine that I’m enjoying her armpit? Who would imagine she does?”

“You idiot, I’d never—ah!”

His licking became more pronounced, and he more eager and excited. They’d been out on a hot day, and thus she tasted salty. It didn’t put him off. Rather, he enjoyed how distinctively it felt like Emilia, her unique, incestuous taste. It felt very visceral eating her up like that, and personal; few would imagine, let alone dare to enjoy her the way he did, and he wanted to enjoy all of her, even the embarrassing parts. Or especially the embarrassing parts.

“B-big brother…” She was flustered and breathing heavily, loudly: the sound of arousal. She was shifting her legs, rubbing them together. He knew what she was trying to do, and having her hands lifted over her head wasn’t making it easy for her. He lowered his hand to her pelvis, and even through her clothes, he could feel warmth and her slowly developing wetness.

He stopped his licking so he could look at her. One look at her face and he could tell. Eyes half closed, red cheeks, lips sensually parted. Yes, that was the expression of an aroused girl. She wasn’t saying anything; she was too embarrassed to. Last night, he’d made her come with her feet, and she still hadn’t got over that completely. Now he was making her with her armpits. That was so… So… So perverted!

Though she didn’t have it in her to ask, he knew what she wanted, and so he dived into her left armpit. She was so soft over there, so hairless. Feeling her reminded him of how young and tender she was. A little child’s armpits, perfectly shaped and criminally prepubescent. Who wouldn’t want to touch her? She parted her thighs so he could touch her more easily, though there was only so much he could do over her clothes.

Still, there was no mistaking his touch, his powerful, masculine fingers, the pressure on her cunny. She was so tiny, and he so large, that if he put one inside of her, it would almost be like he was fucking her with a cock—a human-sized one, that is. His tongue, too, covered so much of her, and it was so warm. He shouldn’t be touching her there, it was preposterous, and yet he was. She should have disgusted him—she was so dirty—but he loved her more for it. It made her feel so
happy to be acted upon, to lay down as she did and allow him to do with her as he pleased, to extract depraved pleasure wherever he touched.

The wet fabric around her crotch was blatant now. She had no excuse. He stopped and looked at her again. She was close. A little bit more, and she’d climax. It had gone surprisingly fast; she must have been very sensitive. Perhaps all their intimacy from before had helped build up to it; it certainly had got him in the mood.

He’d tortured the child enough, so he reached for the hem of her dress, and with a bit of her help, he snuck his hand under it. He trailed his fingers over her legs and thighs as he made his way up to her genitals, summoning moans from his little sister. She was trying to hold them back, and though she did a fair job at not screaming and letting everyone know what she was up to, she couldn’t hide them from him.

She was bare down there. Not because there was no hair on her ten-year-old vulva either, but because she wore no underwear. He smirked, and she turned her head on the side. So that’s what she’d been planning on. She gasped when he touched her; she was completely drenched, extremely obvious against her velvety smoothness.

He kissed her so she would face him again, first on her cheek, then on the edge of her mouth. She was being stubborn. So, he did the first thing that came to mind and kissed her right armpit again. Immediately, an “Ah!” came from above; clearly, he had some effect. As he licked her soft skin, he moved his palm around in circles on her pussy, and the wet sounds were audible even out in the open, despite the ambient noise.

She was not just soft, but also squishy. Her lips were remarkably puffy, almost a stereotype of a child’s genitals. He’d love to look at her and poke at her flesh for hours, but he wasn’t sadistic enough, and that would torment her in her current state. He stopped rubbing her, and parted her lips, exposing her entrance, so he could tease it with his middle finger. She was gushing, and all the blood flow in the region exuded heat from her insides; almost uncomfortably warm.

He’d hardly touched her little hole when he’d felt it. *Ah, there!* It was very subtle, a small variance in tightness, but there definitely shouldn’t be this kind of blockage there, not after their first night together. It was true, then; she’d restored her virginity somehow. He wondered if it was intentional or a side effect of her overall efforts. Both were equiprobable given what he knew so far.

Instead of penetrating her, he felt around it, sensing her texture, her warmth, the subtle pulsing of her heartbeat making its way down there. “Mmm!” she let out, her restrained moaning getting increasingly out of control, as she edged on the verge of climax. Her head was upright now; no more averting her gaze.

He leaned in on her ear. “You’re fairly slutty for a maiden. Your flesh is unsullied, but your mind tells a different story.”

“Do you like it, big brother?”

“Oh, to touch a ten-year-old’s hymen. I could wage a war for one as perfect as yours. Aren’t I a fortuitous paedophile, to have privileged access to my little sister.” Admitting it made him feel like a creep, but touching the undeniable proof of Emilia’s innocence directly was ecstasy. It was like Emilia had said: it was emblematic of her childish charm. Having it in his hand, all his to enjoy and control, pressed all the right buttons of a possessive side he didn’t know he had. It made him feel powerful. Unique. Desired. Trusted.

Her breathing was getting in the way of articulating anything sensible now, and she couldn’t focus
her eyes properly. “Ma… Marcus! Please!” she begged. The anticipation was driving her insane; she needed a little bit more, one final push, and she’d be able to climax. Her tiny cunny was burning, and he was denying her the pleasures of penetration. She’d punch her way out if she had to!

Finally, Marcus thrust his finger inside, with one but not too hasty motion. As soon as he’d entered her, that was enough to spur her orgasm; her walls clamped down on his finger from all directions, constricting him as if to choke it, their scalding heat all too real on his skin. It was nothing compared to his penis, but still, with their size difference, even with this he was most of the way through her vaginal canal.

She was going to scream, and he knew it. He had no intention of dealing with worried guards, running towards them to “save the day”, so he covered her mouth with his own, kissing her as she came. She was taken aback, but gave herself into it almost immediately, ignoring her instincts and allowing him to pleasure her body. His finger was moving around inside her; not pumping, but it still added to the sensations.

She moaned inside his mouth, as much as she could while he was keeping her tongue occupied. His own breathing indicated his arousal, his kiss as sloppy as hers had been a short while earlier. She didn’t care about the mess he was making of her, only that it felt so good to have her big brother on top of her. He was gigantic compared to her, with a dominating frame.

He was kissing not only his lover, but his sister, and a young child as well, all her attributes combining into one, a place only for her. She didn’t have to pretend she was someone else, that they were born from different parents, or that she’d seen more winters than her body betrayed. Yes, she could see what he’d meant earlier. He loved her purity, and he loved her impurity, her pure affection, and the unforgivable sins she led him to. They were one and the same, not something to be ashamed of, something to fix. He loved her for both the right and the wrong reasons, and it wouldn’t be possible any other way.

There was too much going on. She closed her eyes, too moist now to see properly, and the pressure on her eyelids send some of it down her cheeks as tears. Liquid came gushing out of her cunt as well, too much arousal building up, too many spasming muscles around his digit. He kept kissing her for as long as it lasted, stifling her voice. It didn’t feel right; her vocal chords indicated she was being very loud, but little of it made its way to her ears.

About a minute later, she’d calmed down enough, so he took his tongue out. Her mouth felt sore after having something so large inside it for so long, but she didn’t mind it; it was more evidence of her brother’s love. His finger was still inside her, and it felt wonderful. She’d happily warm him up during the cold winter nights to come, both his fingers and any other appendages.

Sobriety returned to her, so did realisation, and it was too embarrassing to bear. She had come! He’d made her feel good—which was nothing to complain about—but he did it by harassing her armpits, of all places! That was… It was so nasty! Oh, goodness, he was turning her into a weirdo; what kind of girl would feel good through that place?! It was so wrong. However, he’d said he even liked the less commendable parts of her too, so perhaps she was being too hard on herself. He did feel lovely, after all.

As soon as it got better, it got even worse. She did feel very good, but she was the only one who’d felt good. There was no way he could have climaxed, not without an erection. That was simply unacceptable; she’d failed him as his partner. How selfish of her to only receive pleasure, but not give any. She was so shameless.

He kissed her on her cheek, then rubbed his on it, like they were a pair of felines. “What’s
bothering you? Ah, did I go too far? I’m sorry, I did hear your protests, but I thought—"

“No, no, it isn’t like that! I-it felt very good,” she rushed in to correct his misunderstanding. The last thing she wanted was for him to feel like he’d unintentionally raped her or something. With how he was, he’d beat himself over that for years. “It’s that you didn’t, you know… Only I felt good.”

“You worry about the stupidest things,” he said, petting her head. “It was fun for me, too.”

“But—"

He turned to face her, looking at her eyes. “Don’t say anything dumb, or I’ll smack you senseless. I really, truly love pleasing you, and I don’t care how you’ve rationalised it’s unfair. Do you feel like it’s unfair when you treat me well?”

Her eyes unfocused, and she placed a finger over her mouth by reflex. He gave her a minute to mull over it, and she spoke up once she’d finished hatching her nefarious plan. “Would you like to have a bath tonight? With me?”

He chuckled. Now quite what he’d expected, but she was an imaginative girl, so it was hard anticipating her next move in general. “What do you have in mind? Did I make you feel dirty?” He touched her nose with her index finger. He slowly removed his other finger from her vagina—Emilia gasped—then turned around and got up in a sitting position, stretching himself. He licked the fluids she’d left on his hand, taking great care not to waste any.

When he looked at her again, she’d turned into a tomato. “When would you like to meet?” she asked.

“Hmmm. What about 9? Would that be okay?”

“Mhm.”

“Emilia?”

“Y-yes?”

“Try not to make anything explode, alright?”

She got up as well and giggled. “Now, why would I do that?”

Having fooled around to their hearts’ content, they packed up their stuff and walked back inside. Emilia had to hold her basket in front of her crotch so her soggy clothes wouldn’t arouse suspicion. Then again, even if anyone saw, the first thing they would think would be that she wet herself, instead of having her brother’s finger as deep inside her cunt as he could thrust it. They could never imagine that the ten year old was arguably the city’s most debauched whore. Except for in their heads, perhaps, during long, lonely nights, with only their palms for company.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Emilia and Marcus have a really hot and moist bath. :^)
“How did you pull this off?” he asked.

“Oh, you know… Some buckets, some lifting, some of my womanly touch.” Her grin turned so evil he'd be surprised if she hadn't grown a tail and a pair of wings to go with it. “The usual.”

He was fairly certain there was more to the story that she let on, but everything looked like it was in one piece, and no maids looked terribly abused or suffering from back pain, so on first inspection he could give it a pass. It was a bit ludicrous imagining a little girl having carried all that water here by herself, not to mention finding a way to warm it up to an acceptable level, all within her limited time frame. However, with the things he'd seen this week, his suspension of disbelief had been through significant readjustments. Perhaps that made him too eager to trust her, but this wasn't the time or place to have an existential crisis.

“Well? Would you like to splash around with me?” she asked. She didn't have to, but at least it prompted him to begin undressing. He unbuttoned and removed his clothes as slowly as he could get away with, and Emilia was very partial to the show. She wasn't even trying to hide how she was sucking her thumb, and it only emboldened him.

Marcus had always had an impressive physique, but her “womanly touch” had helped him go the extra mile, and his body type was nothing short of heroic. He could crush her limbs by simply squeezing them too much, and his perfectly defined abdomen was irresistible. She wanted to run her fingers on it and examine the curvature of his muscles. They'd be erotic and useful in equal measure when he'd be mounting her and filling her with his manhood. Soon…

He took everything off, and he carefully folded it, placing it in a corner where it hopefully wouldn't get wet. He started walking towards her, her eyes fixated on how his genitals swung with his pace. When he got within a couple of feet, Emilia got in the water, and he followed, though with more care, since he wasn't as used to the heat. It wasn't too warm; due to how Emilia had raised and balanced it to its current temperature, there was no point in overheating it to maximise the time a warm bath could stay reasonably warm.

She could feel the level rising when he got inside; her big brother occupied a larger volume than the delicate child. “Ahhh, it's been a while,” he said.

“If you like it that much, you should have done that sooner.”

“Oh, the bath is good, but I think it's having it with my sister that I like.”

“You definitely should have done that sooner,” she insisted.

She looked so beautiful like that, most of her body under the water, obscured by ripples and refraction. That drew more attention to her neck, her shoulders, her nipples, traces of water visible on them, begging him to lick her, to feel her. She was so fragile and young; it was scandalous that her beauty ignited such dirty thoughts in him.

“What?” Emilia wondered. He'd been staring at her, saying nothing. She smiled, her cheeks out of her control. “Big brother?” He moved in to kiss her, and she let him do it, locking lips with him. She swore his mouth was as warm as the water. She was caught between the edge and his body, and it emphasised his strength. If he wanted to have her there, she wouldn't resist him. Any way he wanted, even if it hurt her.

That wasn't what he had in mind, however. He wanted to kiss her. He brushed his finger on her cheek and jaw, his face less than an inch away from hers. “You're the most beautiful thing I've seen. You must be an angel. You have to.” Emilia blushed, and it wasn't because of the warmth.
He leaned in, kissed her nape, smelled her hair, wrapping a protective hand around her. “I love you.”

She let him have a moment. She didn't want to ruin it with words. He stayed like that, kissing her, breathing in her odour. She could feel his breath on her skin, masculine and heavy. It wasn't displaying strength or dominance; he was being emotional. Emilia loved her brother, so much she couldn't bear it sometimes, but she was so overwhelmed by her feelings that she sometimes lost sight of how he felt.

He loved her at least as much as she did. They hadn't talked yet about how precisely he felt, but she had a vague idea. Overcome with misconceptions about how disgusting and perverted he was, he could have resigned himself to a marriage of convenience, held together by self-interest, obligation, and compromise. Yearning him for five years was agonising for her, but his problems could have lasted for far longer. Being together was a consummation of her desires for her, but it could have deeper implications for him, like how he perceived his worth, his place in society, or the world at large.

She held his finger, clasped it, and that told him she got how he felt, at least a little. He gave her some space, and she moved in deeper, farther from the edge. “Wash me,” she said, presenting her back to him. It was very well defined, and more alluring with droplets tracing paths through its curves. He placed his fingertips on her shoulder blade, then lowered them, feeling her muscle and bone groups for himself.

He cupped some water and poured it carefully over Emilia's back, then he rubbed her. It was sensory bliss for her; the warmth of the water, his hands, and his weight were the perfect combination. She should ask him to do this again. He didn't seem to mind. Her breasts, her feet, her back; he'd rub any part of her with pleasure. Even if she told him to pick up her excrement, he'd likely only put up a token resistance.

“Something's been on my mind,” he finally spoke up. “On the night of the ball… We know how that turned out, but what if it hadn't gone the way it did? What if I'd rejected your advances?”

“It was a risk. I had my suspicions—the way you watched over me, the way you touched me—but I couldn't have known for sure.”

“Was I really that flagrant?”

She chuckled. “To me, you were. I don't think anyone else noticed. The king harbouring feelings for a little kid? His sister? That's absurd.” He poured more water on her, and resumed his massage. He focused on her spine—he really liked her spine. It was dangerous letting a stranger play around with it, as lots of important nerves passed through. She trusted he'd never hurt her, and he felt honoured to deserve her trust.

“Even if you'd turned me down, I wouldn't have given up,” she admitted. “The further you pushed me away, the harder I'd try to be with you. If you married me off to someone far away, I'd kill him and come back. If you did it again, so would I. I'd keep sending my spouses to the next world, until nobody would dare touch me. If you ordered your guards to keep me in place, then I'd have to deal with them, too.”

“That's a bit morbid.” More water, this time over her left shoulder. He focused on her shoulder blade, around it and under it. It hurt a little—he could summon a lot of force, as expected of someone so large and well trained—but it wasn't a bad pain. He was unwinding her muscles, and she liked being his plaything. Sometimes, her selective sense of propriety made her embarrassed, but despite it, she genuinely enjoyed his touch, the way he explored the corners of her body. She'd
put a lot effort in being beautiful for him, and this was an affirmation of his love, but also an
acknowledgement of her superb work, even where she was certain there was nothing remarkable.

“I love you, Marcus. I can't be with another man. Teasing you a little is one thing, but allowing
someone else to have their way with me, being intimate with someone who isn't you, that's…” She
trailed off, raising her own hand to her shoulder. “I live only for you. If you said so, I'd die for you.
I don't care about other people. So long as I have you, everyone else might as well not exist.”

He put his arms on her shoulders and locked them in front of her. “You should have a normal life,
though. You need friends and comrades. People who aren't me. At least a few of them.”

“I know. Don't worry.” After a few moments, he put his thumbs on her nape and massaged it. The
pressure reverberated to her head, a wave of relaxation that stopped her thought process
completely, as if she'd fallen asleep for three seconds. “You're really special. That's all.” She
closed her eyes, and tried to focus on Marcus' hands. He was holding back. There was a carnal element
there, but even after all she'd told him, he was keeping it in. She'd have to punish him.

“There's lots of lovers out there. One can find love anywhere, in anyone,” she explained. “But there
isn't anyone else like you. I only have one brother. We came from the same womb. We grew up
together. The blood in me… is also your blood.” She fell silent, but there was more she wanted to
say. “I love you, but it isn't just love. There's some elegance, some restoration of cosmic balance in
being with you. Like a puzzle. I feel we're built to be together.”

“You feel that our love is sacred because it's incestuous?”

It felt a little weird when he put it in those terms, like she had some discomfort saying it explicitly.
But when all was said and done, that's what her point amounted to. “Yes.” A straightforward
answer to a direct question. No rhetoric. She turned around to face him, but got shy and stared at
the water instead. “Is that bad? Would it have been better if we'd fallen in love as strangers?”

He tried grabbing her hand, but he ended up stroking her thigh. The water was confusing him.
Close enough. “You're special to me because you're my sister. If you weren't, it wouldn't have been
the same.” He swallowed and exhaled, trying to beat down the resistance to admitting something.
“I like that you're my sister. It makes me love you more. If it's bad, I want to be bad. Let's be bad
together.”

She wanted to kiss him. She had to kiss him. She got up to reach his face, put her hands on his
cheeks and embraced him. “Marcus…” she said when she had air. “My brother!” She held him
close; she tightened her fingers around his hair, and pressed her fingernails against his scalp. “My
brother!” Each exclamation had more force, more perversion, more possessiveness behind it, the
words kindling for her arousal.

She put her thumb on his lower lip, feeling the saliva she'd left behind. He was captivated by her,
so much that he'd forgotten how to speak, how to move. Should she reward him now, hmm? No,
he'd been a bad brother. He'd have to be disciplined first, again and again until she'd hammered it
through his thick skull. She swore, sometimes he drove her against the wall with his antics,
although there was some irony in that statement; redeeming himself would be as simple as literally
pressing his weight on her against a wall.

“Turn around,” she said. He was confused, still in a trance. “I'll wash you. Turn around,” she
repeated, and this time she got through. Even his back was large; she hadn't had the opportunity to
enjoy it yet, because of how they'd been going about their intimate sessions. She put her hand on it,
and she felt tiny and powerless in comparison. He was so big and beautiful, her lovely brother. She
poured some water on him, as he had, but didn't use her hands to massage him. Instead, she pressed
her body on his back.

“Ah! Emilia?” he jumped up slightly. “You're supposed to use your hands.”

“They're too little, big brother. My chest has more surface area.”

“I-I can feel your…,” he trailed off.

“My what? What can you feel?”

He hesitated, but the silence soon became more awkward than the answer. “Your nipples. They're hard.”

“Do you like that?” He could feel her heat on his back, the softness of her skin. He could feel her moving, up and down, softer than any towel, a little water between them to lessen the friction. She wrapped her arms around him. “Do you like your sister's breasts?” He didn't answer. “But there's nothing to look at, is there? They're a kid's breasts, tiny and undeveloped. What would a proper, upstanding man find in them?”

He was caught up in her mischief, but he wasn't being very talkative, so she had to get her answers from elsewhere. She lowered her hands to his pelvis, grabbing his testicles. “Hey! That isn't my back,” he said.

“Oh, but that's your dirtiest part. That's what drives you to fuck your ten-year-old sister.” She squeezed his balls as much as she could before he screamed out in pain. They were enormous and pleasantly soft; a pair of apples that enabled and empowered her. They were heavy with arousal; their short excursions always left him wanting, not fully satisfied. She could feel it, because that's how she felt, too. Their mutual teasing, or merely being around each other was building up to something unprecedented. The pleasure she was giving him didn't defuse it, but postponed the inevitable.

She reached for his penis, and she could tell by its size and the blood flow: he was getting excited. “You *are* having fun! My, my, what a perverted king, unable to even have a simple bath with his innocent sister.”

“You're the least innocent girl I've ever seen!” he protested.

“I'm a developing girl, curious about how the human body works. I'm so guileless and immature, I don't know what boundaries are. The adults in my life need to be responsible for me.” It was impressive how she could come up with these things, but even more that she could say them without laughing out loud. Even as she explained how irresponsible Marcus was, she was stroking his length, taking in his inflating size; she needed both hands to wrap around over a foot of girth.

“Alas, my parents are gone, and my closest relative, the person I should lean on the most, is craving the touch of my kiddy palms, the preteen joys of my body. Who knows what he'd like to do to me when we're alone together. He's so big and strong, overpowering me would be akin to stepping on an ant. Thinking about it horrifies me!” Her tone was anything but horrified. Marcus was either not picking up on it, or not acting on it for whatever insecure reason.

He was being annoying. That was it; she'd had enough. “Get up. Over there,” she said, pointing at the edge of the bath.

“Huh? Why? What do you have in mind?” She gave no reply, because she didn't need to say it twice. He was sensing an evil vibe, but he was more scared of how much worse it could get by refusing her rather than indulging her. Reluctantly, he obeyed, and lifted himself up a bit on the
edge, his back still turned to him.

She smacked his butt, the sound reverberating through the stone room, increasing in both volume and embarrassment. He yelped, but didn't complain.

"Tight. I see where I take mine from," Emilia said. Hers was definitely squishier, though, even at her young age; muscle was much harder than fat. It felt different focusing on his rear for a change, but there was a certain kink to it. If he'd been the younger brother, she'd be sexually harassing him for years and years; it was a real wonder how he'd managed to resist the temptation for so long. It renewed her appreciation for his self-control, even though it had worked against her.

"Is this innocent curiosity also?" he teased her.

"Shut up." Her fondling made him raise his butt and arch his back, as expected. He was taking the bait, or allowing himself to take it, but it was all the same to her. She placed her hand between his thighs, prompting him to spread them, giving her access to his sensitive areas. It was a little funny seeing his testicles jiggle from that angle. She lifted them a little bit, securing them in place, then kissed them.

"You've been really interested in those things tonight. Ran out of steam?" he said. Her kissing turned to licking, and he was particularly sensitive to it down there. He could feel her lips and tongue, her wetness and heat, her velvety touch on his balls. She attacked him from all directions, using her fingers to caress what her mouth couldn't reach. He could hear the sounds of her lips, her tongue, and her breathing, and it was all so lewd and improper, having such a small girl wash his testicles with her mouth.

His smell and taste were arguably the strongest there, and even in the bath, she could tell. It was intoxicating; big brother's special signature. No one else had felt this—this was hers. She opened her mouth wide, trying to cover more surface area, alternating between his nuts, giving both a fair treatment. She was slow and thorough, not wanting to leave any corner untouched.

She stuffed one of his balls in her mouth. Marcus let out a long, loud sigh as she enveloped his gonad with her pleasant warmth. The source of his seed was in her mouth; it was an exquisite sensation. She was very careful in licking it, tasting it, trying not to accidentally bite it. She understood how he felt when he'd teased her armpits earlier; there was a supreme intimacy in savouring him. Not only that—she could hurt him if she wanted to, so being allowed to suck on him made her feel special, trusted.

She moved to the other testicle, while her free hands stroked around the base of his penis. He was close now, just a little bit more and he'd be fully erect. He was large, so inhumanly long and thick, and her position was optimal for her to appreciate it. Her hands were on fire; she held his shaft and pressed from every direction, the massive equine member that she lusted for. It would go inside her and ravage her, stuffing her with so much meat she doubled in size; semen would flood out of his balls and coat her insides, filling her to the brim, soaking her with masculine honey.

Once he'd reached his maximum size, his breathing laboured with arousal, she moved on to the next stage. She put her hands on his buttocks, pressed, and spread them. She licked her way up his perineum until she reached his anus, which definitely wasn't something he'd planned on.

"H-hey! Hey, Emilia?" She could hear his surprise, and it was musical. She licked around the entrance; his smell was different there, but very strong. "That's—" And directly on it, it was stronger still. Bitter, but not bad; it was Marcus'. She tightened her grip on his buttocks, drawing some pained winces from him. "Emilia, that's dir—ah!"
She wasn't going to listen to his protests—or rather, she was going to *listen*, but not obey. If he didn't like it, well, maybe he should start listening to her. His anus was twitching frantically, likely because he didn't know what to do or how to feel. It might have occurred to him that he could wrestle his way out of this, but with her hands so close to the family jewels—and on the water's temperature, for that matter—the power dynamic in their relationship wasn't skewed in his favour.

So she kept licking his arsehole, until his sphincter was wet and relaxed. She pulled back a little to admire her work; she craved to be on the receiving end in due time. This wasn't too bad either, though, for as weird as it made him feel, there was something inherently submissive about a little girl eating out her brother's arsehole. He was right: it was dirty, and wrong, and degenerate, and that's why it made her feel so good.

She knew he was having fun too, deep down, of course. She didn't have it in her to hurt him, not truly, no more than he did. In spite of his protests, he enjoyed the depravity of it all. This was their mutual problem, something they'd have to work on, but it hit him harder than it did her, and they weren't going to stick together in the long term if he was always too embarrassed to come forward and tell her what he wanted out of their relationship.

She imagined how much better it would have felt if he'd *told* her to rim him.

With that thought, she dove back in, inserting her little tongue in his shithole to tease his rectum. She felt so bad to be doing this, but at the same time, she felt that she needed to go the extra mile to prove her dedication to her brother. As he'd pleased all parts of her, she'd service all parts of him, no matter how unconventional it was. Her responsibilities as a woman, a lover, and a sister piled on top of each other in a sense, inflating their intensity.

Marcus was torn. On the one hand, he felt like a douchebag, having his beautiful sister do something so disgusting. On the other, being serviced this way made him feel like a king, or, at least, more of a king than everyday life. The way her little tongue snaked inside his arsehole was simultaneously arousing and relaxing. He could feel how warm it was, and the saliva she left on his bowels. And her noises, *oh goodness*, they were the apex of obscenity. He wasn't complaining any longer, having resigned himself to the sensations. He was rock hard, and focused all his energy on not stroking, for if he touched himself, he'd surely ejaculate.

That did not escape Emilia, and it was her cue to wrap things up. She took her tongue out of her brother's shitter and, after ensuring his insides were well-lubricated, replaced it with her finger. This prompted Marcus' most hyperbolic reaction yet; he jumped up at the intrusion, but there was no escaping her assault.

“Hey, whoa, Emilia! Wait!” She wasn't letting down, despite Marcus' obvious disapproval. The insertion had been fairly easy due to her saliva, having stretched him out, and how small her finger was to begin with. She was following his movements, so that it wouldn't slip out. Marcus was playing with fire here, trying her patience, and she reminded him by placing her other hand on his testicles, her touch making his place obvious.

“What are you doing?!”

“You've been a bad, bad boy,” she scolded him, her tone a mix of vengeful self-righteousness and exhilaration. “I gave you a simple, straightforward instruction, and it'd slipped your mind but a few hours later.”

“No, I—” She rotated her finger inside him, feeling around his rectum. For someone so bulky, he was very soft on the inside, but all intestines were basically like that. Still, despite her work, he was very tight; clearly he wasn't planning on using it for pleasure.
“I told you not to treat me with kid gloves, but *no, no*, I guess that was too complex an instruction for the genius king.” She thrust her finger inside up to the last knuckle, until it couldn't go any further inside. “I know you've been holding back. Did you really think I wouldn't notice?”

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry!”

“I'm not made of glass, and you will fuck me whenever you want to. If you don't use me to relieve yourself, then I'll have to get creative.” There was a certain irony in her phrasing, but no more than sexualising a prepubescent girl. She pressed towards his belly, poking around for the right spot. She'd seen sketches and descriptions in her books, but there was nothing like hands-on experience, plus her brother's proportions were on the atypical side. After an uncomfortable jerk or seven, she'd figured it out, then pressed as hard as she could.

“No! Ah!” he shouted, but it was no use; she'd found his prostate, and there was no stopping reflexes. His orgasm hit him like a pack of stampeding bulls. He'd already been close, and Emilia had body slammed him to completion; no finesse or reluctance, more retribution than intimacy. His semen gushed out with great force, in spite of how sudden his climax was, the result of arousal that had been building up since morning.

His penis flared as wave after wave of fluid came pouring out, flying ahead of him with incredible pressure. He'd never felt something like this before. Emilia had hardly even touched his penis, instead making him come from his arse. He felt embarrassed, ashamed, as if he'd been emasculated somehow. And yet, at the same time relieved, like if a great burden had been taken off him, a weight he'd been adding onto slowly enough not to notice how crippling it was.

He let it happen. He had no choice in the matter, so there was no point dwelling on it. So much seed was flooding out of him—he could feel himself emptying, feel its heat passing through his urethra. He could see the lines he'd left on the floor, but at least cleaning would be simpler given their current location. Eventually, after a couple dozen seconds of ecstasy, he could feel his orgasm subsiding. He relaxed, allowing himself to fall back into the bath, Emilia removing her finger from his butthole, and wrapping her hands around his shaft instead.

The water's hot embrace was the perfect followup to his ejaculation. Thanks to Emilia's witchcraft, it hadn't lost any of its temperature. She squeezed his shaft, sending what little remained of his come swimming in the water. Her stroking was slow and careful now, much unlike the way she'd been finger fucking him. It was so weird how dexterous she could be at her age, as if she'd had many years of practice behind her. Resourceful as she was, he doubted she snuck out to play with the breeding stallions with nobody knowing, so he was more comfortable chalkling it up to her innate eroticism.

She must've had a funny thought, because she started giggling, and couldn't stop. “What?” he asked.

“Oh, it's nothing. I thought about how funny it is that I took your anal virginity before you took mine.”

“Emilia…,” he said in a scolding tone.

“Careful, big brother. Don't try your luck, or I might end up taking even more of your virginities.” To illustrate, she raised her hand to his tip and traced circles around the opening of his urethra. “Unless you'd like that. Your mouth said otherwise, but your dick enjoyed having your sister's finger in your arse. Big brother, would you like me to play with the insides of your big, fat horse cock too?”
“No, nonono, nope, nope, nope.”

“Oh, come on, it'll be fuuuun.” She placed her index finger over the entrance, still oversensitive from its previous ejaculation. “I'm really tiny, smaller than even most girls my age, and you're enormous. I bet I could fit a finger right in. Don't worry, I'll be sure to clean up first.”

“No!” he said, this time with more force.

“Your mouth and your actions are completely out of sync. Why, you've told me many things you ultimately went back on. How could I trust such a person?” She put more pressure against his entrance, parting it very slightly. “You know, I think you might actually be tighter here than my pussy, but I'll figure out a way to stretch you. Do you think you'll be able to come if I keep it up long enough?”

*Oh, that's it!* He'd had enough! He shook himself free from Emilia's grasp, turned around, and grabbed both of her arms. “Ah! Big brother!” she laughed. He brought skinny wrists together held them in his left hand, then pulled as he lowered his right under her butt, finally lifting her in his arms. “Oh, you're manhandling me! So rough! The pain, the horror!” she mocked him.

She was light as a feather. He turned around and put her on the edge, a mirror of their last position. He let go of her hands, grabbed her legs, and drew her closer to him, so that she was sitting right in front of him, her feet in the water, but the rest of her body glistening as water droplets reflected the candlelight. He was taken aback by the sight, by the sheer poetry of the atmosphere she'd so carefully crafted. He had to hand it to her: she had a great taste for romance.

Emilia noticed his staring, so she raised her arms above her head and stretched herself to give him a better look. Droplets ran down her chest following her subtle curves, the curvature of her bones and muscles. Her nipples were red with arousal and warmth, a pair of sirens singing him a paedophile song, stopping his thoughts and numbing his brain.

“What is it, big brother? Grew tired of sexually harassing your sister? It must be so hard for you, holding all of your lecherous thoughts inside. They'll grow and grow and grow, until they extend a full two feet from your crotch, like an equine tumour. If only you had a lover willing to help you out…”

Alright, alright he got it. It had taken him far too long, but he got it. He had issues, and she was trying to help him out, in her own unconventional way. Then again, he was very capable at talking his way out of things, and rationalising it as the right thing to do, so maybe she had a point with her tough love strategy. He couldn't deny it worked. She enjoyed taking the lead, but not if that was all she did, all the more so if the reason was insecurity. He'd have to learn to live a little.

He hurled himself at her and went straight for her nipples. No loving kiss, no gentle touch preceding it, just raw lust for her body. He kissed her nipple, took it in his mouth and lightly bit on it, as he used his hand to play with the other, feel her smooth flatness, her soft skin, her breast, her sternum, her heartbeat.

His desire was evident, and highly arousing for Emilia. He was a tender person—too tender, too focused on her, and not nearly enough on himself. Yes, he loved her, but he was now kissing her not to prove his affection, or to make her feel good; he was doing it because he wanted it, wanted it madly. He wanted to touch her and taste her, to bite her and pinch her, to extract pleasure from her kiddy chest, because this was what his perverted mind enjoyed the most: the flesh of children. Her breasts were his sex objects.

Kisses, bites, licks; he alternated between her nipples, his hunger growing instead of subsiding. He
placed his hands on her sides, and his large hands covered her shoulder blades and most of her back. He held her still, tightly, securely, so she wouldn't escape. He was so large and overpowering, he could rip her in half if he dug his nails in her. She let out a protracted moan and surrendered herself to his assault, letting him coat her with this saliva, his smell, his taste.

In truth, he loved how tiny she was. She looked cute, defenceless, in need. She pulled his parental strings and played him like a marionette, an overwhelming need to protect her. His protectiveness wasn't wholesome, but carnal. Brother, lover; parent, child abuser: there weren't distinctions or contradictions; they were identical.

Loving her made him feel powerful, and wielding it responsibly made him feel more powerful still; power over her, power over himself, for her and for himself. Providing her with security, and providing her with pleasure. Shielding her, ravaging her. It was a thin line, and it was his to walk, and she trusted him to do it, because she knew he loved her.

The more innocent she was, the more he wanted to deflower her. The weaker she looked, the more he wanted to violate her. The smaller she was, the more he wanted to stuff her full of horse cock. The younger she was, the more feminine her sexuality.

He went lower, towards her navel. He stuck his tongue inside, drinking up the droplets stuck there. Her indentation was tiny and cute. It was remarkably similar to his; they had the same doctors, the same parents, the same upbringing. He got an intense incestuous feeling from licking it, recoiled slightly, then redoubled his efforts with increased zeal.

It was so bad; she was his sister. She was his, because she was his sister. There was no way he could let anyone else have her. He'd behead anyone thinking otherwise; heck, he'd swing the sword himself. What was the point of raising such a perfect girl, teaching her how to be smart and decent, only to hand her over to some stranger so that they would enjoy the fruits of your labour? No. He deserved her. From the moment she was conceived, she'd existed to give him love and pleasure, to be fondled by him.

She put her hand on his head as if to say *lower*, and if her breathing hadn't given it away, that touch sure did: she wanted to be fucked. He had no doubt that if he tried to penetrate her, she'd welcome him with open arms—legs, more like—but there was being true to oneself, and there was sadism. If she was unprepared, he'd certainly hurt her, and ignoring it would be as dishonest as inaction. Emilia had her own kinks to work on.

He placed a hand on her lower back and pressed towards him; she followed his direction and inched closer, supporting her weight with her feet and hands. She spread her legs, presenting her preteen vulva to him, all puffy and wet, a materialisation of her dual nature as a woman and a child. A kid's pussy shouldn't be this arousing, or at least that's what his theology teacher would say. Then again, religious types always said things that were the polar opposites of reality, sometimes to cover up their own insecurities, so if he followed the pattern…

Spreading her labia with his thumbs, he could see her hymen up close for the first time, her pristine hole inspiring mad lust in him. He knew her witchcraft was to blame for it, but still, there was a symbolism in it, an innate appeal that couldn't disappear merely because she found a supernatural way around it. Her intact holes highlighted her femininity, making him crave her unspoiled body, to stuff her full of equine cock.

Having had his fill of admiring her, he dove in and tasted her; her little lips, full of prepubescent softness and her arousal, a familiar saltiness attacking his tongue. She put her hands on his head and grasped at his hair, pushing him towards her, little squeaks of excitement escaping her along the way. The sheer amount of lubrication pouring out of her was a mismatch with her small size;
her virginal, impossibly tight hole was easily covered by tongue. He licked her with religious fervour, enamoured by the adult lust the small child was experiencing.

He broke free from her and stood up. The towering giant's muscular body looked all the better in these lighting conditions and perspective; she lay down on her back, then spread her legs and labia wide to welcome him, pale softness surrounding a pink slit begging to be fucked. She was so beautiful and small and tight; being inside her was paradise, and all his reproductive instincts were demanding that he fill her up with his manhood, even as his rational half knew it was ridiculous. That she welcomed it so eagerly made it all the better, his baby sister anxious to be deflowered by two feet of horse cock all over again.

Plans were a little bit different, however. “That's not what we'll be doing tonight,” he said, reaching for her legs and bringing them together, placing his cock on her stomach. Though he'd had an orgasm, he was quickly recovering and reinflating to his mind-boggling size; he was already reaching up to her sternum, his base sandwiched between her thighs and her pussy.

“You can have me, big brother.”

“We'll stick to the original plan.” Penetration wouldn't be severely harmful to her, but he could tell she was still recovering from their first night together. That, and most of her attention had been on her other hole the past few days; forcing things would only further postpone what they were both looking forward to.

“Besides, you've turned into such a slut, I don't even need to stick it inside you, do I?” he teased her. She retaliated by bumping the side of his head with her foot; he grabbed it and kissed her sole, lingering far too long, maximising how lewd and awkward the act felt. First her feet, then her armpits, and now her thighs; what a perverted brother.

Emilia could feel him twitch and grow as he molested her lower extremities. She put her hands on his member and explored his length, large and wide and simultaneously soft and hard. Her little fingers only exacerbated his excitement, the equine member pulsing full of blood and inching ever closer to her face. The sensation of his massive cock excited her as well, as large as her leg and heavy against her body. The mere sight of it sent jolts through her spine, her breathing growing irregular as memories of how her tiny body had distended and deformed when it was inside of her returned. The larger he was, the more she wanted him to destroy her, to make her useless for any other suitor.

She placed her feet on either side of his face, as his cock once again reached its maximum length. His mushroom tip was right up against her face, and she need only make a tiny motion to reach down and lick it. She headed straight for his hole and scooped up his precome, his flare widening like a flower from her touch. She put her hands on it to feel his motions, his inhuman member and its weird anatomy. It changed in size as more precome pumped out of it, and she drank it all, delighting in his bestial qualities.

Looking down on her hugging his gigantic meat pole was unreal; cradling it like it was a baby, while sucking on it with frenzied lust, most of her body covered by his shaft. She caught wind of it and assumed an even more suggestive position, tracing her hands up and down his length, from where it jutted out between her thighs to his pulsating flare. Her movements were slow and methodical, maximising the pleasure he was receiving from her little fingers, her soft palms. She looked into his eyes with a suggestive smile, every so often licking a drop of precome.

“How I imagine what's going on in that head of yours?” she said. “Terrible, horrible things, I bet. Are you into little girls hugging your animal cock? When you shove that thing inside me, it's going to make it *all~* the way through my bowels; I'm going to double in size when you fill my
shitter!” Marcus had an involuntary thrust, and let out more precome than usual. “Little girls love big things, you know. The younger the child, the more stuffing she deserves.”

He pulled away from her, a few inches out, before thrusting back in. She could feel the texture of his cock and the large veins decorating it on her pussy, pleasuring her labia and her clitoris. She wouldn't admit defeat, however. “If you think about it, by now you've fucked my legs more than my cunt. You didn't pay much attention when mum talked about the birds and the bees, eh?”

“You, too, have had more orgasms from your outsides than your insides,” he said as he slowly pulled out of the flesh pocket she'd formed with her thighs and her pubic region. “Does that make your skin more of a woman than your womb?” He thrust back in, lubricated by the arousal glistening on her pussy. She was so warm and soft; he was joking around with her, but her legs were actually better sex organs than other women's genitals.

“If it wasn't for my machinations, you'd be hard-pressed to stick anything bigger than your pinkie finger in my insides.” Marcus' motions were becoming wider, and their breathing heavier. “For a pervert like you, nothing short of an virgin child would suffice.”

She could see the effect she was having on him. Every time words left her lips, his glans flared, and she could feel more more blood pumping through the base between her thighs. He pulled out a whole foot as she pressed her limbs tighter together, and when he pushed inside her, it was magnificent. She could feel every bump and depression on his cock, his texture, his size palpable on her legs, her mons, her belly, as it emerged from behind the makeshift “hole”, trying to kiss her chin. It wasn't fundamentally different than if she was stroking herself, but his great size allowed for long, continuous strokes that she couldn't emulate otherwise.

It felt too good; he didn't wait around for more snarky dialogue, instead pulling out and repeating the motion. The combination of her silky thighs, prepubescent pussy, and her whoreish wetness was heavenly. He placed his hands on her them and clenched, taking in the feminine beauty of her limbs. Skinny, long, soft, and squishy, he pressed against her much as she was pressing against him. Coupled with his thrusting, it was enough for Emilia's façade to collapse, intonations of her libido escaping her.

As he fucked the child's thighs, the poor girl was curling her toes, her body not fully under her control. It was impossible to miss, pressed against his cheeks like that. It seemed that his lewd innovations from last night had made a lasting impression on Emilia, and now her sensual nerves extended all the way down to her toes. To say he was partial to that development would be an understatement; he welcomed Emilia's newfound perversion with utmost glee.

Slowing down his thrusting a little, he traced his way up her legs, then lightly stroked the top of her feet, a finger for every depression carved by her metatarsal bones. The light touch tickled, aroused, and surprised Emilia, a combination of so many reflexes and sensations, she could feel it crawling down her bones, ankles, knees, hips, spine, summoning shivers along the way. Marcus was taken aback by the intensity of her reaction, her breathing so heavy it was closer to moaning.

“It felt too good; he didn't wait around for more snarky dialogue, instead pulling out and repeating the motion. The combination of her silky thighs, prepubescent pussy, and her whoreish wetness was heavenly. He placed his hands on her them and clenched, taking in the feminine beauty of her limbs. Skinny, long, soft, and squishy, he pressed against her much as she was pressing against him. Coupled with his thrusting, it was enough for Emilia's façade to collapse, intonations of her libido escaping her.

As he fucked the child's thighs, the poor girl was curling her toes, her body not fully under her control. It was impossible to miss, pressed against his cheeks like that. It seemed that his lewd innovations from last night had made a lasting impression on Emilia, and now her sensual nerves extended all the way down to her toes. To say he was partial to that development would be an understatement; he welcomed Emilia's newfound perversion with utmost glee.

Slowing down his thrusting a little, he traced his way up her legs, then lightly stroked the top of her feet, a finger for every depression carved by her metatarsal bones. The light touch tickled, aroused, and surprised Emilia, a combination of so many reflexes and sensations, she could feel it crawling down her bones, ankles, knees, hips, spine, summoning shivers along the way. Marcus was taken aback by the intensity of her reaction, her breathing so heavy it was closer to moaning.

“I must confess,” she said, her voice cracking from the overstimulation. While keeping his thrusting going, he touched her soles, pressing against her fatty tissue, as soft there as any part of her. Going up the ball of her foot, he got his fingers between her toes, then turned his face to the side and placed kisses on its length, from her heel, to her arch and beyond. He maintained his thrusting, and her reactions were evident in how much wetter his member got, rubbing against her preteen cunt.

“My little sister is so dirty,” he said, a low, growling voice, filled with possessiveness, a perverse sense of pride. “She likes having her toes played with.” His cock had left a small trail of precome
on her chest, bathing her with his love as she lubricated him with hers. Every time he pushed all the way, his member was so close she could smell his masculinity, his powerful, equine odour, the scent of her big brother, the stench of a paedophile.

Her abdomen was getting warm, both around her crotch and on her thighs. She didn't know where her genitals ended and where her limbs began; it was all a large surface for her big brother to grind against. He was fucking her thighs, grinding against her pussy, lusting after her forbidden, undeveloped body, and she was loving it. Yes, she was dirty, she knew; no amount of bathing would clean her. She may have had the idealised form of an unsoiled virgin, but on the inside she was vile and disgusting.

“To think so much deviation lives inside such a cute girl,” he continued, his thrusting increasing in pace. “I am blessed with the sight of Emilia's shameless part.” Her hands moved on their own, heading for her hips. She grabbed her buttocks and spread them wide, searching for the carnal core. Puckered and tight, she felt around her young anus, the last orifice her brother had yet to fuck. She was swimming in a swamp of depravity, feeling good from her feet, her thighs, her arse, from having her pussy rubbed.

Their sex bore little resemblance with what healthy, well-adjusted people did; normal girls didn't lust for their big brothers; normal girls didn't fetishise horse cocks; normal girls didn't fantasise about being prematurely sexualised since they were five; normal girls didn't use their legs, armpits, and shitters like sex organs. She was abnormal; not only did she enjoy her immoral ways, she could enjoy nothing else. This was the only way she could enjoy sex.

She pressed her feet against his face, an admission of what she wanted him to do. She was beyond words now, only moans leaving her mouth. Marcus lowered his hands on her hips, taking a better hold of her, keeping her limbs pressed tight on his manhood, then increased his pace to facilitate their approaching orgasms. She'd covered him with so much of her juice, his motions were slick and effortless, even producing wet, sloppy sounds as he had his way with her thighs, their bodies slapping together at the end of each stroke, testicles against her arse, hips on her hips.

He licked everything he could find—soles, toes, heels, all equally soft—Emilia giving him direction this time. He pumped harder and faster, held her tighter together, relishing the lithe, preteen child, his little sister that drove him mad. Love, lust, obsession; it was all the same. He fucked her with everything he had, surrounded by silky skin everywhere; by her perfectly shaped legs, by her puffy, kiddy pussy. He was rubbing against it, ever so close to it, and knowing it was virginal and intact filled with excitement. A pure, immaculate maiden, his to be ruined, wanting to be ruined, begging for a cock as long as her abdomen—

One last thrust, and his tip flared as far as it could go. He changed his position and pointed it down at her, right at her ten-year-old body. A short glimpse of her flat chest, and he came, stronger this time, his semen directly on her skin. It gushed out with great pressure, and she could feel it hitting her. Her stomach, her chest, her face, he was covering all of her with his seed, filled with magical power, eager to be used to further her scandalous desires. Then, her own orgasm, thoroughly powerful, and incestuous, and *wrong*, the effect of being showered by her brother's milk, washing her weaknesses away, washing every last inhibition.

Marcus held her feet in his hands and massaged them, creating the same sensory spiral as last night, orgasm giving way to hypersensitivity, hypersensitivity to orgasm, a vicious cycle of ever-increasing pleasure. Her world became her brother's semen on her skin, his inhuman aroma, his sweat, his perversion. Her body convulsed wildly and in all directions; she could hear someone screaming, but it was so far away, perhaps in a different plane of existence.
She came to the feeling of a towel washing fresh water off her; her big brother had cleaned their mess. She looked up at him, lips slightly parted, and he joined her in a kiss, his adult tongue in her child mouth, her child tongue in his adult mouth, the siblings having a taste of each other.

She tried moving her limbs, but she didn't have the power to.

“I'll carry you,” Marcus said. She curled up in his lap like a cat, like the small child that she was. With his arms around her, she felt like she could endure anything; that nothing could ever hurt her.

“Sleep with me tonight.” She knew what she was asking; to not even show up in his bedroom, to not bother making up excuses or justifications, to lay beside her as husband and wife would, alone, in peace.

“I will.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Emilia buys a painting.

Carrying her back to her room wasn't the sneakiest of activities. The people along the way interpreted it as cute and endearing sibling affection; fortunately, they weren't privy to exactly how deep the affection ran, or that the protective hands carrying the young princess were previously molesting her. If anyone noticed Marcus didn't leave Emilia's room until the next morning, they didn't find it strange enough to take notice.

He helped her into her sleeping clothes and lay her on the bed, then removed his own and lay beside her. She looked at him for a while, until her eyelids grew too heavy, then she leaned in on his chest and fell asleep; it was easy and immediate. Her hair smelled wonderful, and her tiny breath was warm against him. He could stay awake all night like that, enjoying this sensation. Alas, he had things to do the next morning, and couldn't do them while sleep deprived.

She ran as fast as her legs could take her. She put everything she had into it, but it wasn't fast enough. She felt like a snail swimming through a swamp; her legs were stiff, her knees were creaky, and the air was damp. The forest was thick with trees and making it harder for her. She was getting deeper into it, farther from civilisation, farther from safety. She was digging her own hole.

A branch caught on her dress and she fell. Damned clothes! She hated that she had to wear this, at this moment—frilly, girly, and utterly impractical. She tried getting up, but she couldn't. It was like her arms had given up, and she couldn't straighten herself. No, it was like some cosmic force had decided she had to stay down, and it would do anything to keep it that way, including messing with her nervous system.

"Now, what are you doing out here at this hour?" The man chasing her said. "This is a dangerous place for a little girl to be, especially one of noble birth." She tried crawling away from him—that, at least, she could still manage—but it was hopeless. He was walking towards her with no sense of urgency, and he was still outpacing her.

"How careless! There's perverts on the prowl, you know," a different one said, coming from behind her. She turned to face him, but she couldn't make him out clearly. He was beyond the limit of her perception.

"If they could get their hands on you, why, the things they would do..." The man in front of her had reached her far too fast—how did he get here? He was unkempt, hairy, and obese; his face was contorted out of shape, and barely looked like a human.

"Go away!" A hand on her shoulder—a third man. She tried snapping it away, but he wouldn't budge. His hold was tight and painful.

"You're so feisty, little Emilia! It's cute!" he said. She tried to kick, but they got hold of her legs.

"You should be more respectful towards your citizens, your highness. Don't we deserve some fan
They forced her down and began ripping off her dress. She was surrounded by their arms, dark with dirt and smelling of piss and decay, and disfigured in obscene ways, as if their bones had been serially broken and never healed properly. The fabric disintegrated under their touch, her bare skin such a contrast with theirs, they hardly looked like the same species. As they took her clothes off, they groped and licked everything they could reach; her breasts, her fingers, her feet. They were disgusting and corrupt, and as they molested her, she could smell their rot growing inside her like a tumour, her veins coursing not with blood, but pus.

"Ah, you're so soft… I haven't been with a little girl in so long."

"You're such a paedo, man."

"Noble kids are the best—other women might as well be men!"

The man in front of her lifted her legs up and ripped her underwear off. He spread her buttocks wide and revealed her anus, poking a finger inside.

"No! No! No! N—" Emilia screamed, until the men tired of her voice and put their hands over her mouth, stifling her. Heavens, the taste, the smell, it was putrid.

"I hear you like it down there better. How many times has your brother fucked your butt?" She could feel something bigger poke her arsehole, and warmer. Her eyes widened, and time slowed down, becoming hyperaware of every stimulus. The slight, cold wind of the forest, the fiery light of the evening, her heart pumping to breaking point. If her facial expression could speak, she'd be casting eternal curses on all of them. "I shall indulge in your prepubescent bowels as well, then. Anal whores were always my fav—"

He didn't have time to finish his sentence, because the tip of a rapier poked out of where his eye once was. It disappeared as fast as it had appeared, the bandit's body falling back on the ground.

"Hey—"

A slit throat, a pierced heart; the other two met their ends not long after. Blood came bursting out of the freshly made holes, a pair of macabre fountains, soaking her with their subhuman fluids, a warm, protective coat against the chilly air. He raised his hands to his throat, trying to stop the flow. She could hear his gargling and writhing next to her as he fought against the inevitable, the cold hand of death coming for him as reconciliation for his unforgivable crime. He should have known her body belongs to only one man.

Marcus. He was standing in front of her, his face unreadable. One moment, worry. Another, disgust. Then he was kneeling, naked, erect. She could feel her attackers' blood trickling down her sides, red rivers being drawn on the white canvas of her body. She raised her legs, her knees behind her head, her hands spreading her arse wide, presenting her shitting hole to him.

"Are anal whores your favourites too, big brother?"

He thrust inside of her. An impossible penetration, wide as her leg, long as her torso, and yet he fit inside her in one motion. Her belly inflated like she was pregnant, and then beyond, bulging in front of her in the shape of his horse cock. Her vision was light; then, it was people. Faces she could recognise: royalty who came to enjoy food and drinks, clergy who were horrified, women about to vomit. All of them captivated.
His hands were locked on front of her, under her knees, holding her up in the air as he was fucking her from behind. He pulled out, and she was a normal girl. He pushed in, and she was a beast. Two feet of horse cock violated her arsehole, transforming her intestines into a sex object, through her rectum, through her colon, pressing past her navel, up to her chest, then jutting out in front of her like the blob form of a conjoined twin.

Being a king wasn't about statesmanship, politics, and warfare. It was about taking everything he wanted at any time, and, in that moment, he wanted Emilia's bowels. She'd shown up in that scandalous non-dress with nothing but an adhesive strip to cover shame—but not on her rear hole. How many of the men in the room had stared at her perfect, firm arse and fantasised about fucking her, right there? There wasn't a single male not seduced by the preteen's butt. It didn't matter now; by the time Marcus was done with her, none of them would be big enough for her to feel anything. They might as well stroke now and get it over with as voyeurs.

Yes, they'd say it's disgusting for a ten-year-old to be sodomised, to have her defecation organ filled to the brim with horse cock, but their erections said otherwise. They wanted to see. They idolised the virgin child having her arsehole ruined by her brother, having her body deformed in public. All people have the ruler they deserve; if Marcus was the paedophile king, then they were the paedophile nation, and she, the nymphette of their dreams.

A dream. She inhaled sharply, now out of her slumber. Her nostrils were filled with masculine scent; Marcus. He was warm and large, his hands and arms surrounding all of her, an armour of flesh and muscle over her little body. She looked up at his face, and he looked down; he was holding her on his lap. She tried reaching for his face. Her arms were so short—too short. Her hands, too. She must have been three or four years old.

His touch wasn't very brotherly, though; his middle finger was firmly inside her butt, squirming around and playing with her rectum. Her arsehole made sloppy sounds as played with it, and she was leaking lubricants like she had a second pussy. She moaned as he teased her poop chute. Her big brother, who wanted to fuck her arsehole so much, he couldn't even wait until she wasn't a toddler.

“Big brother… More… Fuck my butt more…”

He pressed a second finger inside of her. He was so large, and she was so small, he might as well be sticking a dick in. Would his dick fit in?

She was going to come—

Emilia woke up for real this time. The clarity was incomparable. She was breathing heavily in the aftermath of that dream—what was that? She tried recalling it, and she recoiled at the horrors her mind had sprung. She couldn't believe that she was so debauched as to imagine her violation, her public humiliation, her… She felt disgusted, and recoiled again as she found a second emotion that overpowered her disgust. She felt unsatisfied.

She was soaked wet. Her thighs were dripping with her arousal, and it had formed a big puddle on the bed, as if she’d wet herself. Two worlds collided in her, trying to reconcile her unspeakable thoughts with her unfulfilled climax. Her animal side won out; thinking could be done as well tomorrow. Marcus was fast asleep. Lulling him into a deeper in it, she pushed him so he would face up, then took off her clothes, and what little he was wearing. She lay on top of him, her face on his chest, as they'd slept last night.

She lowered her fingers to her arsehole, and masturbated for as long as she had to in order to calm
down. Keeping track of her orgasms was an exercise in futility, but it must have been a great amount, because by the time she was done, she'd soaked her brother and the sheets under him, and the once black sky was turning the faintest tint of deep blue outside. She abused her anus with her tiny fingers, hoping that by the end of it, she'd be too exhausted to remember the degenerate fantasies that aroused her to this extent.

Exhaustion did come. Her thirst had not left. She fell asleep, and her dreams only got worse.

“You can leave it right there. Ah, yes, thank you!” Emilia instructed. The man carrying the painting placed it against the wall, bowed, and left. She examined the four corners of the throne room for the optimal location of the new canvas.

“What's troubling you, your highness?” Anna asked. She must have looked very strange from afar, turning from wall to wall with an investigative expression. Anna approached, her fast pace making up for how little she could stretch her legs to maintain decorum.

“I got a new painting, and I'm trying to find the best place to put it.”

“A new painting?” She looked around for it. “Ah. Perhaps I should call for his highness? The throne room can be a big deal, after all.”

“He'll definitely like it, I guarantee that. I need some place visible, but not too flagrant. Don't want to toot my own horn too much, I don't think. Hmm…”

“I don't think we've redecorated since his highness took the throne,” Anna said as she walked towards Emilia's purchase, still covered by a veil for its own preservation. “I don't think his highness is very interested in aesthetics. What a shame.” She lifted the edge to see what was under. “Ah! That's—”

“It's very cute, isn't it?”

Anna raised her hands to her cheeks to cover her blushing; clearly she found it more than cute. “Your highness, It's that sketch from the newspaper! Isn't that a little…”

“It'll be a good laugh, I think.” She was giggling already, for that matter. She knew it would scandalise rather than amuse a great part of the court, since the tabloids were still very much interested in the royal siblings' “skinship”, and that was a great part of said amusement. The painting itself was inoffensive and chaste; it was the context that gave it a more salacious meaning, but it was hard arguing about it. Those who complained would have trouble verbalising their problems with it.

“Besides, it's better than yet another dead noble hardly anyone remembers, or worse yet, a still life. It's about time we got something in here that represents something,” Emilia said.

“I-I guess you have a point….” Anna trailed off. She was trying to say something, but she was having trouble getting it out of her mouth. Every time she opened it, the words were choked in her throat, then she looked around awkwardly, trying to mask her failures. Emilia caught on, and intentionally let the silence linger, until it was too much for Anna to bear.

“Your highness, um…” she began, Emilia turning to her. A billion euphemisms battled it out for the most courteous, roundabout way to communicate what she wanted, but she didn't have the time to wait around for the victor. “Is his highness hurting you?”

“What? Don't be silly. He wouldn't so much look at me in a hurtful manner. Why, he spoils me
rotten.”

“No, I mean…” she searched for the right words, but gave up moments later. “You know what I mean.”

That question came out of nowhere, and with its true meaning hidden behind the several layers of Anna's shyness, it took a while for it to click. “Oh. Oh.” Anna was privy to something very personal, but, if anyone could find out about them, it was Anna, since she had the most interaction with them than anyone else in their employ. Discovering their private affairs weren't completely private sent a pang through Emilia's heart—what was Anna planning to do? Would she tell anyone? Was this how it was going to end? But the way she'd phrased the question, and her body language; this wasn't how a malicious actor would act, or one with access to all information.

“Marcus loves me. He's very careful. Too much, even.” Anna sighed, a burden weighing her down leaving her body. “Don't act surprised. How could you think otherwise?”

“No no no, I never had any doubts about his highness,” Anna rushed to defend herself. “But his little sister can make him very impulsive. His highness has a soft spot, no doubt. And also, well, he's a man, and surely your highness has noticed her effect on men.” She lowered her head, blushed, and bobbed her hips around. “If he was tempted, it's only natural with such a presentable lass clinging onto him,” she whispered.

Emilia reached for her hand; it was blazing hot, as if it was blushing too. “He feels wonderful.” Anna looked up at her, reddened further, and the sheer force of the confirmation of the siblings' mutual enjoyment forced a protracted peep out of her. “Oh, Anna, you're supposed to be the grown-up here, and yet you're acting so coy.”

“I-I-I'm sorry, your highness. I can't help it. It's just that, oh, your highness is just—you're so young, a mere t-ten years old. You're still a small child, and yet…”

“I've been pining for him for longer than I've known you, though.”

“You shouldn't be rushing into things…”

“Don't sell me short! I can be wild, but there's some sense into me! I'm still very much a maiden.” That didn't tell the whole story, but she wasn't outright lying either. She leaned in and whispered, “You can check, if you want. I dare you to find a single female more pure.”

“T-there's no need for that. I believe you!” Though Emilia was occupying one of her hands, Anna used her other to cover up the red pepper that once was her face. “Be that as it may, how do you caress each other?”

So she wanted specifics, huh? For a prim and proper head maid, Anna sure head a very active imagination. Perhaps she should be reading fewer explicit novels, but entertaining her had its appeal.

“After the ball, he's more interested in my rear. I made a lasting impression, I think.” Emilia didn't have to divulge that it was her initiative, nor their misadventures with her feet, armpits, or thighs.

"It can't be! In the b-b-b-butt?! How lewd…!” Anna snapped, so much blood flowing into her head that she collapsed on the floor. Still covering her face, she rolled around, back and forth. It was ridiculous seeing the woman who'd raised her for the past few years acting like that.

“Anna? You okay?”
“I'm fine! I'm fine!” she said, jumping on her feet as fast as she'd collapsed. She cleared her throat. “I apologise. I don't know what got into me. I should have seen that coming. Your highness has a most shapely rear end; any healthy man would have many a dreamy recollection after seeing it.”

Was that her way of saying Emilia's butt was the talk of town? She wasn't sure if she wanted to pry more into the matter.

“I'm happy that you're happy, your highness,” she continued. “You don't have to worry about me; your quality of life is more important than moralising scriptures. Oh, I'm happy for his highness' happiness as well, of course. You two go so well together! You're like a key and a lock, except the key is far too large, and the lock is far too small—but that, too, is a symmetry. I wonder if it's because you're related. There are many women in the world, but there is no love like a little sis—”

“Now it's getting creepy,” Emilia cut off Anna's delirious rant.

“Ah, yes, I'm sorry. Romance gets me a little too excited. If there's anything I can do, I'd be happy to help.”

This sounded less like an offer and more like a request. Nay, a plea. Anna was a convert fresh off the preacher's choir, willing to lay her life on the line—or, at least, a kidney—to further the cause. Emilia wasn't sure if she warranted that degree of reverence, but it was funny witnessing it. Or was it disturbing? Well, whatever, entertaining her would quell her fanaticism for now.

“There is something…,” Emilia said, and the words had hardly reached Anna's ears when she perked up and gave her her undivided attention. It's still getting creepy, she thought. “Um. Our jeweller is still in town, yes? He should still have Marcus' measurements. Could you hand him this?” She handed Anna a piece of paper.

“Yes, of course! I'll get to it immediately!” She rushed for the exit.

“Ah, Anna?”

“Y-yes?”

“If you run like that, you'll trip on your dress.”

She'd never admit to it, but saying that was far too enjoyable. She'd spent years being bombarded by her nagging; finally giving some of it back was divine justice. Anna had an awkward laugh, bowed, then resumed her way to the jeweller, walking as fast as she could while being able to argue it still classified as a walk. She would never live this surreal scene down.

“I was wondering where you were. You've been missing all afternoon,” Marcus said.

“I'm sorry, big brother. It's been more than twelve hours, huh? Were the withdrawal symptoms bad?”

He chuckled. “Withdrawal?”

“Skin contact, of course. With the way you've been licking me…”

“Not dead yet.” He sat beside her and exhaled—he'd forgotten how comfortable the throne was. He should look into ordering more cushions like that. “What are you doing here?” Emilia being next to him meant she was sitting on the queen's throne; Rebecca's.
“I am testing how this chair feels. It's pretty good.” Not so much its material, as far as Emilia was concerned, but what it represented. Her elbow on the armrest, and her cheek on her hand, she stared at Marcus, waiting for something that never arrived. “That's weird.”

“Oh?”

“I was waiting for you to scold me about how I shouldn't be sitting here, for if anyone were to walk by, they'd take that as an insult against the crown. Worse yet, a journalist could be stalking me, and they'd fantasise about us ‘keeping the bloodline pure’ in spite of your marriage.”

“I would, but with Rebecca away, that makes you next in line for that seat.” As for the incest, it had taken on a life of its own, and he was better off not thinking about it. He'd only get more paranoid.

“Her royal poutiness on a business trip again?”

“She… said she had some important things to take care of with her relatives.” He sighed. “You really did a number on her, didn't you?”

“We exchanged some choice words. It got pretty heated.”

He glared at her. It was impossible to decipher if that was her way of admitting to planning an assassination. He couldn't imagine a sequence of words that would convince him that was entirely off the table. Choosing to comfort himself, he figured that if she really wanted her dead, Marcus would already be burying Rebecca. On the other hand, that would be exactly what an expert assassin would tell him, to get his guard down.

She put her hand over his. “Rough day?”

“Not really. It's…,” he rubbed his forehead. “It's been a weird week.”

“We'll get through this.”

“I know, I know. There's been weirder times. This might not even crack top five for this year. Still…”

It wasn't political, then. Something else was on his mind. This was her time to strike.

“If you hold it in, it won't fix itself. You can talk to me. I'm your sister.”

He grimaced. Words would not come easily, and his struggle in getting them out was obvious in his eyes. “I'm not scared about fallout or reputation. Even in a worst case scenario, we should be fine. What's bothering me is hurting you.”

“Obviously, you aren't hurting me. I couldn't be healthier. You've checked me out very closely.” Emilia grinned, but her come-on didn't cheer him up. He looked away, not focusing on anything in particular.

“That's easy for you to say. From where I stand, I'm your big brother, and you're ten years old. You're young, and innocent, and you shouldn't be doing this, and—” She got up and sat on his lap, facing him. She stared directly in his eyes; hers were large and blue, and glistening with health and intelligence. “And it's been bothering me every night.”

She put her finger on his cheek. “Why do you still feel bad? You know how I feel, so… Does it bother you that you're a paedophile?”
“I like adults, you know,” he rushed to answer, the ease of his response betraying his insecurities.

“That wasn't what I asked.”

His eyes unfocused again, trying his best not to look at her. It proved impossible, since she covered most of his visual field. “Y-yes, but that's—”

She kissed him on his forehead, cutting him short. “Don't. It doesn't matter.”

“Don't be ridiculous. You don't know how wrong it is, doing something like that. Loving you makes it more stressful, not less.”

Then she wrapped her arms around his neck. “I know how wrong it is, big brother. I've been pining for you for so long, but I knew how unlikely it was that you'd return my feelings. Even if we weren't related, I'm a little girl, and no matter how good I look, or how mature I act, I'd be seen as sexless and unattractive.” This time, it was she that adverted her gaze. “I had the most natural wish in the world, a woman who wants to be seen as a woman. But since I'm not old enough, I'm treated like a pet. No, not even that; if they aren't neutered, they are at least afforded the acknowledgement of their breeding instincts.”

“That's terrible. I'm so sorry.”

“If you're a paedophile, that means you can see me, and you can love me. For you to love me, you must be a paedophile. They're one and the same. I like it.” She leaned in and kissed him, her small, warm lips on his.

“The way you talk about it, it sounds more than liking it,” Marcus said, and pinched her nose.

“Oh, come on…,” she protested, the heavy atmosphere evaporating with a simple action. She snapped his hand off her, laughing. “Fine. I'm a dirty woman, is that what you want to hear? There's nothing special in a king claiming a mate, but if she's his little preteen sister, it really shows how far he's willing to go.”

“Yup, it's all about that confidence and bravado. Sure thing.”

She frowned and glared at him with utmost disapproval; it only brought him more satisfaction. “… And because I like that my big brother is dirty and perverted, lusting over someone he shouldn't be, overcome by his dark impulses. Picturing your large, adult body overpowering a little girl, so different it's difficult picturing you as the same kind, thrusting your enormous member in her and deflowering her in the most thorough, mind-rending manner…”

“Your cuteness is only matched by your kinkiness!” He laughed out loud. “With these things on your mind, it's no wonder I woke up all sticky and smelling of you. How strange, considering I had taken a bath. Who could possibly be to blame for that?”

Emilia blushed. “Sorry. You aren't the only one who's bothered every night.”

He put his hand on her cheek and petted her. “I didn't say it was a bad smell, did I? It must have been the dream to end all dreams.”

Her blush deepened. “It was a mess… I don't fully remember it, but I recall you saving me from some outlaws, and then, um….” She fidgeted on his lap, uncomfortable with how lewd her dream had been. “Then you took me. Right there, and then on the night of the ball, in front of everyone, where the nobles and the rest of them could see. You, um. You were using my butt. And they were entranced by how I was, you know.” She motioned around her belly, showing it inflating and
“Oh, wow.” Marcus was taken aback. He wasn't quite sure how to react; it was a little funny how explicit it was, but it also made him a little uncomfortable. “That's a bit extreme.”

“I felt like you were making me yours, treating me that way. All decency and pretence gone, alongside any semblance of responsibility as a brother and lover. Just raw lust for me, your little sex toy.”

He cleared his throat. “I realise I have no room to criticise, and I've got issues of my own to work through, but still, I would never do that.”

“I know, I know. I'm not going to push you past your boundaries.” She took his hand in hers; her warmth carried over so much reassurance that words would be superfluous. “Besides, that wasn't even the most exciting part.”

*How much worse could it get?*

His expression must have been legendary, because she answered his non-verbal question. “I dreamt of you touching me as a preschooler,” she admitted.

“That was… exciting?”

“I've told you before, big brother: you shouldn't have waited as long as you did to look at me sexually. I would have welcomed your advances sooner, much sooner.” She paused, and considered her next words carefully. “When I think of you welcoming me to the world with a large serving of equine seed—”

“Alright, I think I've had enough Emilia for one evening. I think I might overdose.”

“Aw, that's too bad. Speaking of which, did you see the new painting?”

“New painting?” She pointed at the right direction. It took him a moment to recognise it—he'd never paid much attention to what had been decorating the walls to begin with—but when he did, it was unmistakable. “Oh, you've got to be kidding me.”
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

The merchants’ guild tries to bri—ahem, amuse the royal family.

With Rebecca being “occupied” on her family trip, Emilia became Marcus’ default partner for special occasions. It wasn’t a huge difference in practice, but nevertheless the siblings had a great alibi for giving each other their undivided attention in public, and even the most conservative, stuck up nobles had no grounds to complain. The happiest person in that arrangement was undoubtedly Emilia, so much so that one might even think she’d planned it out all along. Of course, nobody could ever imagine the ten-year-old princess would come up with such a convoluted plot over such a triviality.

“Marcus did tell you to tone it down a little, right? That this isn’t anywhere near the anniversary ball’s occasion?” Richard asked, champagne glass in hand. She found something weird about the question, but couldn’t quite put her finger on it. Then, she noticed the informality; he wasn’t bothering with titles, at least not when speaking to her. It provoked a mixture of emotions, but they were positive. It suited him better.

“Of course he did, and I followed through, didn’t I?” Emilia said.

He rolled his eyes and gulped down his drink. “I think he intended for you to go a bit further along, if you catch my drift.”

“If I minded his intentions rather than the words, I’d have shown dressed as a nun, and where’s the fun in that?”

“Well.” He raised his eyebrows, shrugged, and drank the rest of it. “Gonna need a whole lot more of that before I start seeing the funny side of this.” He walked past her, grabbing her glass as well. He looked at it, and it looked like water. He moved it around, and it had viscosity like that of water. He smelled it, and it smelled of nothing, much like water. Concluding it was water, he kept going. “And since you aren’t a nun, surely you wouldn’t mind something a bit harder yourself.”

“You can be such a ladies’ man, sir Richard, my liege.” He grimaced, as if to deflect the comment.

Now alone, and free to people watch, she had to admit Richard had a point; her dress was attracting a lot of attention. Not as much as her non-dress for the ball—that would be a clear breach of Marcus’ request for more modesty—but nothing to scoff at either way. It did expose her back, but with her hair flowing freely, the impact was slightly lessened. On the other hand, it was still obvious, so perhaps the promise of the skin peaking through made it all the more alluring. The thin fabric was close to her chest; in the night air, and at the right angle, one could make out the outline of her nipples, jutting out with prepubescent eroticism. The pinkish off-white was somewhat colour-coordinated with her brother’s uniform, balanced out by arm gloves and leggings.

“Sorry I left. I hope you didn’t wait long. Richard said to give you this?” Marcus said, reappearing behind her, then handing her a glass of whatever it was that he’d been drinking all this time.

“No, he kept me company, so I was spared death by boredom.” She didn’t know if she’d
appreciate this poison, but since he’d gone through the effort of fetching it for her, she might as well give it a try. Marcus gave her a weird look, but didn’t say anything about whether she should be drinking alcohol; he figured that if she was old enough to gulp down his semen, booze was a triviality.

Tonight’s event pertained to the other day’s arrests. Though they’d gone down fine—or as fine as Richard had allowed them to—the persons involved occupied some positions of non-trivial authority, and replacements were due. Several people would give an arm and a leg to fill in the void, the merchants the most desperate among them, and organising a feast was their way of buying influence.

“How’s it going on your end? Is this modest estate growing on you?” Emilia asked. Anything a merchant could afford was less impressive than the royal halls. Where there was stone or marble, there was wood, it was smaller, and there were fewer men of the robe or nobility around. All of them were arguably improvements, making for a more homely atmosphere; even if they wanted to, the royal family couldn’t organise events such as these, lest they offend anybody.

“I’d already made up my mind before this, so I doubt I’d be swayed one way or the other, unless it’s accompanied by a very large sum of money. I—”

Marcus’ explanation was cut short by someone wanting to introduce himself. He obliged, for as tedious it was for him, he acknowledged it was a very rare occasion for them, perhaps the only chance in their lives to speak to him personally. For what it’s worth, interacting with them was a different experience than the nobility, a less flagrant sucking up to him, perhaps because there was no promise of upwards mobility through more land or a favourable marriage. He wasn’t really talking with laymen, but they were an improvement over the snobby elites.

Emilia realised that he’d brought her along for more than show; she was making things easier for him. For as imposing and important as he was as a head of state, he was still male. She, on the other hand, was extremely cute and presumably single, and for all intents and purposes an attention magnet. When normally they’d be discussing business with him, the conversations drifted towards her and how gorgeous she looked. The ones who’d brought their wives along were less brazen about their approaches, but the intentions were obvious all the same.

She did her best and showered them with “Thank you”s and “I’m honoured”s, but truthfully they started blending together into a shapeless primordial ooze. She wasn’t much of a face person, name person, voice person—okay, she should admit it: she wasn’t a people person. With any luck, nobody would take it the wrong way, as stuck-up royalty not having the time of day to remember the people beneath them, instead of what was really happening; there being too many of them and only one of her.

The way they acted around her did lead her to reconsider how unusual Marcus’ perversion was. Though they weren’t the most representative sample of men, their sexual interests ought to be fairly typical, and yet they were like moths to her flame. Perhaps, then, Marcus’ interest wasn’t a switch, but a scale, something innate in every man, an interest in the lithe, petite child form, a remnant of a more barbaric past that civilisation couldn’t shake off. Perhaps it was every big brother’s destiny to lust after after his little sister, his own family and blood that he’d cherished for years. How tragic was it that most brothers had to watch their sisters given away to strange men, after all the effort they’d put into raising them into proper, fine ladies. Outsiders couldn’t fathom the bonds forged by growing up together ever since they could remember one another. It might even be the highest form of cuckoldry.

“I am Johanson, your highness. It’s such an honour to meet you in person,” an older man said,
probably in his sixties. Through the legions that had introduced themselves tonight, that name stood out, ringing a bell.

“Johanson, the doctor?” she asked.

“Ah, yes, that would be me. But how did your highness know me? I don’t think I’ve ever treated the royal family…”

“I’m reading your book on anatomy! It was in the library. It has been most useful.” She tried not coming across as too excited, though it served in calming his nerves; from his perspective, a misplaced vowel could end his life. She caught him by surprise, the poor man struggling to find the right response after that her pronouncement.

“Is that so? I’m amazed you can get so much out of it; I’m struggling with my own students. It must be true, as they say, your highness matches the king’s brilliance.”

“Ah, thank you. You’re overstating it, I’m afraid. It was hardly a light read. I do have some questions…”

Marcus poked her with his elbow. “Emilia, let’s take a seat.” The constant influx of people had got tiresome a while back, and with Emilia finally finding someone to talk to, it as good an opportunity as any to excuse themselves. He looked around, took Emilia’s hand, and sat down—right beside where Richard was.

“Trying your hand at romancing the ladies?” he teased, and by Richard’s grimace, he appreciated neither the comment nor the interruption. The lady was flustered, and soon inundated him with “your highness” and the like; Marcus thanked her and dismissed her, and she seemed to calm down a bit. Or if not calm down, at least not get on his nerves.

“What are you doing?” Richard asked in a quiet tone as Emilia took her seat on her brother’s lap, Johanson sitting against both. “Soon as I’d found a good spot.”

“Oh, you know. Making sure the lass is, indeed, a lass.”

“Shut up, I do what I want. If your wife can pass herself off as a woman, I’ve nothing to fear short of romancing you.”

“He spent the next couple of hours listening to Emilia and the doctor talk shop. Not having read the book, or having much interest on the subject growing up, he didn’t contribute much, but seeing her nerding out was entertaining enough. She did seem a bit more… excitable than usual; the drink was to blame. After all the things they’d done together, these minor things where what most reminded him that she was a little child, her minuscule body not having the tolerances of a grown person.

Richard had excused himself a while back, and after Johanson’s departure, that left only the two of them, all alone. They squeezed themselves in a corner—where Richard used to be—all that talking and drinking finally taking its toll on Emilia. Using his body as a cushion, she rest her head on his chest, closed her eyes, and drifted off immediately after. He sat there, alternating between people watching and watching her; she was so peaceful when she was sleeping, her breathing so small it was inaudible against the background chatter, like a tiny kitten curling on him. He wanted to squeeze her and hold her and rub his face against her, but he didn’t want to wake her up, so he restrained himself to merely looking.
“Hey, big brother,” she said, having woken up from her nap. “Sorry, I drifted off. Has it been long?”

“Not much. Don’t worry, I didn’t mind.”

Even so soon after waking up, Emilia’s teasing was firing in all gears, her characteristic wry smile on her. “Do you like watching little girls sleep? That’s so creepy, Marcus! Almost as creepy as the things you like doing to them when they’re awake.”

“Oh, goodness, Emilia, I thought it was cute, but you had to blow it out of proportion.”

“There’s no need for explanations. The little girls love it too.” She stared right into his eyes, a magnetising gaze of blue and white, her features childish and neonate, so wholesome it made his heart swoon. He wanted to lean in and kiss her, but he’d hardly moved an inch before he reminded himself they were in public, and they couldn’t afford being seen.

It also reminded him that she was sitting right on his groin. He turned his head, embarrassed.

“Tonight was meant to be a formal occasion, but it turned out to be another outing. Sorry. I did tell you to dress a bit more carefully, though.”

“I did.”

“With how much leeway you’re interpreting my words, you should have been a lawyer.”

“I can’t let you hoard all of the adoration.” She grinned, wrapping her arms around his neck. “Tonight, I am the queen.”

“They aren’t treating you like the queen, or like my little sister. It’s more like…,” he trailed off.

“Like what?” she urged him onward.

“Like a man sees a woman. Like they want to bed you.”

“Like they want to stick it in my butt!” she rephrased, and he rolled his eyes to the hilarity of it.

“Pff.”

“What? Come on! You know it. Haven’t you noticed some of the stories that have been floating around? In the seedier parts of town, a dark alley infested with criminal thugs and rats, there lies a forbidden printing press—”

“Highly doubt that’s where you’d find one of those.”

“Either way! You can’t not know about it.”

He shrugged. “Of course I can. I don’t read erotica, and neither should you. Where do you even find the time, between your studies and your… other studies?”

“I don’t. But I have classmates…”

“Oh, dear.” He didn’t want to imagine it, but if the insanity had reached up to there, then they truly were past the point of no return. At this point, if he tried putting a stop to it, he’d only make it worse, the taboos piling on top of each other. That’s what Richard would advise. He was surprised it had taken so little time for someone to write something and bring it to the press, but then again it probably wasn’t all that long, and he shouldn’t be placing bets against the collective sexual
frustrations of all the people in the land. At least Emilia could stand up to herself if it devolved to bullying. Honestly, he shouldn’t be worrying about her well-being if that were to happen.

“You can tell that all these men are looking at me with lusting eyes, even if they have their wives looking over their shoulders, babysitting them. I can see where the appeal is. Compared to their decomposing, used-up bodies, I must look like a different species, like a divine creature. It’d be a real wonder if they are able to get anything done, an adipose balloon slapping against another; how many inches could there be left?”

Marcus was feeling flustered as she spoke, so she leaned in, lowered her voice, and continued her teasing. “They’d love to take me home, hold me as you do now, like a little baby, but not quite. Their hands shouldn’t be trailing to my rear so lustfully if that were so, craving to steal a feel of a prepubescent girl’s butt. I wonder how many of them have gone to sleep fantasising about it, trying to imagine what the little star between the cheeks looks like; is it pink? Is it puckered? How tightly would it surround them as they thrust with rag—”

“Emilia.”

“I’m ready, big brother.” She took hold of one of his arms and guided it under her, so that he was groping her arse. “You can do it tonight, if you want. Even here, if you’re a little careful.” She looked around, drawing his attention to other people. It was late now, and people were getting drunk or tired. With where they were sitting, walls in two directions, it was possible that— No, that would be going too far. “Don’t hesitate. Don’t you want to find out how good your little sister’s tight, untouched, virginal anus feels like? After she’s spent so much effort turning it into the ultimate sex organ, even more erotic than her womanhood…”

And go too far he would. Maybe it was the drink in him that was speaking, but damn it, he wanted to feel her, he wanted to touch her, ever since that night she’d spent teasing him with her bare buttocks. No, perhaps even before. Yielding to her provocations, he fumbled around the underside of her dress for entry, finding that its design made that far too easy—a conscious decision? Sometimes he wondered exactly how much forethought Emilia put to every move. He traced the length of her thighs, soft fabric and softer skin leading up to her bare butt; no underwear.

“Uh…”

“It’s easier access that way! Less of a fuss,” Emilia replied to the unasked question.

“Right…” He had to take a pause to appreciate his sister’s exhibitionist tendencies. He’d never believe it was in fact about easy access, not in a million years. He should have seen this development coming from the day of the ball; no one would be able to overcome their shame if they did it only out of a desire to tease their love interest. She was interested in being looked at in itself. A pattern had emerged: what was this, the third, fourth time? She had to really like feeling the flow of the wind on her nether regions, what with how hairless and exposed she was.

He couldn’t deny there wasn’t a certain kink to it, however. All this time, so many men had been undressing her with their eyes, when unbeknowst to them, she had already been undressed where they couldn’t see. She simultaneously flaunted and hid her childish seductiveness, as much a contradiction as finding a child her age seductive to begin with. If only he knew beforehand, the continuous tickling of his fascination would drive his libido out of control, and he’d made some alone time for the two of them much earlier. Perhaps that had been her one mistake.

And so he cupped a buttock and squeezed, the kid’s arse so tiny in his masculine hand, though still retaining softness in spite of the narrowness of her hips. Her size was one of her more attractive qualities, emphasising her youth and the immorality of touching her; where she should be feminine
and advertising her fertility, she was boyish in infertility. Yet instead of desexualising her, it made her more of a woman in his eyes, perhaps because he was her creepy, paedophilic older brother, perhaps because there was some ethereal beauty in her skinny body.

Repositioning his hand, he slowly moved his middle finger towards her anus, her most intimate hole that they’d been building towards. But where he was expecting puckered skin, he instead found a soft, slightly wet ring. He hesitated, but Emilia’s aroused blush made him reconsider; it wasn’t possible that she was unclean, that would be too much of an oversight for her. If not faecal matter, then, it had to be lubrication. Everyone produced some naturally, but this was on the excessive side, definitely the result of her studying and witchcraft. He wasn’t entirely sure how to feel about it, but her turning her poop chute into a fuckhole aroused curiosity at the very least.

He circled around her orifice, feeling it loosen and clench, moving as if it had a mind of its own in reaction to his touch. He could feel the wetness spread over his finger; it was definitely coming from the inside. She looked up at him, raised a hand to his cheek, and smiled. “Do you like what I did with it? The perfect arse of a child…” Her breathing was growing heavier, but she was trying to hold back so that nobody would notice. “Try the insides, too. I didn’t just work on my anus… my intestines are the true treasure.”

Oh, the things he wanted to do to those intestines. Following her command, he pressed against her hole, and it parted like a trained muscle; rather, she parted it, exerting conscious control beyond normal. Once inside, she was so went that proceeding was trivial. No small feat, because his finger was so large, and she so tiny, that it was comparative to a small penis entering a grown woman. He shoved it as far as it would go, up to his knuckles, encountering little to no resistance, only scalding heat and lubrication, dripping from everywhere, surrounding him.

Then, when he was all the way inside, she tightened. It wasn’t uniform, but rather progressing from the base to the tip, and then back again. It was as if she was massaging him. “Do you see? I can control it freely,” she said, and then tightened her rectum in seemingly random places, jumping back and forth with no discernible pattern. It was unlike anything he’d felt before, and immensely pleasurable; if he had his dick inside her instead of a finger, she could stroke him to completion even if he remained completely motionless.

“It’s amazing. I couldn’t imagine this was possible.”

“There’s no such thing as impossible if I’m doing it for your sake, big brother. Turning my butt into an orifice for your pleasure is the least I could do. My body is yours, now and forever, a preteen receptacle for your equine monster cock, tiny and undeveloped for as many years as you desire. My butt—”

He interrupted her by thrusting another finger inside, then gradually shoving it where the first one was. Though she hadn’t seen it coming, she adjusted to it almost immediately; though tight, she was also easy to stretch all the way through, if she wanted to. Her sphincter wasn’t only on her entrance, but surrounding her bowels, and under her voluntary control, like a limb or her tongue.

“My butt is more sensitive than my pussy now, I’m sure. I don’t just want you, I need you… You must…”

There was no way to in this public a location, but he would, as soon as they got back home, he’d unleash all of his pent up lust on her until they were both too exhausted to keep going, until they hit their breaking point. But for now, his fingers had to do. He tried his best not to get too excited; with his size, that would be far too visible, although his erection was at least in part mediated by magic, same as the semen he produced. Otherwise, there’s no way his heart wouldn’t explode trying to pump enough blood to it to keep all two feet of it hard.
He pulled his fingers out slowly, Emilia’s rectal juices leaking out with his exit, making a mess of his palm. She exhaled lightly, so only he could hear it, but definitely full of excitement. Her blush extended to her ears now, prompted not only by her love for her brother and by the sensations on her anal love pipe, but the thought that they were doing this in public, that if anyone were to look too closely in their direction, or under her dress, they would find all about the terrible, immoral deeds they were engaging in, about a big brother lusting for his little sister’s baby butt, about a little sister wanting to be sodomised by her paedophile brother.

Emilia’s voice came bursting forth when Marcus thrust back inside, but she closed her mouth and drowned the words in her mouth. It sounded like she was about to puke, though her emotions were quite the contrary. As much as she wanted to touch her brother, she lowered her hands to her own mouth, covering it, to ensure no mishaps would happen as they went on. Marcus could feel her intestines coiling around his fingers, coating them with their flesh, their heat, their moisture. Her insides were so impossibly smooth, like there was no friction whatsoever, though he could make out the folds of her rectum as he poked at her intestinal walls.

As before, the tightness pulsed along his fingers, her way of telling him to continue. Pleased to discover they’d crafted their very own, most perverse, sodomite dialect of sign language, that she had replaced not only her vagina but her mouth too with her shitting hole, he pulled out and back in once more. Slowly, delicately, trying to see how far he could take it, and maximising the sensations of his little sister’s arsehole. That little thing was supposedly made to push out shit, but now it was his to fuck, her dirtiest, naughtiest, most intimate hole, a prepubescent girl’s arsehole.

Picking up a pace, he finger fucked her turd cutter, even as her juices dripped on him with increased volume, even as she pressed her face against his chest, latching onto his shirt and muffling her voice on him. Yes, like that, her climax was getting near, as did her wildest fantasy, to have her big brother take her in her last virginal hole, to deflower her completely, so that no part of her remained that hadn’t known his perversion. Even if it was just his fingers, he was still her brother, and he was still touching her with desire, the incestuous child of the emotions he held for her.

She clung tighter to him, his pumping and motions at their most exaggerated yet. One moment, he was thrusting into her as fast as he could. The next, he dug deep inside her, then spread wide, stretching her, pulling out, spinning around, exerting pressure from every angle and in every place. Her arse felt so good—it wasn’t supposed to feel so good. They were out as a formality, there were people around, and they could see, and yet she was feeling good with her butt, not with her pussy, like a proper woman, but with her rectum, like degenerate scum. She was so bad; her brother didn’t make her bad, her parents didn’t raise her improperly, her teachers didn’t fail at their duties. She was bad of her own accord, from the day she was born. No, even as a fetus, she was destined to be her brother’s anal slave.

Emilia started shaking, her orgasm emanating from her anal ring, through her large intestine and then all over her body. She felt it crawling up her spine and down her legs. She dug her face on Marcus’ chest and muffled her voice as best she could; the same could not be said of her arsehole, squirting juices all over his hand like it was urine. He wasn’t slowing down, despite her climax, lost in how amazing she felt, how great it was having a tiny little thing orgasm in his hands. She was small, fragile, and utterly perverted, an anal whore in the form of a child, and he was hugging her to protect her and sodomise her at once.

When it had finally subsided, she lifted her head from his body, allowing herself to breathe freely. Her face was a mess, her eyes teary, and her cheeks red like peppers from how fast her heart had been beating. “If that’s how good your fingers were, your cock might kill me,” she said. It hadn’t been that long since he’d fucked her properly, with his dick inside of her, but it felt like forever. All
they’d been doing recently had involved her hands, her feet, her thighs—all of them on her outside. She wanted him to fuck her on the inside, to give her a good stretching, to make her inflate to twice her size. “Promise me, big brother.”

“I promise.”

She grinned. “What do you promise?”

She was going to make him say, huh? “After we get home, we’ll have anal sex.”

He removed his fingers from her butt, then slowly, carefully raised them from under her dress. As it got to her eye level, she took hold of it and stopped him in his tracks. She knew what he was about to do, and she wasn’t going to let him, not yet. He looked, confused for a moment, as she guided his hand to her mouth, opened it, then licked his fingers.

“H-hey! I was gonna—”

“When you keep your promise,” she said, and she kept licking. Her tongue swirled around his finger, covering it from every direction, eating up her own intestinal fluids and replacing them with her saliva. She did the same with his other finger, and then the rest of his hand, until there wasn’t a corner she hadn’t cleaned yet, and had got a good taste of her own arsehole. “I can see why you’re a paedophile. Little children’s arseholes taste the best.”

“How can you—” be began, but she hugged him. He couldn’t really complain when she was being so affectionate. He rolled his eyes and moved on, brushing her hair with his dry hand, leaving his other limply in the air as he waited for it to be useful again. Moments later, he noticed a change in Emilia’s breathing, longer, deeper. She’d fallen asleep. So much for having sex when they’d returned. Oh, well. It wasn’t as if they were short on time. Tomorrow was a day also, and judging by what she’d let on, she wasn’t planning on growing up any time soon. He’d better make good on it promptly, though, or else her self-esteem might get hurt.

When Emilia came to, it was from Marcus being halfway through removing her clothes. Somehow she’d slept through the carriage ride back home and getting carried to bed. There were many things she’d discovered the past few days, but tonight she found out she was a lightweight in drinking and a heavyweight in sleep, a killer combination if ever there was one. She tried kissing Marcus, but she wasn’t the most elegant in her half-asleep state, and he pushed her away because she was getting in the way of undressing her.

“What are you doing, you pervert,” she said, her voice sounding all weird and slurred. “What are people going to think… if I scream for help! ‘Rape! Rape!’” She snorted at her half-arsed, obviously drunken joke. “What would people think of you… Hehe.”

“Probably that you’re fooling around like the kid you are,” he replied, half in jest.

“Nooo… I’m the kingdom’s beloved princess! Surely they wouldn’t think so low of me.”

Finally getting everything off of her, he folded it as best he could, then looked around for a nightgown. Finding something appropriate, he returned to get it on her.

“You don’t have to dress me, big brother. Unless… you’re more into it if I’m partially clothed? What a pervert,” she chuckled, arms outstretched, her flat chest in full display, surrounded by the ridges of her ribcage. “My feet, my armpits, my thighs, now even my clothes… Is there nothing you don’t like?”
“You’re perfect. There’s nothing to dislike.” He said, forcing her arms higher up, so that he could get her clothes on her. He didn’t bother with underwear, as that would require far too much finesse to pull off, plus it could prove more fragile. She got her head all tangled up in the wrong place, and she laughed until Marcus lifted the cloth and she could try again from another angle, this time getting her head and arms in through the right holes.

“Is that so? What if I told you to drink my piss and smeared you with my poop? I bet you’d reconsider.”

He lifted her a bit so that the dress could fall down to her hips, and he was finally done with that job. “If they were Emilia’s, I’m sure I could grow a liking for that.”

“What a pervert! Absolutely reprehensible bееее…,” she yawned, “…hаviоуuуuur. You’d even drink a little girl’s pee. Freaks like you ought to be punished. Where are you going?”

Marcus was reaching for the door. “I’m thirsty. I’ll get a glass of water. I’ll be right back; we’ll sleep together, okay?”

“No, there’s… there’s water over there. You don’t have to leave,” she pointed towards the table. She’d kept it around for a special occasion, and she hadn’t worked it out completely yet, but it ought to suffice for tonight.

“Ah, thanks,” he said, and he started drinking from a flask. She hadn’t figured out the dosage yet, but she was certain that was far too much. Oh, well. He didn’t seem to notice anything weird about it, so things were working out fine. When he was done, he began undressing as well, folding his own clothes, and putting on something he’d moved to her room so he wouldn’t have to sleep naked. Having clothes for two in a single room would normally be a problem, but her wardrobe was on the modest size, so he could bring over half of his before this stopped being a workable arrangement.

Marcus lay down beside her, both covered under the blanket. They held each other’s hands and lied in silence. “This is a bit too serene,” Emilia said. “I thought we were going to be pervy.”

“Idiot,” he said, bumping into her forehead with his. “You couldn’t even take your clothes off properly. You’re in no condition for having sex.”

“Ouch.” She rubbed where he hit her. “Big brother, you’re such a meanie… Saying all the right things to get into a girl’s butt, but not making good on your proooooooomise,” she yawned.

“You should’ve thought of that before drinking that much. We’ll get to it in the morning. Sleep now.”

She wiggled in closer to him, curling up in his arms. “How could I sleep… when I’m thinking of your big, fat…,” she mumbled right before she fell asleep.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Buttsex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

No matter how much he tried to breathe, he couldn’t get enough air. He felt like he was drowning in plain sight. How— It was hot, humid, and getting in the way; he couldn’t see properly. He was taking a bath. Emilia was there, right next to him, but also in the very edge of his vision, like the world ended right behind her. Her body glistened, bringing out all her best curves and flatness, emphasising them. He felt her effect down to his groin, his dick pulsing at the sight of her. She said something; he couldn’t make it out, but it was perverse and welcoming.

That mouth only spoke obscenities recently. He assaulted her with a kiss, shutting it, feeling her tiny, wet lips, feasting on the child’s saliva. His little sister’s fluids, so dirty, so tasty. They felt too real in his mouth, more real than reality, pure information, undiluted by the world. He broke the kiss, and more obscenities came pouring forth, something about how irreparably debauched he was, about how he only had eyes for little children, about what he wanted to do to her rear. He hugged her, trailing his hands down her spine until he reached her butt—

His penis felt like it was about to burst. He wanted to fuck her—no, that was an understatement. There was too much desire, so much it was painful. He had to be inside her, or else the pain would get worse. He’d do anything to make it hurt less. He was—

He was awake now, and Emilia was naked, grinding herself on his cock. He could feel his heart throbbing in his chest, so hard and fast it could tear itself apart if it pumped more blood. He was naked as well; when did he get naked? He was sweating, he could feel it trickling from his forehead, from his chest, annoying, itchy droplets demanding attention. But that couldn’t possibly compare to the itch on his shaft.

“What…”

“Oh, hey, there, big brother. Took you a while. I’m surprised you lasted so long.”

“Wh—” He tried to speak, but his mouth wouldn’t work properly. His mind was a mush.

“You shouldn’t drink from strangers’ flasks. It could prove fatal.”

Emilia had put something in the water? What was going on?

“It’s been a few hours. I bet you’re feeling all hot and bothered now. I made that recipe for you; it’s a Marcus special!”

He could make her out, but it was still dark, so it had to be right before dawn, the early stages of twilight, painting her pale skin with a blue hue. His member twitched just looking at her, her beautiful eyes, her face, flustered with arousal, her flat chest, her tiny waist, her long, blond hair. He was rock hard and fully erect, and she was rubbing her pussy and arse against all two feet of his
length. He could feel everything; her warmth, her trickling arousal, her softness. It was all too real, like in the dream. He was hypersensitive.

“It’s a pheromone, mixed in with gland excretions so that a target can be coded.” She leaned in closer to his ear and whispered, “Would you like to guess which one I used? Hint: it’s my favourite!” She giggled, took hold of his hands, and guided them to her backside. “It must be intolerable, hmm? I wanted to see what would happen if you felt as desperate as I have for the past few days. Call it a reward for how well you behaved today; you fingered me in public! I have the country’s worst pervert for a big brother, how nice!”

She was right; the itch on his cock wasn’t only refusing to go away, it was getting worse. Even though she was pressing against it with her full weight, it didn’t seem like it was enough. He wanted to touch himself, to stroke it, but he was so overwhelmed by the barrage of sensations he had trouble summoning the will to move his body. He’d never felt such staggering lust in his life; he was afraid his head might explode, helpless and drugged.

“Emilia, please…!” he tried to say, and it was mostly intelligible, despite sounding like a retard’s plea.

“Oh, no, big brother, I won’t be helping you. There wouldn’t be any point in that. You’ll have to fix the problem on your own; I’m here to make it worse.” She smirked. “If you let it, it might end up driving you crazy. There is some appeal in that, seeing your mind shatter with lust for your ten-year-old baby sister’s butt. A fitting end for an incestuous anal fetishist and a paedophile, don’t you think? So long as your cock still works, I would be fine with anything…”

By this point, Marcus couldn’t tell how much of this was posturing and how much was something he should be legitimately scared about. Regardless, he wasn’t going to risk losing what he couldn’t afford to; he only had one brain, and he doubted Emilia could patch that up. As difficult as it was, he had to find the strength to overcome this situation, even if it wasn’t his fault that it had ended up like this. Though his heart was burning the midnight oil delivering blood flow, his joints felt like they were made of lead and impossible to move. If he could muster the strength—

He put everything he had into it. To his amazement, his body actually moved, albeit in an agonisingly slow pace. As soon as he’d flexed an inch, it was like a barrier had broken inside of him, and he was able to lift himself up. Emilia yelped as she lost her balance on top of him, but she was able to land on the mattress without trouble, only to be faced with an opponent far stronger than gravity: her sex-obsessed big brother. Her concoction had worked as intended, summoning powerful emotions from Marcus, but at this point they controlled his movements more than he did.

“Aha, I see that finally made you break out of your shell!” she said as Marcus grabbed whichever limb he could find and manhandled her in a face down position. Then he dragged her towards him and lifted her butt up, so that he could have easier access to it. “So rough! Where did all the chivalry go, hmm?” At this point, all Marcus got out of her teasing was tone; his mind was only half there, and he could hardly understand speech, never mind producing any. His focus was on one thing: Emilia’s arse.

With her rear stretched, he could already make out her arsehole, a glistening ring in the most bewitching shade of pink, radiating virginity and sexuality all at once. Except… there was another ring hanging loosely, with a string attached to it and going inside her hole. Even in his state of mad lust, he was bewildered enough to take pause, unsure of what he was looking at.

“Finally noticed it, huh? I’ve been veeery busy while you were asleep. Lubricating, cleaning—you could say I’ve had the royal flush!” She fell into a giggling fit, far too amused by punning abilities. “I’ve added in a little something extra for your enjoyment: most tasty candy. Try giving it a good
He raised his hands to her buttocks and squeezed, her supple, preteen flesh like a divine pillow in his palms. He spread them wider, and she moved her rear closer to him, persuading him to pay attention to her shitter, as if there was any doubt. She was probably expecting him to pull with his fingers, but he wasn’t about to let go of her angelic, tiny butt. Instead, he leaned in, bit on the ring, and started pulling with nothing but his neck and back.

Soon enough, there was resistance, and as he kept increasing his force, Emilia’s anus expanded, revealing a small, spherical object, save for one tiny perforation so the string could pass through. She reacted accordingly to her hole getting stretched, letting out her small, cute voice, so feminine and wanton and full of forbidden desire. Slowly, Marcus popped the bead free, her sphincter closing down again without anything to get in the way. Watching it pulse was mesmerising, a visceral, fleshy motion all too appropriate for her rectal sex organ.

Progress through the remaining beads was far faster, as Marcus couldn’t contain himself. Neither could Emilia, her utterances becoming moans and the sensations becoming orgasmic. The beads carried with them her rectal fluids, mostly on them, but also pushing them out, making them leak down to her womanhood, the discrepancy in wetness almost obscene; her intestines shouldn’t be wetter than her cunt.

Her aroma was a force of nature on Marcus’ nostrils. It was obvious precisely which glands she’d used to intoxicate him, above and beyond how intoxicating they were on their own. When the last bead was out, he took the object in his hand, still soaked from the insides of Emilia’s crapper, and as she had done to his fingers mere hours earlier, he licked it thoroughly and methodically until it was clean, dazed to a state of worship for her anal nectar.

When he was done, and little of her taste was left on the instrument, he discarded it and head right for the source: his sister’s dirty, foul, beautiful arsehole. Discarding gentleness as well, he thrust his tongue right in and lashed wildly at her rectal walls, mixing his saliva with the excretions of her bowels, a nauseating brew of substances and sounds alike, revelling in the degeneracy of a brother eating out his preteen sister’s arsehole.

“I think you fancy kissing me more on that end than my lips,” she said. In his drugged state, he craved for her smell, her taste, and no matter how much of her he devoured, his thirst wasn’t quenched. His erection got harder, aching to be inside of her, but her taste was so sweet, and her butt was so beautiful, he couldn’t get his face and hands off her, even to simply stroke himself. In this condition, he knew that wouldn’t do any good, that the only way to calm himself down was to be inside of her.

“That’s very fortunate, because I think… I like it better, too.” He’d licked inside her for so long that he couldn’t feel much of his tongue, and his jaw hurt. The pain outweighed the pleasure, and reluctantly, he pulled out. He wouldn’t leave her alone for very long, however, as he straightened himself and started aiming for her anal entrance with his cock. Goodness, he could see his shaft pulsing, twitching, like it had a life of its own. It was obscenely oversized, all the more so compared to her petite body, her tiny waist. There was no way he could fit inside of her—four inches wide, two feet long, larger than her own thighs—he would definitely break her.

And somewhere in the back of his mind, You should break her.

She put her hands on her arse and spread, presenting her anus for the taking. “Make this your come dump. Use it like a second pussy—no, a superior pussy. My shithole is incomplete without big brother’s horse cock inside of it. Come, until you forget wanting anything else.” Though he was the drugged one, she sounded more desperate. With how much she’d been masturbating, the poor
girl had to be struggling with her sexual frustration, as if that was the sole element of puberty she would allow on herself.

He wanted to respond, but didn’t trust his voice to remain stable, so he doubled down on what truly mattered in life: his little sister’s butt. Touching it with the tip of his penis, it was deliciously wet and tight, drawing him in for penetration. Without reservations, Marcus pushed forward as he used his hands on her hips to pull her towards him, securing her in place. She drew a sharp breath as her anus parted far too easily for the size of the insertion—all according to plan.

Now inside of her, he didn’t give her time to catch her breath, instead continuing his thrust, now motivated by how hot, wet, and tight she was. He started shoving his horse cock in her shithole, inch after unending inch of meat carving its way inside of her, stretching and rearranging her human guts for equine pleasure. No matter how deep in her he explored, there was always more to shove; two feet of manhood. She welcomed him with her warmth and moisture, rapturous to have him inside of her, her pain a mere additive to pleasure. Filling up her rectum, her large intestine, and, perhaps…

After the first dozen inches, progress became harder. No matter; he pulled out a couple, then thrust back in, making a small, though perceptible progress along the way. Emilia choked a yelp in her mouth, but wasn’t as successful with the next one, releasing a loud, though short “Ah!” as another inch of her brother’s cock was added to her turd funnel. She could feel him stretching her every millimetre of the way, moulding his way through her digestive tract and rearranging it into a straight, fuckable orifice. She had an impossible volume stuck inside of her, and it was evident by the monstrous way her stomach was bulging, the distension protruding out with half the width of her own waist.

“Deeper… Stick it all inside…,” she said with as much breath as she could afford. Marcus continued with the violent insertion, raping a little child’s bowels with his inhuman phallus, fucking her so deeply there wouldn’t be a cell left the remained chaste. More and more, inch after inch, her colon reshaping itself for his pleasure, his little sister’s shitter, the place she pooped from, her forbidden, dirty hole; the hole he most desired.

After so many inches of horse meat in her, her abdominal deformation had crawled its way up to her sternum, but Marcus was still far from over. He kept shoving deeper inside of her, aiming for nothing short of complete envelopment by her colon, and so her bulge parted ways with her body, like a tumour growing parallel before her chest. Despite the immense strain on her body, after all the charms she’d placed on herself, she had achieved an elasticity matching her brother’s endowments, turning herself into the perfect anal cocksleave for the paedophilic monster.

So large was the insertion, that she could feel the pressure through her bowels on her little cervix and womb, stimulating them even though that wasn’t the hole he was fucking. It was a very strange sensation, feeling her body deformed and abused like this, her arsehole fucked so thoroughly it didn’t even feel human. It was unnatural, disgusting, perverse; it was better than she’d ever imagined it would be. Her bowels leaked lubricants that matched her arousal, aiding in the further raping of her tiny, childish body, barely ten years old but already ruined to all men.

She could see her bulge in front of her, now having reached her face, the very tip vaguely the shape of a mushroom, the shape of Marcus’ equine glans. The penetration was complete; he was balls deep inside of her, not a fraction of his member left that wasn’t lodged inside her shithole. The realisation of her dreams having come true pushed her over the edge as orgasm rose from her anus through her bowels and then over her entire body. Her eyes rolled back, the world went blank, and her sphincters contracted in a debauched dance of deep anal mating.
Marcus felt the reverberations throughout his entire length, a pulsing ring of compression stroking him while he was inside her, like she was trying to milk him. He’d never experienced anything like it, as if all of her large intestine had transformed into a masturbatory aid for his enjoyment. A sex organ, she’d said, and she hadn’t been exaggerating or speaking metaphorically; it was a statement of fact. Were he in a more sober state, he’d feel disturbed, but as he was now, that only fed further into his lust.

Not having noticed how great a time he’d been having, his orgasm snuck up to him with all the elegance of an explosion. Massaged by Emilia’s guts, his testicles tightened and ascended, and semen burst forth with immense pressure, as if to fertilise her crapper. It was for nought, as all his baby batter meant to the prepubescent child was a source of magical energy and lubrication in the service of further sodomy. That didn’t stop him from filling her with sperm, aimlessly searching for a womb in her digestive tract.

Her bulge inflated further as the tip of his penis flared, and then as his come spurted out, several rounds of inhuman proportions to match his oversized genitals. Though overwhelmed by her deformation and her orgasm, Emilia could still feel the amount of energy contained as it flooded her bowels and coated her intestinal walls with his taste and smell, slowly getting absorbed and digested as if it was nourishment. She relished the sensation of his warm fluids invading her colon, where they were never meant to reach.

The two of them stayed motionless for a while, their heavy breathing mixing, almost in sync, his cock periodically twitching, her bowels still stroking him. But no sooner had the orgasmic delight washed over Marcus than he realised he felt no more fulfilled; if anything he felt more aroused. Perhaps this was the most alien experience yet, because it seemed an inherent contradiction, serenity always having followed an orgasm for all the years past.

“What…,” he mumbled, his voice still far from being normal.

“You sound so surprised; as if I’d let you get away with a single round.” She turned her head around to face him, then smacked her hips against his groin. “Wouldn’t it be disappointing if we got done as soon as you’d put it all inside of me? I knew neither of us could hold back—we’re that kind of perverts—so I made sure you felt motivated.”

In that moment, he couldn’t deny he felt a bit frustrated; he’d though sticking it inside Emilia would suffice for getting rid of this intolerable itch on his cock, but it had only made it worse. It was beyond intolerable now, if that made any sense, for even hell had layers. This wasn’t how he’d pictured it happening, thrusting inside his little sister so carelessly, so selfishly. Her tiny body shouldn’t be able to take him, it should have hurt—should’ve been dangerous. But perhaps that was what she wanted: for him to fuck her as if it wasn’t dangerous. Wasn’t that what she had said? All of his lust and, if that’s what it required, perhaps a bit of frustration as well.

He reached down for her and picked her up, locking his limbs with hers so she could go nowhere despite being upright. “Ohhh, there’s no way I can escape now! What are you going to do now? Fuck my butt?” He pulled out maybe an inch and thrust back in as his way of replying. “Ah!” she exclaimed. “You’re more passionate about it than my vagina, big brother… I think you got really confused during class. You do know it’s genitals that are used for reproduction, right?”

With his voice in this condition, it finally dawned on him how crippling it was; he couldn’t go against her wits to wits, instead having to act like a brute. It was almost emasculating, in a sense, not having any way to respond to her taunts but with his body; no way to talk himself out. He did the only thing he knew would work: pull his dick out of her a bit, then shove it back inside, his eyes fixated on her deflating deformation inflating again, like a worm twisting inside of her, like a
vile mutation or a perverse anal pregnancy.

Semen and lubricants leaked from her arsehole, and coupled with the generated air gap, they produced the most sickening, gurgling sound coming out of her rectum, coating Marcus’ testicles, only to splash around as their bodies collided. That must have been nature’s way of telling them what they were doing was not meant to be. It’s not like they were uninterested in its opinion, but that disapproval was reversed into approval, relishing in their depravity and the horrors they were committing to each other.

She reached up and stroked his cheek with her hand, their height difference too much for her to kiss him from this side. “Surely you can do more than that, big brother. There’s no point stuffing me with two feet of your cock if you’re only going to pump a couple of inches at a time.” Taking that as an invitation, he lifted her as he pulled his hips back, getting as much of his cock outside of her as was anatomically possible, more and more fluids pouring out and making a mess of the bed, his own cock already painted white.

Her anus clung onto him with his exit, getting pulled out from the friction, before slowly returning to its original position when his movements stopped. Her bulge retreated further, going from the obscene parallel outgrowth down to a “mere” resemblance of pregnancy, though still one shaped after horse cock. She sung out in relief as her poor bowels tolerated less stretching, and loving the wonderful feeling of a solid, continuous foot of cock rubbing against her entrance on its way out.

He adjusted his grip, holding her more securely in place, and then pushed himself inside of her; he wasn’t being as loving and caring as normally, but he wasn’t going all out either. Everything else aside, she was surprised he was able to hold into even a semblance of his normal self in this condition. She was certain that kind of overdosage would incapacitate almost anyone; a little detail she’d better not divulge, or risk repercussions far less enjoyable than a huge dick in her arse. Lucky for her, Marcus didn’t need to know what would get in the way of sodomising her.

With as difficult as initial penetration had been, he couldn’t get back inside of her in a single thrust, but he did manage it in two. He tried a second time, almost making it, and the third was the charm; Emilia’s bowels had beyond a shadow of a doubt reshaped themselves in order to take her brother’s gigantic horse cock in them. Satisfied by this turn of events, Marcus pulled in and out of her again, loving the feeling of his shaft making it all the way inside of her uninterrupted, as if her torso was nothing but a single continuous orifice serving as a cock holster.

His pumping increased in frequency and strength as he grew more comfortable in ravaging her bowels, an exquisite sensation of far too tight, far too moist, and far too young intestines stretching to accommodate the bestial intruder. If the sounds of her lower mouth were sickening before, they were hellish now; the increased force and length of the motions increasing air and liquid flow, to say nothing of the slapping, her anus producing a cacophony as unhealthy as it was arousing.

Emilia took great pleasure at the hedonism, the baseness of it all. Even if she didn’t, there was no way for her to react, his hold on her to strong that her range of motions mirrored his range of vocalisations; karmic retribution, as it were. Most pleasurable of it all was watching even her anatomy getting debased and twisted in abominable ways, her mark of being reduced to nothing but an anal sheath for equine meat. Her arsehole felt good all the way through, and with it, her body, extending from her once-virginal entrance to her abdomen to her chest and beyond. The pleasure disseminated over her whole body—it was her whole body being ravaged, after all—the massive insertion threatening to split her in half, to poke a whole through her, to perforate her very soul.

He turned around, stacking pillows on top of each other, then placed her on them, allowing him
greater freedom of movement. He lowered his head to hers, kissing her neck, licking her sweat, inhaling it. Emilia’s taste, Emilia’s smell... the excretions of a prepubescent child, a most fine product. And with his hands he caressed her inflated belly, caressing it from top to bottom, feeling it change and move as his penis twitched, her bowels stroked him, as he fucked her arsehole with everything he had.

His grunts were loud and intimate right against her ear, each feral breath a confession of love. “I love you, Emilia. Your body, your butt, you,” he couldn’t say; he needn’t. He’d proven that time and again; for now, he need only fuck her arse. He fucked her as hard as he could, her body pressed against his, his cock stuffed inside her, his hands feeling her deform. It felt wonderful, his little sister turned wife turned hole, her way of giving him her all, saying that he could do with her as he wished, her body a canvas for paintings most hellish.

The wild thrusts affected her poor anus the most; four inches of girth amounted to overwhelming stretching, as if she was having her own leg shoved inside of her, and the resulting grip pulling it out with his exit. He was going so fast that it didn’t have the time to return to its proper place, so her rectum had prolapsed and stayed there, even when he was going in, forming a majestic crimson ring around his cock, a saturated contrast against her porcelain skin.

A second orgasm arrived, and he didn’t stop pistoning inside of her even while he was having it, his climax not bringing release, but more frustration. He fucked her and kept fucking her, even as he was filling her with come, ignoring the burning sensation in his legs, his entire world reduced to his cock buried inside her unripe shithole. He raped the unabashed buttslut’s colon, giving her what she had begged for, the anal coupling she’d dreamt of since she was barely older than a toddler, craving for her big brother’s cock, though it was larger than her entire body. He kept fucking her as his second orgasm gave way to a third, and the third to insanity, both of them beyond words, their bodies melding together, one’s orgasms indistinguishable from the other’s, and even time itself blurring the line between past and present.

He remembers fucking her with her on top, her tiny, prepubescent body, her lithe and skinny frame, so deliciously fragile and petite, stretched in its full glory before his eyes, advertising her deformed, twisted abdomen to him. Her hands were on it, cradling the phallic shape with religious care. When he was outside of her, her chest was a child’s perfect flatness; when inside, an equine swelling up to her head. Her eyes were there and not there, staring at him, staring beyond him, the blush of arousal painted in her cheeks, her forehead leaking sweat trickling down her neck, her collar, her chest. He remembers their orgasms, an explosion of semen, rectal fluids, squirting, and even urine, mixing and coating his waist and belly, her smell all over him.

He remembers pulling out and admiring her blooming, prolapsed anus, a rose of transcendental beauty. She tightened her sphincter, and pent up ejaculate poured out of it like she was peeing, finding its way to his thighs, marking her mate. As the flow reduced, he grabbed it in his hand and squeezed, Emilia moaning in pleasure and pain, her brother’s touch all over her arsehole turned inside out, her debauched, beautiful rectum, full of folds and crevices. And after that his mouth, swallowing her rosebud whole, licking around it, over it, inside it; salty, bitter, iron, Emilia. Thrusting a finger in it, then two, then pulling it apart; thrusting four, even his whole hand, a glove of rectal flesh, warm, sleek, and moist.

He remembers fucking her as she lay down, her feet raised up to his face and fighting for attention from his mouth. He licked her little heels, her soles, her tiny toes, twitching and curling and dancing in his mouth, cleaning them from every direction; above, below, between. The massaging of her large intestine lost any pretense of elegance, having unpredictable spasms, her orgasms blending into one another. Her butt, her belly, her feet; she’d long since forgotten she had female reproductive organs between her legs, her sexual functions being reduced down to a single hole:
her anus. Her ignored, virgin womanhood poured arousal, begging for a cock, but it was there only to be looked at, to be beautiful. The preteen princess’s fuckhole was in her butt, producing bubbling farts, turning inside out, stinking of digestion, of micro-organisms, of copulation.

He remembers kissing her, curled up over her, cupping her from every direction. If such a thing could be called a kiss, their mouths fighting for breath and for each other’s tongues, saliva mixing freely and hanging between their lips like threads. He fucked her deeply, all the way inside the hole she poops from, her dirty, bad hole, her most intimate hole, her utterly ruined hole. He kissed her cheek, her neck; she raised her arms above her head, and he kissed under them, licking her soft flesh, savouring her unique saltiness, hearing her pleasured screams, orgasm striking her like the waves of a stormy sea, with all her shameful pleasure points tickled at once.

He fucked her even as every part of his body ached. He fucked her until every smell in the room were their bodily fluids. He fucked her until every taste in his mouth was her sweat, her saliva, her rectum. He fucked her until her voice cracked from overuse, until her shitter jutted four inches out of her, like a perverse limb, until the sun reached its highest point in the sky and flooded the room with light, until the itch on his cock had subsided and he had lost several pounds’ worth of water in come and sweat. They had been fucking for hours without break; he must have orgasmed dozens of times, and he didn’t dare imagine her count. He fucked her until they couldn’t go any longer, and he collapsed on top of her, his cock still inside her bowels, caressed by intestinal heat.

Finally having quenched their lust, or at least exhausted themselves to the point where they couldn’t feel it, they held each other’s hands, fingers intertwining, trying to catch their breaths and slow their hearts down. Turning to their sides, they looked at each other, silent, the midday sun reflecting off their naked bodies. There probably were errands they were procrastinating on, but nothing could be as important as some good old fashioned incestuous sex.

“I pity whoever’s going to do the laundry,” Marcus finally said, his voice sounding normal, for the most part.

“You’ve been trying to impregnate my butt for hours, and the first thing on your mind is laundry?” They laughed.

He raised a hand to her face, stroking her cheek, her hair. “You okay?”

“I’m sore all over, but that is fine too.” She mirrored his gesture and smiled. For a moment her happy face was the brightest object in sight. “You were a beast tonight… but let’s not do it every day.”

“It would be a problem if we fucked half a day all the time. I don’t think my body could handle it.”

“Hold on,” she said, and turned around, opening one of her drawers. She took out a small box, then returned to laying by his side. “I placed an order with our jeweller the other day. It isn’t very fancy, but…” She opened the box, revealing a pair of rings; plain, silvery alloy, no gemstone, but decorated with rubies. What the lacked in magnitude they made up in craftmanship.

He took hold of the smaller one and held it in front of him. There was nothing he could do about his existing arrangement, but they could still be together, at least symbolically. He took her little hand and slowly, carefully, he put the ring on. She did the same to him, and he chuckled at how reversed the situation was; normally, he’d be expected to go through all this trouble. Then again, out of all the weird things they’d done, perhaps this was the least unusual.

“Next time, it’ll be our anniversary,” he said.
“Mm.”

Chapter End Notes

That's all folks. If you've made it this far, you've read a novel's worth of disturbingly sexualised children with an incestuous cherry on top. I'll be seeing you lolicons in another work, I hope. Till then, don't get vanned have fun!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!